TAIT'S
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THE MORALITY OF PARTY.

"He would lose his life to *serve* his country, but would not do a base thing to *save* it."
Character of Andrew Fletcher.

If we could have needed any additional evidence that all things are working together for good to those who love and labour for that which is most dear to God upon earth, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, that evidence would be afforded by the recent exposure of the peculiar code which has hitherto held together, and has been hitherto common to the men who, by a whimsical misnomer, have agreed to denote themselves as the "*better*" classes of society. It would, perhaps, be thought not a little extravagant (for, in the existing derangement of fashionable ideas on topics of morality, we speak dubiously) were the groups who frequent certain public saloons to give themselves out, in sober seriousness, as the only "respectable" class of female life. Yet, after all, why should such an assumption be thought so very ridiculous, or so very monstrous? For do not these, too, profess to stand upon public grounds,—and are they not the willing property of those who make the most prodigal or the most specious offers for their preference? Now wherein, except in sex, consists the difference between persons who are ready to part with that which the rest of the world calls "honour," provided that in each case the consideration offered be sufficiently tempting, and the lure be suitably adjusted to the tastes and habits of the parties disposed to barter it,—we profess to be unable to discover. Assuredly, in point of principle, it can make but small difference that, in one case, compliance is purchased with gross money,—while, in the other, it can only now be had (for time was when the palm of a senator was not quite so squeamish) for a place, a pension, a seat in Parliament, a "how-d'you-do?" from the Minister, or the importance of being part and parcel of a leading political party.

We have been led to these reflections by the course of the proceedings in the House of Commons in reference to the impeachment of the political honour of Mr. Shiel: an impeachment, we readily and gladly acknowledge, which has left that honour untarnished; but contingently upon which, opportunity for reflection has been afforded which we should unwillingly suffer to be lost. Not that we have confined our reflections to what passed within the walls of the House. On turning our eyes in that direction, evil is so much a thing in course, that we might have omitted to notice, on the present occasion, indications neither new nor formidable beyond the ordinary measure of its sins. It is because a far more extensive injury is at work that we think it important to draw the general attention to some features of the transaction to which we have here alluded. It is because the remedy most to be relied on in sudden emergencies, would seem to have been itself an aggravation of our internal ills, rather than a mean of appeasing or removing them, that we hold it due to the public morals, and not less to the public liberties, to arraign the negligence, and, so far as we may, to repair the errors by which they have been insulted and betrayed. In a word, we deem The Press to have signally failed in its duty. And much as there was within the House to shock the moral sense, enough occurred without to convince us that, under the guidance of the two great parties into which the Aristocracy of England has been divided for the last century and upwards, the minds of our public writers—we speak especially of the London daily press—and, consequently, the minds of all whom they represent or influence, have grown to be thoroughly reckless of political purity, and utterly insensible to the claims of rectitude and honour. Whig and Tory, it has been all the same; the only difference being, that it is now the part of the latter to play the prude, seeing it can no longer enact the bully. The delinquency of giving our public vote and voice, and that systematically, to measures and often to principles—for where is the line to be drawn?—from which our hearts recoil, has never once, so far as we have been able to observe, extracted a single manly and energetic rebuke. The whole amount of their expostulation—and with disgusting pre-eminence on the part of the Whig Press—appearing to have been confined to the mere circumstance of the House

of Commons being so egregiously at variance with itself, as to institute inquiry into a fact so notoriously and indiscriminately chargeable, as the voting and talking after the manner of the Thames wherryman, whose practice it is "to look one way while he rows another."

So little have we yet emerged from that species of effrontery, which prompted his excuse to a Castlereagh, on bartering a writership for a borough, that the purchase of a right to vote away the money of the People in the People's House of Parliament, "was *as notorious as the sun at noon-day!*"

We remember to have been told by the *Chronicle*, to whom we are indebted for the illustration of the wherryman, (see *Morning Chronicle*, February 10th,) that it was an Englishman who defined a fool to be "a complex idea, compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity." Now, we should like to know whether, in point of fact, the *Chronicle* approves of the system, which engenders or sustains a state of things, where such a definition could be in extensive favour with the ruling class in any country? If it do, we can perfectly understand the tone of derision and *non-chalance* which it adopted on the occasion we have lately witnessed; but if it do not, then we must say, that never was a journal, pretending to respectability of character, more grossly wanting in the duty it owed to the public, by forbearing to vindicate its outraged feeling, and condescending to be jocular, when it ought to have been searing with its indignation, the unblushing corruptors and impugners of our national morals. We repeat, then, that whether throughout the Whig or Tory ranks, whether within or without the House, things have been said and done, during this proceeding, upon which no honest man can look without emotion. Passing over the Peels and the Stanleys,—on whom we have little temptation to waste a comment,—only think of that Whig veteran—"Westminster's pride, and England's glory"—protesting that the duplicity, charged upon Mr. Shiel, after all, "*was really nothing!*"—unconsciously assimilating, with the immaculate *Standard*, which, in a feeble fling at the principle of "pledges," had observed, "That, in the House of Commons, the disaffected Roman Catholics of Tipperary, have spoken by the mouth of Mr. Shiel; in private society, Mr. Shiel has spoken for himself; *this is the whole of the matter!!*" Verily, "Westminster's pride, and England's glory," have fallen into strange keeping! Why, if the offence of unsaying out of doors, what Honourable Members had been strenuously saying within, were so very venial, or rather entirely blameless, wherefore so much talk about "The confidence of society," and all that; and why so many cautions to the Parliamentary frequenters of clubs, as the *Observer* put it, "To look well to the character of those with whom they associate?"* We ask to what purpose this vigilance? From a fear of betrayal. But wherefore any fear of *detection* in that which carries with it no manner of blame; and, which, we learn from authority so unexceptionable, "is really nothing at all?" Ah! but then this exculpatory talk of the baronet, may be said to have reference, not to what vulgar people out of doors might conceive of it, but only to the opinion of Parliamentary tacticians, of senatorial frequenters of clubs, of "true English gentlemen," or, as they are prone to express it, "the first society in the world:" whereas the inconvenience and the danger against which *prudence* was to guard, and the *confidence* of "associates" to be invoked, were the reprobation and the punishment such "rascality" would be sure to incur, at the hands of the swinish multitude,—the "disaffected constituency" of some betrayed and insulted county!

Now we pause to ask, was ever a more instructive contrast exhibited between the principles which sway A PEOPLE, and those which obtain in a corrupt and corrupting OLIGARCHY? Among the latter, no man, it seems, would be the worse received from doing that which is repeated every day in Parliamentary practice:—nay, as we learn from the *Quarterly Review*, for once found treading in the path of political integrity, among whom that man would infallibly "lose his character and his caste," who should *not*, by studied and habitual artifice, "deny and conceal" from the multitude without, the difference between his private and his published opinions, between the genuine sentiments of his heart, and the sentiments which, for convenience, he carries upon his faithless lips; whereas, among the former, it is enough to say, that no sooner should adequate evidence arise of such chicanery in the man of their choice, than their indignant clamour, and their speedy punishment, would effectually indicate how vainly an asylum for detected vice is to be sought in the breasts of the uncultured and unsophisticated many.

There is indeed no truth more firmly established in political science than that ALL CLOSE BODIES ARE CORRUPT; and that, therefore, among the few, a set of conventional notions may be applied as a standard of political conduct consistent with the widest deviations from truth and honour. But to the credit of human nature, and of the political faith which it is the ever-present object of these pages to disseminate, large bodies NEVER LIE, and NEVER FORGIVE LYING. For which reason it is, that Burke—with all his maleficent influence, that mysterious percursor of the light of a coming age—contrasting the many and the few, has so finely said, "When the people do wrong, it is their error and not their crime. But with the governing part of the State it is far

* Let it be especially noted, how it failed to be observed of the *Observer*, that men of dishonest talk and hollow politics, should "look well" to *their own characters*. No, no, this would be to spoil everything, by spoiling the polities of "party,"—which cares for nothing but a speech or a vote; and only preaches up *caution*, that the lapses of the lip may not unwarily betray the intensity of the servitude it imposes on the heart. It would, in fact, be that most impolitic of blunders,—the teaching men "To keep a conscience."

otherwise: *they* certainly may act ill by design as well as mistake."

Were it less intimately connected with the views which we are anxious to avail ourselves of this remarkable occasion to impress upon our readers, it had been scarcely worth while to notice the preposterous attempt, on the part of *The Standard*, (February 7th,) first, to impugn the principle of *delegation*, as it calls it,—meaning the practice of pledging a candidate to a particular line of conduct in Parliament, by attributing to that principle the mischief of generating or promoting insincerity; and next, to vindicate Conservativism, by claiming for it the opposite virtues of honour, honesty, and plain-dealing. It might, in the first place, be answered, that an honest man who tenders a pledge is manifestly no less free *after* than before he gives it: for this plain reason, that the pledge given is in perfect accordance, and not in hostility with his genuine sentiments; while equally plain it is, that a dishonest one is not made insincere by becoming a *delegate*, but consented to be a delegate because he was previously insincere. "*The Standard's* insidious apology, therefore, for the 'rascality' (we borrow from the *Globe* vocabulary) of a pledged Member is altogether futile; inasmuch as the candidate (Mr. Shiel, for example) was under no previous necessity to incur the obligation he contracted with his electors. He might either take it or leave it. But having once accepted the trust on the terms proposed, the electors assuredly did not empower him to keep one conscience at Brookes', and another in the House of Commons. Either he is wholly theirs, or not at all. An honest man will understand this, and yet feel as free as before: for he did nothing by constraint: while we grant that a dishonest one will be uneasy under the mask he has assumed, and twenty to one will get into some hobble before the first Session is well over.

But is the principle of *pledging* to be chargeable with this? Clearly not at all. On the contrary, difficult as it is under any circumstances to baffle a knave, the principle of delegation, as "*The Standard*" has named it, is just the one to limit his power of mischief within the narrowest possible range; as we think we can easily show.

Supposing the people to have any interest in the conduct of the representative they send into Parliament, it seems to us that the tighter they draw the bonds of responsibility, the surer their chance of confining him within the line of his duty. If they have a knave to deal with, he will be pretty sure to deceive somebody; but the practical question for electors is this; that by a loose responsibility, they may save him indeed from the scandal of the clubs, though they consign him to the infamy of deceiving the people; while by a rigid responsibility, they oblige him to be true to his constituents—at least within the House—though they expose him to the peril of betraying his constraint to some gossip out of doors. The question then mainly regards the particular class of persons with whom his political habits bring him more immediately and soonest into contact. There have been cases where no responsibility at all existed; and, consequently, where no *need* of hypocrisy and double-dealing could occur. And thus it was in the by-gone days, when certain pursy old gentlemen represented their own breeches pockets. Others there were, again, who represented their patron only, and to *him* they were in bonds of most perfect responsibility. While, to come nearer to the people, we may even still conceive such a thing as a half-and-half responsibility; whether resulting from paucity of suffrage, openness of voting, and consequent venality and subserviency of voters, or remoteness of the day of reckoning. Now from any or from all of these causes let responsibility to constituents be weakened or withdrawn, and the so-called representative will then very possibly be thoroughly consistent in all his doings. His talk at the clubs will be in keeping with his speech in the House; and the language of his countenance will give aid to the language of the lips. Or if he should so please, he may, like him of Westminster, join his fortunes with a party, and *only* violate the rule of sincerity and plain-dealing, just so far as the convenience of party may choose to comprehend within the limits of its indulgence. In such and all of such cases, in short, our very worthy member will pay most regard to *the responsibility nearest at hand;* and in deference to his club, or subservience to his party, will dismiss, resume, and dismiss again, at his pure good pleasure, out of the House or in it, the *remoter* responsibility he contracted with his bamboozled electors.

But let this self-same man be what *The Standard* calls a *delegate;* let the control of the constituency, like the sword of Damocles, be suspended over his head, ready to strike the instant he wavers,—and sooner or later, he will feel that the shortest way to peace and comfort, is to be honest all through, honest from beginning to end,—honest at the hustings, and honest in all his proceedings afterwards. Then, and not till then, may Hon. Members, invested with a trust from the people, walk the streets without fearing to look decent folks in the face; and take their recreation out of doors, reckless of tale-bearers at the Athenæum, and retentive of countenance at the sight of a waiter at Brookes'.

Can *The Standard* invent any other way of making honest politicians? We defy it. And this brings us, secondly, to ask whether its pets, the Conservatives, whenever they have been honest at all, have not at the same time been driven to acknowledge and do homage to the popular principle? "Few and far between" as such instances are, we may be excused for reminding it of so obnoxious an example—the only one we can think of at this moment—as that of the Right Hon. Baronet who, albeit he is himself again, was the first to set to pulling down dear old venerable Constitution about our ears. Much as *The Standard* may contend that all good Conser-

vatives "*only speak their own opinions*"* in Parliament, without any reference to constituents, will it affirm that it disapproved of the resignation of Sir Robert Peel of his seat for Oxford University? Not it indeed. *The Standard* will say that it was the best thing he could do at the time, and the only amends he could make to the reverend body who had sent him to do far different sort of work for them; and who, like good Conservatives as they were, never stopping at the means which were to ensure them the accomplishment of a favourite end, acquiesced in the most radical of principles, when it came in aid of their time-hallowed struggle to keep those principles down. Well, then, are not *The Standard*, the gownsmen, and ourselves, agreed as to the duty which representatives in all cases owe to their constituents, the only difference between us being probably this,—that *The Standard* would allow restitution to be optional, whereas we would require it to be inevitable?

But if *The Standard* should choose to rely upon Conservative practice, uninfected by any impure intermixture of the popular spirit, its ally, *The Quarterly*, will save us the trouble of hunting for examples, by helping us in the lump to a description of Honourable House in the bygone days of poor dear Constitution. As our readers may be amused by a peep at this description, we will just remind them of a portion of it in the following terms; observing, that if they wish to see farther, they may turn to the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1830:—"Let a man of the soundest head and heart find his way now into the House, and he will find himself so entangled and perplexed, that he hardly knows how to do justice to himself, or service to his country. * * * * There is something in the very atmosphere of the House unfavourable to bold and uncompromising conduct. * * * Things are every day *admitted in private* among the Members, which are studiously *denied* or concealed in the speeches reported from the gallery. * * * * *A loss of independence more painful to the individual, or injurious to the commonwealth than this cannot well be produced. It amounts to a surrender of the noblest privileges, and chokes the source of the fairest virtues which distinguish and adorn the citizens of a free country.*"

So much for voting for "*party*."

But there is a "now" in the foregoing extract, which might imply that things were not always so: let us see. If we mistake not, we have met with some such passage as the following, in that most edifying of scrap books, the "Diary of Pepys," who, when speaking of his cousin Roger, thus inditeth:—"He tells me he thanks God that he never knew what it was to be a knave in his life, *till he did come into the House of Commons*; where there is nothing done but by passion, and faction, and private interest." But this was in the time of the naughty Stuarts. Well, let us come some hundred years, or so, lower down; and passing over Walpole and his pure times, let us hear how matters were in that golden age, when as yet the day of Reform was a great way off, and when, of course, according to the notions of a more recent "Age," none but "*gentlemen*" had aught to do in the affairs of the aforesaid House. To explain ourselves, we must be permitted to premise, that a certain ambiguous sort of journal called *The Globe*, having, in the fulness of its candour, been tempted to observe, in reference to the Shiel transaction, "There is no precedent for expelling a member, we believe, in any time, for not being an honest man; and it is clearly not necessary that a member should be a gentleman;" the Spirit of *The Age* was thereupon prompted to respond, "Clearly not. *Reform* has taken good care that we shall not be overburthened with gentlemen in her Parliament." Wherefore, for the satisfaction of *The Age*, and of all and sundry the vilifiers of the beastly Radicals, we deem it meet to supply whatever inference may be drawn in favour of the good old times of pomatum and pigtails, from the following announcement, so well worthy of a juxtaposition with the confessions of the *Quarterly*—in a speech of Mr. Dunning, in 1780:—"Nothing less than the most alarming and corrupt influence could induce a number of persons in that house to support the Minister by their votes in those measures within doors, *which they condemned and reprobated without*. That this was the case, and within his own immediate knowledge, he declared upon his honour; and added, that though he was not himself very squeamish in giving his opinion upon the measures of administration, he had never indulged himself in throwing upon them such severe epithets as had fallen in his presence from the mouths of members abroad, who, notwithstanding, supported them within these walls. Nor was the number small; for, but that the task would be too invidious, he could mention *no less than fifty members of that House who held that language and conduct.*" So much for "GENTLEMEN!!!" We hope *The Age* is satisfied. And so much, again, for voting for "PARTY,"—or the Parliamentary pliancy which, in the creed of the Peels and the Burdetts, (see their speeches,) is "*really nothing at all!!*"—"Party," did we say? Pelf would be the true enunciation of the motive. *Ab ovo usque ad malum*—from beginning to end—this is the true secret of the case. For we verily believe that in one shape or other, sometimes more personal, sometimes more general, the hope or fear of something to gain or lose, in which the people are always sure to be the nearest concerned, but the last to be consulted, is the great cement that incorporates the discordant but passive materials which are usually at the command of a minister or a leader.

We look upon it, therefore, as the true test of Parliamentary integrity, to be as little as possible connected with "Party" within; but anxi-

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ously solicitous of collecting the instructions of the people without. Hitherto, *Party* has been the great Parliamentary tactic ; with what effect, the nation is now feeling at every pore. Can we doubt that, if the energies of the people should prove unequal to the exertions to which their improved situation invites them, the history of "Party" will continue, what it has ever been,—the history of alternate possessions of power by sections of the Aristocracy, with just so much of occasional remission of their prey, as might secure to them, with least disturbance, the huge remainder they retained ; flinging the offals to the hungry people, the better to preserve the fat and the flanks for themselves !

We would not, it is true, be understood to deny that, during the comparative sleep of the national mind, when all was inert without, and all was exclusive within ; when the existence of a PEOPLE was so little suspected, that how to learn what was said, or who had voted on their affairs, was an enterprise reserved for the ingenuity or impatience, not of modern, but even of recent days,—during this period we may admit that "Party" was the principal or only expedient by which even good was to be achieved. But we do contend that, in the far different position which time and the progress of events have at length secured for this hitherto neglected element in the state, an infinitely different order of political agency must have place. A new power has been brought into play, no less mighty in the social, than steam in the physical system ; and, as well in the one as the other, it behoves us to adapt our machinery to the change. Regularly or irregularly, it will be sure to betray its effects ; and, if we would not be crushed by its explosion, we must wield it to our purpose by a regulated and beneficent action. PUBLICITY and RESPONSIBILITY once acknowledged, it becomes a demonstrative truth, that the ancient resources of Government must give way, and the hidden and complicated artifices of Party be superseded by the application of these new and magnificent energies in the working of the State machine.

It is of the essence of these energies, in no long process of time, to merge all other parties into one ; or rather, together with the thing itself, to extinguish the name in that of the nation. To be plain, the proposition upon which we are desirous of fixing attention, is this,—That it is no longer in the House, but in the breasts of the people, that political purposes must be framed ; and by the voice of the people they must be declared. If PUBLICITY and RESPONSIBILITY be all that their names import, we apprehend there will soon be but few dissentients from the rule, that every man who represents a large constituency, (and there should be none other,) shall openly avow, and unswervingly support the wants and wishes of that constituency. In the absence of all secrecy, and with the active power of the suffrage, in what corner, *then*, will fraud be able to hide its head, or by what expedient apostacy elude the retribution it will earn ? Then, and then only, we repeat, will political men be honest, because they will find, like all other men to whom impunity is difficult, that honesty is their best policy. Like all other men on whom the light is brought to bear, they will find themselves necessitated to conform to those habits which the sense of the community, from whose eye they can never wander, will unerringly demand as evidence of their regard to political fidelity, and to public morality.

True it is, on not a few points the people will often err. But after all, the collective sense of the people will be found to be the safest guide ; and the necessity of habitually consulting it will in itself contribute so many motives, and stimulate so many expedients, to enlighten and correct it, that in no other conceivable way could the general improvement advance by strides so rapid and so firm. Better, therefore, it is, that even the errors of the people should be reflected in the legislature, while incentives for their removal, which would not otherwise exist, will be sure to start up, than that the errors, neither few nor unimportant in which the ruling caste have been so rarely deficient, combined with an interest to maintain them, of which they have been so rarely insensible, should linger on until time, or chance, or violence, or, it may be, the common ruin shall have corrected or exterminated them.

We desire, therefore, by all means, that which *The Standard* decries and derides under the obnoxious term of DELEGATION. We think that henceforward the expressed desires of the preponderating number of large constituencies ought to determine the policy of the country. Such desires, tranquilly collected, faithfully conveyed, deliberately expounded, should constitute the true authority, and, what is not least important, supersede the unreal responsibility of the existing Ministerial function. It is a fact not easily adverted to with gravity, that under this fallacious and preposterous plea of *responsibility*, which, beyond the mere loss of place, attended with a good retiring pension, has actually no existence in the Constitution,* the Parliament to this hour is substantially the creature of the Minister, instead of the Minister being the humble servant of the Parliament. Incredible as it might be thought, the collected representatives of the nation, as if their brains were shut up in the Premier's pocket, or their liberties suspended on the breath of his lips, would seem contented to have neither understanding nor will of their own,—but in every concern of legislation, from a treaty to a turnpike toll,—from an empire to an apple-stall,—like so many puppets, only wait to be pulled and moved at the discretion of a first Minister of State, or the half-dozen gentlemen whom he takes upon the stage to assist him.

Ought this state of things to continue ? We

* With regard to this "imaginary guarantee," as an eminent constitutional writer has denoted it, our readers are referred for some curious information to Hallam's Constitutional History of England, chap. xv. pp. 536—8, 4to edition.

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* We declare solemnly such are the identical words of the Conservative organ we quote. Now that, practically, it *has* been so, can admit of no manner of doubt; but that theoretically it *ought* to be, or prospectively it *can* be so, concurrently with the existence of a constituent body, is one of the many wonderful notions of which a Conservative head is the only proper receptacle.

ously solicitous of collecting the instructions of the people without. Hitherto, *Party* has been the great Parliamentary tactic ; with what effect, the nation is now feeling at every pore. Can we doubt that, if the energies of the people should prove unequal to the exertions to which their improved situation invites them, the history of "Party" will continue, what it has ever been,—the history of alternate possessions of power by sections of the Aristocracy, with just so much of occasional remission of their prey, as might secure to them, with least disturbance, the huge remainder they retained ; flinging the offals to the hungry people, the better to preserve the fat and the flanks for themselves !

We would not, it is true, be understood to deny that, during the comparative sleep of the national mind, when all was inert without, and all was exclusive within ; when the existence of a PEOPLE was so little suspected, that how to learn what was said, or who had voted on their affairs, was an enterprise reserved for the ingenuity or impatience, not of modern, but even of recent days,—during this period we may admit that "Party" was the principal or only expedient by which even good was to be achieved. But we do contend that, in the far different position which time and the progress of events have at length secured for this hitherto neglected element in the state, an infinitely different order of political agency must have place. A new power has been brought into play, no less mighty in the social, than steam in the physical system ; and, as well in the one as the other, it behoves us to adapt our machinery to the change. Regularly or irregularly, it will be sure to betray its effects ; and, if we would not be crushed by its explosion, we must wield it to our purpose by a regulated and beneficent action. PUBLICITY and RESPONSIBILITY once acknowledged, it becomes a demonstrative truth, that the ancient resources of Government must give way, and the hidden and complicated artifices of Party be superseded by the application of these new and magnificent energies in the working of the State machine.

It is of the essence of these energies, in no long process of time, to merge all other parties into one ; or rather, together with the thing itself, to extinguish the name in that of the nation. To be plain, the proposition upon which we are desirous of fixing attention, is this,—That it is no longer in the House, but in the breasts of the people, that political purposes must be framed ; and by the voice of the people they must be declared. If PUBLICITY and RESPONSIBILITY be all that their names import, we apprehend there will soon be but few dissentients from the rule, that every man who represents a large constituency, (and there should be none other,) shall openly avow, and unswervingly support the wants and wishes of that constituency. In the absence of all secrecy, and with the active power of the suffrage, in what corner, *then*, will fraud be able to hide its head, or by what expedient apostacy elude the retribution it will earn ? Then, and then only, we repeat, will political men be honest, because they will find, like all other men to whom impunity is difficult, that honesty is their best policy. Like all other men on whom the light is brought to bear, they will find themselves necessitated to conform to those habits which the sense of the community, from whose eye they can never wander, will unerringly demand as evidence of their regard to political fidelity, and to public morality.

True it is, on not a few points the people will often err. But after all, the collective sense of the people will be found to be the safest guide ; and the necessity of habitually consulting it will in itself contribute so many motives, and stimulate so many expedients, to enlighten and correct it, that in no other conceivable way could the general improvement advance by strides so rapid and so firm. Better, therefore, it is, that even the errors of the people should be reflected in the legislature, while incentives for their removal, which would not otherwise exist, will be sure to start up, than that the errors, neither few nor unimportant in which the ruling caste have been so rarely deficient, combined with an interest to maintain them, of which they have been so rarely insensible, should linger on until time, or chance, or violence, or, it may be, the common ruin shall have corrected or exterminated them.

We desire, therefore, by all means, that which *The Standard* decries and derides under the obnoxious term of DELEGATION. We think that henceforward the expressed desires of the preponderating number of large constituencies ought to determine the policy of the country. Such desires, tranquilly collected, faithfully conveyed, deliberately expounded, should constitute the true authority, and, what is not least important, supersede the unreal responsibility of the existing Ministerial function. It is a fact not easily adverted to with gravity, that under this fallacious and preposterous plea of *responsibility*, which, beyond the mere loss of place, attended with a good retiring pension, has actually no existence in the Constitution,* the Parliament to this hour is substantially the creature of the Minister, instead of the Minister being the humble servant of the Parliament. Incredible as it might be thought, the collected representatives of the nation, as if their brains were shut up in the Premier's pocket, or their liberties suspended on the breath of his lips, would seem contented to have neither understanding nor will of their own,—but in every concern of legislation, from a treaty to a turnpike toll,—from an empire to an apple-stall,—like so many puppets, only wait to be pulled and moved at the discretion of a first Minister of State, or the half-dozen gentlemen whom he takes upon the stage to assist him.

Ought this state of things to continue ? We

* With regard to this "imaginary guarantee," as an eminent constitutional writer has denoted it, our readers are referred for some curious information to Hallam's Constitutional History of England, chap. xv. pp. 536—8, 4to edition.

have no hesitation in answering in the negative. None will deny to the Tory press the merit of at least speaking out; and we see not why they should have any advantage of their opponents in this respect. With all plainness, therefore, we contend that professing to be a free people, we should endeavour to accommodate our practice to our pretensions; and with all earnestness would say, Let Parliament itself, deriving all possible information from the heads of departments, digest through committees, and embody in resolutions, after the ordeal of debate, *what it would have to be done;* and, without agitating or degrading itself or the nation, as to the question whether this Lord or that Duke hold his domicile in Downing Street, let the executive be the executive, and the Minister be the Minister,—but neither one nor the other be the Government.

In no other way, we believe, can an equal probability be afforded at once of communicating a spirit of honour to the profession of public life, and of effectually providing for the stability of the public liberties. We feel assured, that so long as government by *Party* shall exist, not only must continue the pernicious necessity of caballing for its support, and of preparing its adherents for indiscriminate compliance,—by teaching them to distinguish between their political and their private conscience,—setting up the approbation of an interested few, as the solace of their forfeited independence, and the sanction of their violated trust;—but an awakening evidence will exist, besides, that the people do not as yet partake, in the measure they ought, in the conduct of their own affairs.

It is the inseparable attribute of weakness to cling to extraneous support; and just as truly the opposite character of strength to be conscious of independence of aid beyond itself. In proportion, therefore, as the people were weak, the habit of marking out for power, individuals on whom their safety and welfare were thought to depend, was natural and prudent; and the maxim, of "*men and not measures*," would grow into general favour. But there is a counter maxim, of "*measures, not men*," which must no less surely be received, in the opposite condition of the popular element. In such a condition, it will not be *in the power* of an individual statesman to propel or retard the prosperity of a nation, and it will be a matter of suitable indifference whether he stay or whether he go. In vain, therefore, will he fret the nation, or divide the Parliament, by trying to maintain a party; because a party will have no adequate motive to maintain *him*. In a word, the Minister will be nothing, and the people everything.

We believe we are approaching this condition of things; and we think it is well that the minds of men should be prepared for the great change *in the morals* of politics, which events are bringing about. We deeply feel that the interests of virtue—never far removed from those of liberty—conspire to urge the change; and for the present dismiss the subject, not without hope, that the system we advocate may be nearer its accomplishment than many of our contemporaries have been led to suspect. Sure we are, that no other system can so effectually operate as well to the correction of individual obliquity, and the maintenance of public morals, as to the due prosecution of the national welfare, by placing it avowedly and directly in those hands which *can* have no interest at variance with their own, and in which it would seem to be the inevitable tendency of PUBLICITY and RESPONSIBILITY, in no long time to repose it. Can any one have meditated on *the authoritative publication of the votes of Parliament* about to be effected, and not be prepared for results of unexampled importance?

O'CONNELL'S LIBEL BILL.

RICHMOND THE SPY.

MINISTERS have had the grace to allow Mr. O'Connell to bring in a bill "to secure the Liberty of the Press." Lord Althorp does not promise to support "all or any part of it;" and, indeed, his Lordship distinctly expressed his belief "that *truth* ought not to be admitted as a justification of the offensive matter," which is a leading principle of the bill. Lord Althorp has frequently, of late, found truth the most troublesome and offensive of all matter. That this bill will be obstructed, according to rule, there is, we fear, slight doubt; but this does not the less entitle it to pass;—and as it, or some other measure of the kind, must, in substance, become law at no very distant period, whether Ministers support the change they admit to be necessary or not, we shall enumerate its more important principles and provisions.

It consists of twenty-three short clauses, and is remarkably brief, lucid, and simple, for such a document. It is provided that none but the party aggrieved can prosecute for a personal libel:—that no action shall lie for written or printed words, unless the same words are actionable when spoken: these are trivial, compared with what follows,—*The truth may be given in evidence, to enable a jury to decide whether criminal or not:*—notice to *retract* to be served on the publisher, and proof of *bona fide* retraction to be held a defence:—where the author is disclosed, and sufficient proof furnished against him, the publisher not to be prosecuted: the prosecutor not to be entitled to a special jury without consent; but the defendent may have a special jury: where damages do not exceed forty shillings, the defendant to have his costs:—that the term of imprisonment shall not exceed *six* months, nor the fine *one* hundred pounds, and it debars any other mode of punishment, than imprisonment or fine thus restricted. The defender is to be at liberty to prove that the libel is made and published without his privity.

No rational friend of the Liberty of the Press can object to any one of these provisions for its security; nor believe that they do not sufficiently protect private character from malice and wanton detraction, the main object of any Law of Libel. We pray that this most necessary and valuable measure may have more success than we dare hope for. The magnanimity of committing any measure to O'Connell, to which the Government seriously wished well, would not be in harmony with its late proceedings, though it is never too late to correct errors and amend evil ways.

RICHMOND THE SPY.

The enormities of the existing Libel Law are, as we intimated last month, threatened with another practical illustration by Mr. Richmond, the Glasgow Spy, taking the London agents of *Tait's Magazine*, into the Court of King's Bench, for an alleged libel contained in a review of a history of the Spy System in Scotland, in which work that person figures very prominently. After this we may expect Reynolds and Castles home by the next packet, to raise their actions. The conduct and character of Richmond are matter of as general notoriety as the Scottish and the London Press could make them. We, for the present, suppress the original facts and documents in our possession, and forbear any remark, merely selecting a few paragraphs from Richmond's own printed correspondence, and that of his former friends, as explanatory of the history of his connexion with public affairs in Scotland, and his conduct as a Spy.

Richmond was a hand-loom weaver, and, his friends say, a lazy weaver; one of those gifted individuals who, having a soul above his calling, liked better to spout and speechify than drive the shuttle. As a ringleader in a combination to force a rise of wages, he was, in 1813, indicted to stand his trial at Edinburgh; but forfeited his bail-bond, fled, and was outlawed. At this period he sojourned for some months in Ireland, and in some of the English manufacturing towns, working occasionally, and suffering great hardship. He had always been a violent reformer, and in different places he became acquainted with the more inconsiderate reformers among the operatives. In autumn 1813, he risked returning to Scotland, but lived in temporary concealment for some months, and in great poverty. The history of his life and conversation, and domestic affairs during this and a subsequent period, lies before us in the handwriting of one of his quondam friends; but it is only with documents already public we are to meddle at present. Richmond procured the reversal of his outlawry, by giving himself up to justice and undergoing a trial and month's imprisonment, and settled for a short time in Paisley, with his unfortunate family; but afterwards removed to Glasgow, and attempted to open some sort of shop or warehouse, for the sale of goods on commission.

Mr. Richmond, is not, it appears, one of those overweeningly modest persons who will lack anything for the asking. Early in December, 1816, he applied to Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn, (who had been the gratuitous counsel of the weavers indicted under the combination laws, and who had, in pity of his poverty, already afforded him relief,) soliciting their aid in forwarding his views in business. These gentlemen read his *memorial* and prospectus of the great things money and friends might enable him to do, and recommended him to Mr. Kirkman Finlay. This gentleman had been the active opponent of the weavers three years before. He was then a leading member of the committee of masters organized to defeat their attempts, as was Richmond of the committee of operatives. Richmond alleges that Mr. Finlay then tried to flatter, buy, or bribe him off from the weavers. Mr. Kirkman Finlay is, according to A. Richmond, the most liberal offerer in modern times, of permanent provisions for people, and the fondest withal of discussing moot points in private at his own house, with persons, like Richmond, whom he cannot convince in public, and whose talents "can command friends." But, in the end of 1812, he was unable, according to Mr. Richmond's own version, to shake that worthy leader's allegiance to his own fraternity, though he expostulated, promised, and threatened. When these parties came again in contact in December, 1816, Mr. Finlay said, he was desirous of procuring Richmond a respectable situation under Mr. Owen at New Lanark; but, in the meantime, he had work for him in Glasgow.

Mr. Finlay and two other gentlemen of the city of Glasgow, were, it appears, at this time, instead of Mr. Hamilton, the Sheriff of the county, or Mr. Black, the Provost of the city, (the official and responsible persons,) the correspondents and actual functionaries of the Home Office and the Lord Advocate. The Sheriff and Provost were kept in the dark, and virtually superseded; while these parties, by the agency of their spy, Richmond, and his subordinates, proceeded in the detection of what was called a plot against the State; but which, according to Richmond's account, after he betrayed them, was an intrigue to retard reform, and procure the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

To forward this State intrigue, Richmond (after he 'peached) asserts, that the Scottish Crown lawyers would, if they could, have hung some men, and transported others. To cut short the story, Richmond agreed to lend his aid in detecting Mr. Finlay's alleged plot, not for the sordid consideration of "a *respectable permanent* situation," which, he says, Mr. Finlay offered him on the authority of the Government—far from it!—but on the highest and purest motives that ever influenced a disinterested patriot. In due course the plot was detected by Richmond and his agents, and then the treasonable oath, which Richmond himself had sworn, (as is asserted by John Campbell,) was read in Parliament,—the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended,—above forty poor misguided men were in one night arrested in Glasgow, and several were indicted to stand their trial for

high treason at Edinburgh. But God protected the innocent. Those trials ended in the shame and discomfiture of the Crown lawyers; and the virtuous and suffering A. Richmond, previously driven with execration from Glasgow, to be near the Crown lawyers and the scene of action, lurked somewhere between Leith and Edinburgh, under the *alias* of Bailey. Throughout the progress of the State trials at Edinburgh, he was, he acknowledges, for some months, in constant communication with the Crown lawyers, who, he further says, urged him (Mr. Finlay's virtuous spy) to become their instrument in influencing the witness Campbell. During all this time, from the 22d of February till the 25th July, Mr. Richmond had kept his own counsel. The Crown had not ventured to produce him as an evidence; and the testimony he tendered to the prisoners' agent, Mr. Gibson, (now Sir James Gibson-Craig,) that gentleman and the Whig counsel of the panels prudently declined; because Richmond, with many plausible professions of what he could say for the victims, would not tell one word of what it was to be, nor submit to the ordinary course of every honest witness in a previous precognition. The results of the trials threw him adrift; and with very modest assurance he wrote, in a few days, thus, to a former friend:—

THE LATE STATE TRIALS IN SCOTLAND.

(From the Glasgow Chronicle.)

Copy of a letter, from Mr. Alexander Richmond, to Mr. John Wilson.

Leith, July 25, 1817.

My Dear Sir,—You will very likely, before this time, have passed, along with others, a final sentence of condemnation against me, and set me in the calendar as a damned unprincipled villain. This conclusion you may consider you were justified in coming to, in common with others, seeing that I, long ago, knew the nature of the charges made against me, and have taken no means to refute them; consequently that they were true. That I knew something of the affair, I am perfectly ready to admit; but that I could sooner give an explanation how I came to be connected with it, and how far, was impossible, without betraying a confidence, that, villain as I am considered to be, was rather farther than I am yet capable of going. I am perfectly aware, that any explanation I can give, will not change the opinion a great number have already formed; with others, it will, I am confident, have some little effect; but you are perfectly sensible, that it will be necessary for me to produce something more than mere assertions. Fortunately, I am able to do that on a number of charges I have already heard; but before I can embrace all, I must be acquainted with their nature and extent. • • •

To enable me to meet the case, if a public statement is resolved upon, I would take it kind if you would collect the details of the charges made, without omitting a single circumstance, however black the charge may be, to enable me to meet the whole at once, without being obliged afterwards to reply; as I am aware, I will be exposed to attacks from a thousand quarters. • •

It is useless to say more, commit the whole of the charges to writing, and I will send you notice by ——— where to transmit them. I am aware of the danger you run, to be known to have any communication with me, as it may hurt your interest were it known. It will, therefore, be as well for you to say nothing about it. ——— has not the opportunity you have of hearing, or he would have done it. Notice, at the same time, what degree of publicity each of the circumstances has got. I expect an attack in the London papers, and how to act in that case, I do not know, for it will require a pamphlet to embrace the whole case.—Yours, &c.

A. RICHMOND.

We now pray the reader's best attention to the answer returned to this singular epistle, by the respectable man whom Mr. A. Richmond had ventured to address as a friend.

Answer of Mr. John Wilson, to A. Richmond's Letter.

Sir,—I received yours of the 25th, and have to state that you were perfectly right in thinking that I would have set you down in the calendar "as *a damned unprincipled villain.*" This view of your character I have had for some time back; consequently, it did not require the issue of the trials, nor yet your own acknowledgment of the part you acted, to bring me to that opinion.

What you say in regard to your friends waiting till they hear both sides of the question, before they come to a final judgment on the case, is true in almost every instance; but I must say that I consider yours a fair exception, as your downright falsehoods, and base evasions to your friends, were sufficient to condemn you, although ninety-nine of the charges in a hundred had not been true. You allege that, villain as you are considered, you were not sufficiently far gone to avail yourself of the means you possessed to clear your character, without *betraying a confidence, and carrying* matters *farther than you are yet capable of* going. I am really at a loss to know what you mean by this, unless that you were tied down by your employers from making any attempt at an explanation, till once the whole plot was matured. You think that you are able to refute a number of the charges that have been brought against you; and that although you will not be able to convince the greater number of your innocence, yet you are confident there are a number upon which your satement will have some effect. Now, if you mean by this that you will convince any impartial person, or any of those upon whose friendship you could formerly depend, that you are innocent of the principal charges brought against you, you may rest assured that you will find yourself most egregiously mistaken. • •

I am by no means surprised that you are afraid of the many attacks that will be made upon you; you are perfectly aware of your guilt, and know well that numbers are in possession of facts that all the sophistry you are master of can never shake. On the contrary, a statement of these facts may have an effect you little expect; it may have a tendency to shake the honour and fidelity of those by whom you have been so honourably employed, and apparently so well paid. You may at last be left by them a prey to guilty remorse, without a single friend in whom you can confide, or means sufficient to keep you from a workhouse. • • • •

What am I to think of a person who freely avows himself the author of a plot; and of one of the most villanous transactions that can possibly be committed by any person, however wicked and depraved he may be, and afterwards to attempt to make people believe he did it from disinterested and patriotic motives? Such effrontery I consider to be only equalled by the wickedness and villany of the original transaction. I am too well acquainted with the sums you had at command, while your plot was a-hatching, to pay the least attention to any assertion you can now make. I have known you a considerable time, and was aware that you were subject to those failings which flesh is heir to; but that a person who had really seen so little of the world or its wickedness, to sit down and coolly contrive a plot whereby those who became dupes to his villany were to be sacrificed for the good of the State, far exceeded my belief, however it appears to be of a piece with the rest of your conduct. • • •

Your importance to Government would appear to be very considerable, as you say you had it in your power to prevent people from being sent to jail; and that those you did prevent from being there, have been such ungrateful wretches as to have been the loudest in execrating your conduct; and also that no person was sent to jail through your means. If I am to believe these assertions, which, in part I must do, I can have no

hesitation in saying, that I am also convinced that you and your friend Biggar were the original and sole cause of all the incarcerations that have taken place. And, farther, had things gone on as you wished, and your deputations had proved as effectual as you intended, imprisonment on account of political plots had not been confined to Glasgow; as Ayrshire, Renfrewshire, and the north of England, would have been brought in for their proportion. * * * * *

Before I take leave of you, as I intend this to close our correspondence for ever, I must say a few words on your now avowed occupation. A spy and informer, I have ever abhorred from the bottom of my soul. He is a character that has been abhorred by all mankind, in all ages of the world. To speak, to write, or to keep company with him, has always been considered as carrying contamination along with it; and he has been avoided by every person who has any pretension to character. I am aware that you have experienced the truth of these remarks already, and that many a sleepless night you must have passed, without the prospect of future peace. * * *

You, and all who follow such diabolical practices, are totally lost to every degree of credit. Your word will not be worth a rush where you are known, and everybody will avoid you as they would the basilisk. * *

Gorbals, August 5, 1817. JOHN WILSON.

This was an old friend with a new face, with a vengeance to it. Mr. Richmond returned a very long reply to what he calls the "farrago of stuff" in this letter. Among many other things, Richmond says, "I will not degrade myself by an explanation;" and as this is the only thing we care about, we may omit his farrago. He boasts, as usual, of his immense influence with Mr. Jeffrey, and Mr. Cockburn, and some other great Unknowns. "In a moral point of view," he says, "I never stood higher in their estimation than at present, nor never in a more unlimited manner could command their patronage." * * This must have astonished the simple Glasgow bodies. We like to give Mr. Richmond's pleasant testimony in his own behalf. He has hitherto been his own sole witness. "You" [Mr. John Wilson, he adds,] "and others, who suppose you know me better than any body else, no doubt wonder how all this interest was at any time taken about me, for you never saw any thing that entitled me to such attention, more than others who were placed in similar circumstances. This is the common resource of little minds, who, though discontented with their own situation, do everything in their power to detract from the merit of those whose abilities enable them to better their condition, a weakness that I, till now, thought you pretty much divested of. * * * * * While I am able to conduct myself in such a way as to meet the approbation of the first men in the country for respectability, virtue, and intelligence, I will look down with contempt on the envenomed cavilling of the prejudiced and illiterate! and I have no doubt where the facts are known, and a real and dispassionate view taken of the subject, that those very men who think they have suffered by my villany, will become sensible of the services I have done them. [By our latest accounts from the west, there seem no symptoms of this era: though seventeen years have elapsed, the men are as insensible as ever. They still fancy they were deluded and betrayed. So "prejudiced and illiterate" are they,—not so fortunate as Richmond who boasts:] "Considering the disadvantages I had to encounter in life, I have certainly the merit of having acquired a little more knowledge than the generality of those similarly situated; and have got clear of the most of the prejudices that belong to that class. * * * * Neither am I afraid of finding men who will estimate me as I deserve; and you are mightily mistaken if you think I depend upon the opinions held within the narrow circle of your association! In this case I was obliged, for obvious reasons, to use both dissimulation and evasions with my most intimate friends for a time; but—*it was to accomplish a greater good*, and as UTILITY is the criterion of my morality, it was in that view perfectly justifiable. * * * * I have no hesitation in saying, that, in particular cases, I will justify even direct falsehoods on the same general principle." [We have not a doubt of it.] * * * * You may take this as my last adieu, as we have little chance ever to meet; but you may rest assured I have friends of a higher order than to be affected by the opinions that may obtain among the orators of Glasgow tap-rooms. * * *

I am, with my usual effrontery,

A. RICHMOND.

Leith, 9th August, 1817.

On the 13th of August, John M'Lachlin made the following affidavit before Richard Dick, Esq., Justice of the Peace, for the reasons given.

Affidavit of John M'Lachlin, Weaver, in Calton of Glasgow.

As deponent was not allowed to proceed in his declaration,* anent the transactions of Richmond, and the part he took in the late disagreeable business that led to the confinement and ruin of a number of individuals, he considers himself called on to state it in this way. *Further*, Depones, that, some time in the month of December last, Richmond called on him, and, after some conversation, inquired if they *were still so ignorant* as to expect any relief from the *parochial aid*. Here deponent answered, that it was the only thing that now remained for them to look to, as their situations were becoming desperate, on account of the insufficiency of their wages to meet the unavoidable expense of upholding their families. * * [Richmond recommended organization, and small weekly subscriptions, and M'Lachlin promised to introduce him to Campbell. The affidavit, which is very long, thus proceeds.] A few nights after this, Richmond called on deponent, and was introduced to Campbell; and after some conversation, both deponent and Campbell let him know that it was out of their power to do anything to forward his wishes, as they had not one moment of time to lose, or a shilling to spend on anything of the kind; as this was the case, it was out of the question for them to embark in any thing of the kind. Here Richmond pulled out a bunch, about as thick as his arm, of bank notes, and taking one guinea note, and handed it to deponent, observing that he had still *the patronage of some gentlemen* who were always ready to do something for him,—mentioning Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Cockburn, Esqrs., *as approving of societies*, as deponent understood; and that if this business was set about, and conducted to his mind, he would take care that those concerned would not be ill off for a few pounds at any time, saying, "Take you that M'Lachlin, as I am sure you are not out of the need of some money, considering your family, and the state of trade at present." Here deponent said this was what he could not expect from any one he had so little acquaintance with, and wished to know what he meant by it, as he did not know when it might be in his power to pay him if he took it. Richmond here observed that that was out of the question; that he had given it as a present, and that he might give Campbell two or three shillings of it; and that he would look upon it that they would do everything in their power to forward societies such as he had been speaking of; *and not to be in any strait for money, as he would make it a point to be ready* to give such sums as would be necessary, till once they were properly organized; and hoped that care would be taken to keep his name out of the question for the moment, and that he would observe the strictest secresy; as from what appeared in the *Courier*, they might expect that as soon as Parliament met they would suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and that he would enrol, or become a member of one of those societies as soon as they were properly formed; this he did—and that he would wish that some of our acquaintances, and one of us would go out to Paisley, as he was sure that the people there would at once be ready to embrace the question on his plan.—[The deluded dupes acted on this spiriting.] * * About the beginning of January, Richmond called frequently on deponent and Campbell, urging them to make every possible exertion to add numbers to those societies which was then formed; and

* Before the High Court of Justiciary.

one day as deponent had been in with some work at the warehouse, he met with Richmond, who invited him into a house in Bell's Wynd or Street, and asked him, if there was nothing a-doing in the east end of the town, such as Camlachie or Parkhead. Deponent told him he knew of nothing that was doing in that quarter at all. Richmond here exclaimed, "Damn it, you are doing nothing at all; you must go out to Camlachie this day, if possible, and call on one M'Lachlan and one Goldie, and you can tell Goldie that you saw me before you went; and there is no fear but they will do the business in that quarter;" adding that Goldie, he believed, belonged to their committee, or the Glasgow Reform Committee. Here deponent, to the best of his recollection, received eight shillings from Richmond, to bear his expense, advising him to be quite liberal in paying any expense that might be incurred, as it was the only way that was most likely to forward the business he was on. This deponent did. Shortly after this Richmond called on the deponent and Campbell, and taking them into a public house in Cross Loan Street, Calton, and there inquired of them how things were coming on, and what spirit was generally manifested at those meetings by those attending them. He was here answered that they believed they were ready to go any length that the laws of the country warranted; and that as some of them was pressed severely by the hardships of the times, it was whiles even difficult to keep them within bounds; but that there was no fear but the wiser part would take care that nothing be done contrary to law with their knowledge. *Here Richmond exclaimed, "Damn it, what do you mean by legal or lawful measures? Do you ever expect anything to be done by petitioning?* If you do, it is all damned nonsense. Look to the way the House of Commons did with your petitions in the case of the Corn Bill. If ever anything be done it must be by fear, and not by prayer or petition, as every unprejudiced man in the nation would readily admit." Here deponent stopped him, and said he believed that there could not be much expected in the first Session; but that if their petitions were rejected, he hoped they would be ready to come forward next Session, and so on till once they had obtained their object. Richmond here observed, that "the only way was to make the organization as extensive as possible, and then there would be no fear; but that they would soon see themselves the absurdity of expecting anything in this way; for the fact was, there was nothing, he feared, *could do any good, till once it was taken by the bayonet, and the sooner it could be effected would be the better, in his opinion.*" The same week it was told deponent that it was understood that Richmond was either employed, or employing himself as a spy as he was called, and that it was feared he had succeeded to a certain length, which might be dangerous to some individuals who, it was feared, he had duped, or that he was endeavouring to make his dupes. This same evening he (Richmond) was called on, or rather met, by deponent and Campbell in Trongate, Glasgow, and all three went into a house in said street, where he treated deponent and Campbell with some punch or toddy. Here deponent charged Richmond as a spy, or a person who, if it was true what was said about him, he certainly was the worst of men; as, of course, he was determined to ruin a number of wretched individuals, if it was in his power; but hoped at the same time he would exculpate himself, if it was in his power, which he immediately endeavoured to do, denying that he held any correspondence with Kirkman Finlay; and pulling out a letter that he said he got from Francis Jeffrey, Esq., which he read. There was something in it, about L.200 or L.250 bank credit. After having read it, he said, *these were the men* (meaning Jeffrey and Cockburn) that he depended on; and he had every reason to believe that there was none that would charge them as persons that would be guilty of any unmanly action. Some days after this, deponent having called in one of the newspaper offices on some business, and having pulled out a paper where there were some gentlemen's names, as subscribers to help to defray the expense of a process that was then pending betwixt the heritors of the Barony Parish, or kirk-session, and an individual in Calton who was pursuing them for parish support; and in this paper Richmond's name was amongst others; and one of the clerks, running over the names, when he came to that of Richmond, he observed, *this is the Spy.* Deponent asked him what he meant by this. He said that it was understood that he was acting as a Spy, and that it was supposed he was employed by —— —— [Mr. Kirkman Finlay,—whose name seems to have been a terror to the poor people, as we always meet with two ominous scores, —— ——, where it should appear.] As soon as deponent came home, he went to Campbell, and told him what he had heard, and requested that he would hold no more correspondence with him, [Richmond,] as it was possible he might draw him into some trouble. Deponent further declares, that in all the interviews, a most without exception, he, Richmond, generally pressed the necessity of a delegation to England, and the necessity of a regular correspondence, by delegates, betwixt England and Scotland, and often declared his readiness to help to defray the expense of the first delegation;* and as regularly pressed the necessity of delegations throughout all the populous towns and villages in Scotland, as he always considered that the organization could not be effected any other way; and this, he said, he had from his experience in the last organization of the operative weavers.

At Glasgow the thirtieth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and seventeen.

In presence of Richard Dick, Esq., one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Lanark, Appeared John M'Lachlin, weaver in Calton of Glasgow, who being solemnly sworn, depones, That the statement written on the seven preceding pages, and subscribed by him, is just and true, as he shall answer to God.

JOHN M'LACHLIN.

RD. DICK, J. P.

Such is the affidavit solemnly sworn by John M'Lachlin, three weeks after he was released from a five months' solitary confinement in the Castle of Edinburgh. Richmond, when seven years afterwards he betrayed his Tory employers who would not give him money to his content, tries to shake the testimony of this man by lofty contempt and unmeasured abuse. It will not do, for at every important interview and conversation sworn to above, *Campbell, it appears, was present*, the *incorruptible* Campbell, to whose integrity Richmond himself bears witness,—at least, after, in 1824, he supposed him dead. This man, Campbell, on whose prudence and courageous honesty the lives of many Scotsmen, and even the liberties of the country, hung at the time when Richmond was skulk-

* In a letter published by Mr. John Wilson, on the 8th September of this year, (1817) it is stated, that Richmond "sent Campbell to Ayrshire; furnished him with pecuniary means, and instructions for his journey, so as he might entrap [as the tool and dupe of his employer,] some of the people in various towns through which he passed in the county: that he instructed him to offer the sum of L.15 to send a deputation to Carlisle." Mr. Wilson adds, "It was also a favourite plan of Richmond's to get the country parishes, who wished for parochial relief, to meet by delegation in Glasgow, to be within the circle of his contaminating influence, and then to initiate as many of them as possible, thereby to involve as many in his diabolical measures."

It would appear the dupes believed money was obtained for these deputations from Mr. Kerr, who, on the *explosion*, was arrested on information given to this effect. This gentleman was also graciously protected by A. Richmond, who says, (note, page 94 of his book,) "From the representation *I* made of his character, he was very soon liberated on bail, and never farther troubled."

ing a denounced spy, and whose integrity the whole Crown lawyers, thirsting, as Richmond says, for evidence to hang and transport men, could not shake, was alive after Mr. Richmond's Narrative appeared, and we shall by-and-by see what he says of that person. But, in the first place, it is quite useless for Mr. Richmond, in 1824, to abuse M'Lachlin for giving information, and to tell it as something to the poor man's discredit; for M'Lachlin proclaimed that, in the Glasgow newspapers at the period; rightly demanding why "he (Richmond) was not cited as an evidence on the part of the Crown?" Before coming to Campbell, we shall give an extract from his printed letter, which appeared, as did all these papers, in the *Glasgow Chronicle*.

Extract of a Letter from John M'Lachlin, printed a few days after Richmond's reply to Mr. John Wilson had appeared in the public prints.

Why was he not cited as an evidence on the part of the Crown? Was it oversight, or was it design? There is one thing: The Crown lawyers were not ignorant of his knowledge and experience in the late plot; *for I myself gave them information, when I was examined, that he was a member of those societies;* although they did not think fit either to apprehend him or cite him as a witness. This may seem strange, but it is true. Was he not afraid to come forward, I would ask him, to develop a plot that he himself hatched and endeavoured to mature? There may be some danger in the course I am taking, when we look to his boasted resources, especially of his secret-service money; and as I have suffered pretty severely already by his infernal designs, it may not be thought very wonderful, though I still stand in dread of him. I was five months in solitary confinement, and my family left to starve for the most part of that time. All this I suffered by taking a little of Richmond's advice, though he says, All the errors committed were from not following my advice. If he stood now before me I would address him as follows, 'What part of your advice or advices do you mean? Was it because we had not sent a delegation to England? or was it because we had not sent delegations throughout the different towns in Ayrshire, that you might have got a few more of the rooms of the new barracks filled? Or was it because we would not look after arms, although you were willing to venture a few shillings to cover this expense also? Or was it because we did not appoint a select committee, whose names and transactions would be secret even from the body, and known only to the clerk? I remember none else of your advices but what were less or more attended to. * * * * Your friend Biggar was more manly, for he came forward on the 22d February, [the night of the general arrests,] and after he had sat in our company till we were all apprehended, he boldly declared, when collared by the officers, that he was the man who gave the information. This was more manly than to be sitting like you, regaling on pies and porter, while the simple dupes were ascending to close quarters. This tippling in the trying hour was not very like the character you wished to assume, when you told Campbell and me that you would not be in the least afraid to encounter all the cavalry in Scotland, if you were at the head of 200 men with muskets and bayonets. Both the soldier and the philosopher had fled. What were you afraid of? You openly professed to have no hopes of a future life, and on that account you were determined, you said, to make the best you could of your time here."

* * * * * * *

Here again we see that M'Lachlin refers to the presence of the unimpeachable Campbell, of whom Richmond has not dared to say one evil word. This man had been tried and proved in every way. His incorruptible character was as well known to the Crown lawyers as to the Whig lawyers, who made so admirable a use of his testimony.

Richmond, with all his abuse of his temporary dupe, M'Lachlin, forgets himself so far as almost to confirm the assertions in M'Lachlin's affidavit which lay before him, even while he attempts to invalidate its statements. But of Campbell, who was thoroughly known to those gentlemen Mr. Richmond, on all occasions, thinks fit to parade as his patrons, he says, (pp. 69, 70,)—"As he subsequently made a conspicuous figure in the Court of Justiciary, and his conduct became the subject of a motion in Parliament, I will describe his situation and character as far as they came under my observation. He was an operative weaver in extreme poverty, but had previously been more favourably situated; naturally shrewd and firm in character, his information and judgment were above mediocrity; tinctured with enthusiasm, the difficulties of his situation had blinded his judgment, and he felt confident of the success of the scheme they were pursuing. [The scheme which, according to M'Lachlin's solemn statement on oath, and as we shall see Campbell's also, Mr. A. Richmond had suggested to them, and urged upon them.] I found him cautious, and for a time ambiguous, but, in comparing all his statements, NEVER FOUND HIM VIOLATE TRUTH. * * * * * * *They certainly, for a time, believed me friendly to the measure."* [The measure you had yourself proposed.]

But passing all this, we dedicate the following letter of the "conspicuous witness," John Campbell, whom Richmond declares he "*never found to violate truth,*" to those admirers of whom that Patriot-Spy boasts. Of itself, and without another word or document, Campbell's letter is sufficient, when its author and the circumstances in which it is written are considered, to satisfy every reasonable man of the true character of the hero of this tale.

To the Editor of the Glasgow Chronicle.

SIR,—A friend of mine has put into my hands a book wrote by A. B. Richmond. The author says it is a faithful narrative of the proceedings of a confederacy in Glasgow, and neighbourhood, in 1816, 1817. In that publication my name is very conspicuous. According to his own showing, he never found me violate truth, and he can have no objection if I make one or two remarks. As far as I am mentioned, I find part of his statement correct, part of it told with a colouring contrary to truth, but a greater portion wilful falsehood. My bad state of health for twelve months past, gives me little hope of having an opportunity of writing a full answer to his narrative, as my weakness requires me, when I am able, to make longer bodily exertion to accomplish my work. I could show Mr. Richmond to be a very different character from what he represents himself to be. A report was in circulation, about three years ago in Glasgow, that I had paid the debt of nature; and under that impression Richmond must have written his book, thinking his statements could not be contradicted. *Richmond was as completely a member of that society as I was, he having taken the* same obligation as I had: the words (of the oath) were repeated by me, he repeating word for word after me;

and this was done in the presence of another person who was also a member. The whole of his transactions in the *affair were encouragements to prosecute the plan of organization as widely as possible.* This, page 63 of his work, shows he was obliged to do from necessity, he having corresponded with Mr. Finlay, and informed him that he had learned that an organization existed. This was before the 18th of December, 1816, for on that day he went to New Lanark, and remained till the 22d. Mr. Finlay is here made to say that they had made no progress in gaining information during Richmond's absence. *Information they could not gain, for such a society was not then in existence, save in Richmond's head and heart:* and to save his credit with Mr. Finlay, such a society must *be formed.* Richmond was introduced into my company before such society ever existed. Thus much I have stated, that the public may know how to appreciate his writings, and his conduct in that affair. Your insertion of this in your paper, will much oblige, Sir,

Yours,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

Symington, 11th April, 1825.

We shall not add one word to the solemn statement of John Campbell, the man whom, even Richmond says, he "never found to violate truth." It was written eight years after the transactions took place. It is like the article in *Tait's Magazine*, for which Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall are threatened with prosecution by A. Richmond, a *review* of the printed works of that worthy,—of the history of his doings. Need we say more?——We shall give yet another extract from the Spy's own hands of the truth and nobility of nature of the man, John Campbell, who impeaches him. It is from the 92d page of Richmond's Narrative.

"In consequence of the Crown lawyers being precluded from proceeding against Campbell, [The gracious, and powerful tempter elsewhere boasts that he had secured Campbell,] and the view entertained of his general character, [that of a stern, high-minded man of inflexible purpose,] they, the Crown lawyers, were exceedingly anxious to get him to become a witness. Every method they could think of was resorted to, to induce him to confess; but although he was aware several of the others had made disclosures, he would make no admission whatever; and in this situation he was sent to Edinburgh Castle, with those they intended to bring to trial. As the circumstances connected with this man's becoming a witness for the Crown, are both curious and important, I shall distinctly relate what came within my knowledge, which in a great measure confirms the statement he made before the High Court of Justiciary. It was believed he had a knowledge of some particular facts which they had not arrived at, respecting the persons who had promised to assist them with money for the delegation to England, which, together with his general character and deportment, made them attach great importance to the evidence they believed he could give, [Who taught them so?] They kept him ignorant of *my* having secured him from being brought to trial, [Wondrous powers of Mr. Richmond;] and the Sheriff of the county, and Mr. Salmon, then temporarily acting as procurator fiscal, * *plied* him in various ways, but neither a threatened trial nor general promises had any effect. After the prisoners were removed to Edinburgh, Campbell remained for some time equally inflexible and unbending; and repeated references were made to me for my opinion and *assistance to overcome* HIS *scruples.* I, however, positively refused to interfere, informing them [the Scottish Crown lawyers] that, from all I had seen, *they might depend upon anything he did communicate, but that I would do nothing to influence him.* I was then asked what effect I considered offering him a situation under Government was likely to produce; but I could only refer to the general character I had given, and was told they [the Crown lawyers] would try the experiment."

The result of that unsuccessful experiment is before the world; and so is the opinion of the honest, faithful, inflexible subject of it, on the character of Mr. A. Richmond. Revert patient reader, anxious searcher after historical truth, to John Campbell's letter, and judge of the person who now takes advantage of the present disgraceful state of the libel law in England, to threaten with prosecution Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, because a Scottish periodical work, sold by them as agents, notices his conduct, while a spy, and instigator of treason and sedition in the west of Scotland.

A few extracts, from the London papers of the period, may be useful, in farther elucidating the *character* of the person, who has threatened an action for an alleged libel on that damaged commodity.

STATE TRIALS IN SCOTLAND.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

IN the remainder of the papers from Scotland, which we continue to give to-day, we have additional facts to elucidate the influence of the spies, in the creation of plots. The reader may have been struck with the absence of any mention of Scotland, in the second report of the secret committees; while in the first, the organization of the revolutionary clubs, was said to have extended to the manufacturing parts of that country. The horrid oath,† recited with so much effect by the Lord Advocate, and which roused so many members from the gentle slumbers in which they were passing the tedious hours, till they were to vote the suspension of the liberties of the people, turns out to have been the manufacture of two men, who lie under heavy suspicion of being spies; and that Richmond, the man employed by the higher powers, was the great supporter of the organization. Like his worthy compeer, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Richmond tells the people that petitioning is all nonsense. "If ever anything is done it must be by fear.

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* Richmond not alone claims the power of life and death in Scotland at this time, *i. e.* of who should be tried for high treason, and who not, but of dispensing Crown patronage. It was he recommended Mr. Salmon to his office! which is stated in the *Exposure of the Spy System* to be one worth L.1,000 a-year—call it half—and yet the modest claims of Mr. Richmond are marvellous.

† The oath which Campbell, seven years afterwards, asserts, as above, that Richmond took, and which, after he betrayed the Tories, at p. 79 of his work, he describes as the identical document that made such a noise in the House of Commons. "It made a very imposing appearance at the time."

* * * * * *

We are happy to find, that the gentlemen who act as spies, are ready to make a sacrifice of their personal convenience; because, as we anticipate, that the interests of society, and the insulted law, may soon require that they be hanged, we have no doubt, that to die for their country will not be disagreeable to these worthy persons. Mr. Richmond, too, insults those whom he would have led to the gallows, as very low-minded men, [in his second letter to Mr. John Wilson,] whose souls have not been enlarged by liberal reflections,—as scrubs who were not aware of the honour he would have done them by hanging them."

FROM ANOTHER PAPER.

Whatever opinions, however, may be entertained on the morality of a system of espionage, all are, now at least, agreed on one point, that the system itself has, for a long time, been completely organized,* and everywhere in full activity. England, Scotland, and Ireland, have each supplied their quota to this new and formidable deplomatic corps. Reynolds, who, for transcendant treachery, bore away, for a time, the palm of superiority from all rivals, is probably now safely and snugly quartered at Malta. Gently may the Mediterranean breeze blow upon his placid countenance! May the ghosts of Byrne and of Bond read him many a useful midnight lecture, to prepare him for his final doom. Since he figured, Oliver and Castles have appeared as his rivals, the former excelling in cunning, the latter in deeds of bold determined perjury, and both of them admirably accomplished for their respective missions. *A new candidate for fame*, in this line of service, has started in Scotland, that bids fair to eclipse them all. This man's head and heart seem to have been in training, from his mother's womb, for his new calling, and, if his merits are fairly scanned, it will be impossible to dispute his pre-eminence and perfection in the profession to which he has been happily destined. Oliver and Castles, whatever their other merits might be, have, at least, had the modesty to shun the gaze of men, and seek shelter from a world, outraged in silence and solitude. This villain, however—whose name is Alexander Richmond, has the hardihood and brazen effrontery, to justify his atrocious treachery, and even to defend the occupation of a hired spy. * * * * * * In selecting his victims he showed no partiality. Without remorse and without faltering, he spread his snares alike for the friends of his bosom and the unsuspecting stranger. Worming himself into their confidence, and by a train of insinuations and stratagems, the most artfully and wickedly adapted to his purpose, did he seek and nearly accomplish the destruction of all who came within the sphere of his infernal agency. This monster has now the unparalleled impudence to offer a public defence, for his diabolical treacheries and crimes. The affidavit of John M'Lachlin, (given above,) will furnish a complete clew to the character of this new and promising candidate for infamy. He has sought to recover the friendship of an honest man, [Mr. John Wilson,] who, in answer to his advances, justly exclaims, "You are right in thinking I would set you down as a damned unprincipled villain!" Remember RICHMOND!———

* At a grand aggregate meeting of the Whigs and Reformers of Scotland, [the men now in power,] held at Edinburgh, at which Lord Moncreiff presided, while Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Cockburn, Sir James Gibson Craig, and others, moved the resolutions, it was resolved, That they, (the Ministry,) had struck an alarming blow at the morals of the people; and have invaded the private security of every class of subjects, by employing, encouraging, and protecting an unprecedented number of spies and informers." See *Tait's Magazine*, for May, 1833.

THE TORY COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE ANTI-CORN LAW SOCIETIES.

Come, listen, lieges, to the song that I shall sing to you—
'Tis of a Country Gentleman, of Toryism true-blue,
Who came to his estates in 1792,
Swearing by all old principles, and swearing at all new—
Like a Tory Country Gentleman,
In Pitt's propitious times.

Stout did he stand, throughout these revolutionary years,
Pro aris—focis, (Church-rate, House-tax,) Commons, King, and Peers,
Participated potently in patriotic fears,
And disciplined his chopsticks into Loyal Volunteers—
Like a Tory Country Gentleman,
All in the good war-times.

He pledged his life and fortune, while he sack'd his swelling rent;
Ne tax ne war he car'd not for, while reaping cent. per cent.;
His children dear he far and near to swift promotion sent,
In guerdon of his loyal votes in House of Parliament—
Like a Tory Country Gentleman,
In the thriving Tory times.

But war, like every blessing under Heav'n, must have an end;
And if with peace restrictions cease, (which Parliament forefend,)
The prices of our produce will infallibly descend—
So spake our Country Gentleman—so did his efforts bend—
Like a Tory Country Gentleman,
In peace to ape war-times

Thus careless he, as squire should be, of Radical tirades,
A stringent Corn Law to support devotes his high regards,
And posteth down to London town, 'mid mud, mobs, and placards,
And pusheth to the House to vote, through files of the foot-guards—
Like a Tory Country Gentleman,
In these seditious times.

But soon he found, in dismal stound and with surprise sincere,
To shut folks out of *cheap* corn, don't assist them to buy *dear*—
So on he went, in discontent, from bad to *worser* year,
Till 1830 brought its sights and sounds of fear—
To a Tory Country Gentleman,
Of Anti-Gallic times.

In hope and strength resurgent, as it sunk in shame and gore,
The CAUSE appears that Europe hail'd full forty years before,
The sun that shone on Austerlitz* on Paris shines once more,
And greets the flag of France again, the gallant Tricolor:—
What will you do, old Gentleman!
In these flagitious times?

But not for one gay land alone springs Freedom's mounting form—
The July days of France lead on the May days of Reform!
Eftsoons is heard a little bird that singeth shrill alarm—
How long d'ye think your Corn Laws will survive amid the storm?
Oh dear! oh dear! old Gentleman—
That you should see such times!

* *Voilà le soleil d'Austerlitz.*

IRISH STORY-TELLERS.

The travelling geneologists and wandering minstrels of Ireland have been succeeded by a race of harmless *fictionists*, peculiar to that country. One of the most memorable of these was Jack Hasnett of Kerry, celebrated for his adventures with the self-same *boar* which gave old Crohoore so much trouble, as may still be seen at page 425, Vol. II. of *Tait's Magazine*. Jack was a decent shopkeeper in the town, much devoted to three friends, drinking, disputing, and fighting; but with this difference, that while he really cultivated the society of the two former, his acquaintance with the latter was more a matter of boasting than any thing else. If you were to believe himself, "he'd beat Phune M'Chooil and Uschur along with him; and, as to disputation, why, from *Aristotle* to the *Reading Made Easy*, (for Jack, like almost all the shopkeepers of Kerry, had received a classical education,) the world, could not produce a match for him." The world, and his wife, to be sure, thought differently; but in drinking undoubtedly he was a hero. What he would have done with some of the Roman Emperors, is perhaps hard to say, as they drank wine; but for whisky punch, he might be backed against any man dead or alive. Twelve tumblers were nothing to him. Six muddled him; but from that out there was no perceptible change; he could not be made more drunk, and you might as well go on pouring punch into the Bog of Allan as into Jack. There he sat, unable to stir any part of his body—always excepting his hand, which was never known to fail while a glass was before him—with a look of great wisdom, arguing some question,—and it made very little difference whether there was any one present or not. He could maintain both sides, in a friendly way, with the tumbler, and never cared for a more numerous audience. But one night Jack had been drinking at Ned Price's: there was a dispute, as usual,—and thinking he had received some affront, he rose to go away. After a number of experiments, as the Library of Useful Knowledge would say, to ascertain the position of his centre of gravity, and bring it into a condition of unstable equilibrium over the point of support, he effected this at last,—but instead of going to the street door, he turned towards the back door. The town, whenever there is a heavy fall of rain, is flooded; and this night it happened that the water was about five or six inches deep in the yard, except at one part higher than the rest, where this young villain of a boar had his stye. The threshold of the back door was raised some steps above the yard; and when Jack came to the steps, of course, he stumbled and fell forward into the water, where he lay quite at his ease.

The boar, as soon as he heard the splash, thinking he had got something great, made three standing leaps up to Jack; and seizing the skirt of his surtout, began to tear away at it; but finding no substance in this, he soon quitted it, and laid hold of Jack's arm, which he began to chew. "Eh! what's that!" says Jack, raising himself on one elbow, and hitting with the other at the boar; "fair play,—don't strike a man when down." The boar paying no attention to this protest, planted his fore-legs on Jack's body, and seized him by the shoulder. "Fair play," says Jack again,—"don't strike a man when down. I'll box you over a garter." The boar grunted. "What's that you say? eh? what's that you say? Can't you speak plain, man, like me," muttered Jack; "let me get up, and I'll box you over a garter." But the boar became desirous of dragging Jack up towards his stye out of the water, and looking for a convenient part to lay hold of for that purpose, he began to walk in all directions over his body, and seized first his leg, and then his arm again. During all this, of course, Jack was not idle. He made several remonstrances, several appeals to the boar's chivalrous feelings, and offered to fight them all one after another, but in vain. At length, luckily for Jack, as the boar would probably have killed him, drunk and helpless as he was, a maid servant heard his expostulations. "For God's sake come here!" says she, "there's something in the yard;" and she alarmed the whole house. Lights were brought, and they found Jack, leaning on his elbow, issuing his protocols and protests with a look of the most drunken gravity; his face being turned towards the boar, from which he was not a foot distant, though he could never see his adversary. They took him up, changed his clothes, and placed him, sitting before a large fire, with a tumbler of punch, smoking hot on the table near him. In this position his spirits soon revived, and he was able to give an account of his adventures, which certainly did not lose in his own hands. According to his account, he had performed wonders. There were, at least, twenty persons beating him, all of whom he had either killed or wounded. The children crowded about him, in extacies of astonishment. "Oh, d'ye hear him,—that I mightn't!—he tells lies as fast as a horse would trot.—Sure there was no one at all at him but Billy." "The first of them," says Jack, taking a huge sup, "was a tall black fellow, with iron heels to his boots. He come behind, and struck me with a *thaivaun* of a stick."

"Did the villain knock you down, Jack?"

"Is it I? He didn't stir me. I was as firm as a rock. Well, four more made at me. Ye cowardly rascals, says I, I'll never let ye go home alive. One of them made no answer, but pulls his hat over his eyes, and struck at me, and with that the whole of them surrounded me."

"And did any at all of them knock you down, Jack? I heard you were in the gutter."

"Oh, 'twas Dan Cronen said that. He lies, the rascal; and by J——, I'll cut him into garters as soon as I catch him! No, Tim; from first to last I wasn't knocked down. But have ye the bolluvvaun?—[a dumb person.] For God-sake keep that fellow. Oh, that's a treacherous rascal. He had a black thorn stick full of knobs; and, blud and 'oun's, my ribs! Oh, I thought he'd never let me get up. Have ye the *bolluvvaun*? He usen't say a word, but hit me."

SKETCHES OF THE LATER ENGLISH POETS.

No. I.—CRABBE.

It appears to be a condition of human enjoyment, that its immediate presence is rarely perceived, and that privation first assures our judgment of its reality. The expressions whereby we describe our more exquisite pleasures, generally refer, either to something in prospect, or, more frequently, to something that has been; as though, in the moment of fruition, our perceptions were blinded by an eagerness to possess, and the fear to lose, which allow no place for consciousness, until the happiness is past, and we lament that it is no more. Still the sadness of such a retrospect is in itself a pleasure. It enables the mind to employ a soberer faculty to recall its emotions; to portray in fainter colours, yet with a more distinct outline, the images of former delight; and to record and review the circumstances which passed unnoticed during the moments of excitement. But we are not allowed to know and to feel at the same time: and in the inevitable separation of these faculties, resides the difficulty of thoroughly fixing the lineaments of emotion, which we hardly recognise, until they are already distant from the eye, and their aspect is changed. In place of the warm and living object, we retain the statue or the shadow alone. Thus we are ever the creatures of a double existence, neither portion of which is thoroughly conscious of the other. The sense that recalls or expects love, sorrow, or delight, is not that which replies to their immediate touch. Our sweetest emotions are troubled with a passionate uncertainty; and our memory of their visits partakes of the coldness of reflection.

As poetry is but a more pure and universal expression of the higher tendencies of human nature, it should not surprise us to discover in its history the operation of a similar law. In the periods of its greatest splendour, we have rarely seen its worshippers desirous, or, perhaps, capable of analyzing the secret of its enchantment. During these visitations of song (the limited period and infrequent recurrence of which confirm the resemblance adverted to) her steps are followed by impulse, rather than traced by reflection. At such seasons, which occur in the infancy or renewed youth of letters, the feelings of mankind may be compared to those of a child, or of a captive released from his prison, when gazing for the first time on the evening sky. As new splendours at every instant cover the deepening heaven, and the winds swell into music around the throne of night—as star after star comes forth and follows in her train, each brighter than the former,—the beholder is too full of rapture and expectation, to describe or count the glories which surround him. It is after the season of wonder is over, and the lamps are faded, that a wish arises to measure and enumerate their beauties, and to inquire how far one differs from the other in brightness. Nearly such is the course observed in the history of poetry; and it is perhaps most truly explained as a reflection of the vicissitudes of human feeling in the individual, displayed in the universal mirror of man's nature. To the moments of emotion and rapture succeed the hours of retrospect and commemoration;—the eras of poetical worship are followed by the deliberate homage of criticism.

If this be true, the very authority conceded to our function is evidence of the departure of poetry, as a living presence, from amongst us. We are no longer content to read alone, because we have ceased, in part, to enjoy. We are grown minute and curious as to the successes and failures of authors; for our apprehension of their works proceeds from the understanding rather than the heart. We are become too cold, or too much busied with other things, to derive much of our pleasure from poetry; yet we would preserve it, as an elegant amusement, for our idler moments and *horæ subscisivæ*. This, to a heartfelt love of song, is a most discouraging spectacle, and one which sorely tries its votary's faith in the return of better times. But he will endeavour, if his profession be sincere, to foster the principles of love and reverence, which are apt to decay in these prosaic intervals; and with this object, will embrace the duties of criticism and exposition, regarding his office as a consequence of the vicissitudes which poetry is destined to experience. It is impossible to deceive ourselves on this subject. The spirit of poetry has for the present withdrawn itself from amongst us; we must be contented to recall its former glories, and to await in hope the time of its reappearance.

In the fulfilment of this seasonable duty we propose to devote some of the following pages to the examination of those poets who flourished during an era of which we have lived to witness the splendour and the close. Although some of them yet linger amongst us, the period of their labours may now be considered as concluded. They have finished their work, and repose in the assurance of a well-earned fame. They have, indeed, earned for themselves a high place in the annals of their country's literature. And, in reviewing the number and excellence of this noble brotherhood of poets,—themselves sufficient to render illustrious a land that had no older glories to enumerate like ours, of Shakspeare and Spencer, of Milton and Pope, and Congreve,—we cannot but acknowledge that the mantle of poetry has been liberally extended over our island. Nor should we repine if it is now withdrawn for a time; but rather rejoice that so many of the gifted have arisen amongst us, to recall, in our own days, the power which distinguished the brightest periods of British history.

The first of our intended notices has long been destined to a survey of the writings of George Crabbe: and it is a fortunate circumstance that the accomplishment of this purpose should coincide with the publication of a new and more complete edition of his works, preceded by a life of the poet, which, we doubt not, is already familiar to many of our readers. It does not enter into the plan prescribed for the following essays to dwell upon biographical notices of the authors whom we propose to examine; the consideration of their works alone being sufficient to occupy all the space afforded us. Yet, the strong interest of Crabbe's personal history, as recorded in the edition now before us, has more than once tempted us to deviate from this rule. We have found his Life an invaluable assistant in the elucidation of his writings; and can recommend it in the warmest terms to the attention of our readers.

Although Crabbe has enjoyed no sparing meed of applause from many whose praise was of itself a passport to distinction, his admirers have hitherto been select rather than numerous. We think that he has not yet been honoured according to his deserts. At no period of his career, perhaps, can he have been justly called a popular writer: of late, he has certainly been undeservedly neglected. As regards the present generation of readers, this is easily accounted for. In aspect and manner, our poet belongs, in some degree, to a former age. The author, whose earlier efforts were fostered by Burke, whose tales had been criticised by Johnson, and had beguiled the sufferings of Fox during his last illness, was lost amidst the crowd of brilliant writers that rose to celebrity after the commencement of the present century. And although he reappeared, after a long interval, with powers mellowed and confirmed by time; still he might, in some measure, be regarded as one of an obsolete school, by those who were engrossed by the dazzling productions of Scott, and Southey, and Byron. The captivations of a new vein of poetic imagery, rich, fanciful, and picturesque beyond precedent, would naturally divert the multitude of readers from an author who still adhered to the older fashion, and who made no attempt to recommend the strict and often homely truth of his pictures, by splendour of colouring or variety of tone, by the romance of his fables, or the dignity of his personages. But the temporary excitement, whether of novelty or of fashion, has now subsided; and our author and his illustrious rivals are alike denizens of the past. The time is perhaps arrived, when we may better perceive and appreciate the relative truth of their labours.

The opinion generally prevalent as to the character of Crabbe's writings, would of itself prove how little they have been consulted by the mass of readers. We believe that by the majority of these he would be represented as the painter *par excellence* of vice, indigence, and misery; the harsh anatomist of all unlovely diseases of the moral and physical world, apt and diligent in his ungrateful occupation, but destitute of the capacity to conceive or enjoy those fairer creations, which are Poetry's chosen offspring. And yet how false and unjust will such a description appear to those who are conversant with our author;—how much of unaffected beauty and generous feeling—what a store of genial, quiet humour and original reflection were here overlooked! He was, indeed, too clear-sighted and honest to substitute mere pleasant inventions for the real lineaments of life and nature, which he had closely inspected ere he ventured to portray. His pursuit of truth, it must be confessed, often led him amidst scenes which rarely attract the idler or the visionary: he came forth as the chronicler of common life; and how frequently is the web of daily existence chequered with sombre colours! Yet his eye could recognise beauty in the lowliest places: he was no wilful maligner of human nature; but resolutely gazed upon it in its rudest aspect, and with a master's hand transferred its lights and shadows to his canvass. Herein his merit resides;—the secret of his genius lay in a perspicacity which allowed no detail of his subject to escape him, and a conscientiousness that refused to decorate it with foreign ornaments. In the scenes with which he was most conversant, the shade predominated over the sunshine: in his characters we see evil blended with, and at times quenching the good: it was thus with the men by whom he was surrounded. It cannot be objected to him, that one circumstance of care or suffering is overcharged in the description; his delineation may be stern, but it is no caricature. Although he feared not to record what he knew, he wrote no "scandalous chronicle" of human nature. He strictly fulfilled the purpose so well announced in his own words:—

> "Come then fair Truth, and let me clearly see
> The minds I paint, as they are seen in thee!
> To me their merits and their faults impart.
> Give me to say, 'Frail Being, such thou art;'
> And clearly let me view the naked human heart."

Such being the author's object, it were unfair to condemn the sobriety of his pictures, unless it appear that he has omitted the beauties, or exaggerated the defects of their original.

And what, then, was the real aspect of life as it presented itself to Crabbe's observation? A brief advertence to the circumstances of his history will best answer this question. He was born in humble life, in an obscure fishing village, situated on a stormy and sterile coast. His youth was passed in indigence, surrounded by a rude and miserable race, depredators on land, smugglers at sea; and although some care had been bestowed on his education, it perhaps served only to make him a solitary amongst the rugged companions, with whom he was in perpetual contact. Thus he spent the first years of his life, in uncertain and repulsive labours, in the eager acquisition of such knowledge as he could snatch at intervals, observant, and restless, and impatient of a destiny to which he felt himself

superior. Still young, he set forth,—poor and friendless, unsupported save by hope, and the love of an amiable girl to whom he was betrothed,—to try his fortune, as a literary adventurer, in the metropolis. Here he was fated to gain an early insight into the sadder features of life. For months he struggled with misfortune in every shape: the sickness of hope deferred: neglect, disappointment, nay, the presence of actual want, were thoroughly experienced; and left an impression on his mind which no subsequent prosperity could efface. At length the generous notice of Burke* made him friends, and raised him from misery to competence. He assumed the clerical profession;—and after a short attendance on his noble patron, the Duke of Rutland, returned to converse, as a village curate, with the accidents and characters of humble life, and to observe in others the vicissitudes which he had himself practically learned to endure. In the height of his celebrity, when courted by the wealthy and the illustrious, these scenes were ever present to his mind; doubly impressed, by the force of early recollection, and by the experience gathered from his later duties. It is, therefore, not surprising that such were his chosen themes,—for here he felt his knowledge and his power. And, far from exclaiming against the occasional harshness of his pictures, we rather marvel that one so rudely nurtured, and so sternly taught, should have attained the maturity of his powers, with a disposition so unspoiled as his,—an eye so keenly alive to those better traits which redeem the characters of degradation, and so pure a love of nature as he preserved to the last. This may be ascribed, partly to a certain inexpertness, which disabled him, in boyhood, from partaking in the sports and occupations of his companions, and preserved him from the contagion of their habits, by estranging him from their pursuits; and still more, to the natural gift of a cheerful and buoyant temper, which sustained him amidst hardships that would have crushed or embittered one less happily endowed. His early attachment to a pure and excellent woman also contributed to keep his heart sound, and to animate his efforts; and thus, by a singular felicity in his fortune, after a hard struggle with obscure and degrading circumstances,—with want, and anxiety, and neglect,—he brought to the enjoyment of better days a mind more evenly poized and complete, according to the measure of its original endowments, than it generally falls to their lot to preserve who have passed through so severe an ordeal. The blessing was its own reward. The record of his long and honoured career, enlightened by benevolence, and intellectual activity, and domestic affections, presents us the image of a happiness which we feel to be as rare as it was, in this instance, well deserved. It is the accomplishment of that older poet's wish,—

> Frui paratis, et valido mihi,
> Latoë, dones:—et, precor, integrâ
> Cum mente—nec turpem senectam
> Degere, nec citharâ carentem.

Crabbe was not deficient in imagination. The poem of Sir Eustace Grey would suffice to prove this, were other proof wanting. But the power with which realities attracted his mind repressed the exercise of this faculty, and determined his preference for a class of composition, in which his unrivalled accuracy of perception, and his graphic vigour found entire occupation. It is as a descriptive poet that he sought to excel; by his success in this capacity he must be judged. It would be unreasonable to reproach him for the absence of qualities foreign to the object he pursued. And if we examine his writings with the due advertence to their aim, which is a chief duty of honest criticism, how admirable will his success appear! What vivid truth in his landscapes! Every feature is brought out with precision—every touch tells; yet the effect, as a whole, is perfect. His epithets are pregnant with feeling, and bespeak a familiar acquaintance with the object represented. Nothing is vague or inconsistent; his accessaries are in the finest keeping, and aid the conception of the reader. Our poet does not love to generalize, but executes his task with a careful and firm hand, producing his effect by a series of well-chosen details, each confirming the impression he seeks to convey. His choice of subjects may be objected to by the fastidious. True, he depicts no Tempè or Arcadia; his scenes are drawn from our work-day world, nor has he always selected even here the fairest portions. His acquaintance with the richer beauties of nature was not extensive. Yet he could discern a charm in the wild and barren places of the earth; and the boldness with which he has preserved their express features is in our eyes a merit of the highest order. With all our love for ideal beauty, we should have regretted his departure from a province peculiarly his own, in pursuit of embellishments belonging to another region. Each has its own place and season; and we deem it the highest excellence of Crabbe's descriptive passages, as works of art, that they are so perfectly sincere, so free from any intermixture of a character at variance with the appropriate features of the scene.

It is impossible, in an article like the present, to display his excellence in this department by adequate specimens. Those which we select, almost at random, are not offered as such: they can but be viewed as fragments, which lose much of their force by being separated from the context. Here is an autumn scene, the calm repose of which must, we think, be felt by every lover of nature. The turn at the close of the passage is a happy instance of our author's skill in combining his observation of external objects with the moral progress of his story.

* It is delightful to read of the prompt benevolence with which this gifted man befriended an unknown youth, who brought no recommendation but his wretchedness and his talents. He had applied, but in vain, to many others high in station; and it is to Burke's liberal kindness that he owed his relief from actual starvation, and afterwards his introduction to that notice which assured him celebrity. Such incidents ought not to be lightly passed over,—they honour human nature.

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met the admiring eye,
As a rich beauty, when her bloom is lost,
Appears with more magnificence and cost;—
The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill;
The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill;
Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
By the same passage to return at night,
While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite;
Then turned him back, and left the noisy throng,
Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
Long yellow leaves, from osiers, strewed around,
Choked the small stream and hushed the feeble sound;
While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees,
Our Squire beheld not with his wonted ease,
But to his own reflections made reply—
And said aloud,—"Yes, doubtless, we must die!"

The freshness and truth of Crabbe's sea views could only have been produced by one who, from early youth, had known the aspect of the deep in all its changes. He loved it as a familiar friend, and was ever happiest when within reach of its sound. Had his poems no other merit, they would be dear to us for the sake of this ocean-love of his. How fondly he dwells on the picture that memory was continually bringing before him!

Pleasant it was to view the sea-gulls strive
Against the storm, or on the ocean dive,
With eager scream, or when they dropping gave
Their closing wings to sail upon the wave:—
Then, as the winds and waters raged around,
And breaking billows mixed their deafening sound,
They on the rolling deep securely hung,
And calmly rode the restless waves among.
Nor pleased it less around me to behold,
Far up the beach, the yeasty sea-foam rolled;
Or from the shore upborne, to see on high
Its frothy flakes in wild confusion fly,
While the salt spray that clashing billows form,
Gave to the taste a feeling of the storm.

This, however graphic and instinct with the true marine flavour, is far from being the best of his sea pictures. They abound in all his poems, and form a series which it would be difficult to parallel in the works of any other author.

We must add one more extract of this class, ere we proceed to another department of our author's labours,—it is a specimen of the striking power with which he details the aspect of sterility and desolation. No descriptive poetry, with which we are acquainted, surpasses in force the terrible reality of the following picture. It has all the vigour, without the exaggeration, of those wonderful sketches of desert barrenness in Beaumont and Fletcher's Sea Voyage.

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted eye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil,
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil.
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn:
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
Exposing most where most it gilds distress.

A similar vigour of touch distinguishes Crabbe's sketches of human character. They are drawn *ad vivum:* the great book of nature alone could have supplied him with such a multitude of figures, so life-like, distinct, and full of genuine character. At every page we start on recognising some known individual,—some vivid trait which arouses a tribe of forgotten associations,—some personification, embodying a truth which had lain in our minds indistinct and naked until now. His power in depicting the features and essential forms of common life bespeaks the practised observer; and he traces the workings of the passions on every variety of character, with a precision the result of a profound knowledge of humanity. At every step we are met by a new incitement to reflection and inquiry. But this is not all. To Crabbe we are in a great measure indebted for the discovery of the thrilling interest claimed by the sorrows and accidents of obscure life—a province upon which the eye of genius had seldom before ventured to look with earnestness and patience. He has displayed the fallacy of many idle impressions, touching the humble and the poor, which indifference alone could have allowed to exist so long undisturbed. From the haunts of toil and indigence he brings the personages of a drama, grave and mournful, indeed, but fraught with instruction to the student of human nature. With the eloquence of the poet, and the sympathetic earnestness of a fellow-sufferer, he displays the true circumstances of life struggling with want and care,—its stern passions,—its patient virtues,—its scenes of squalid distress, or of decent poverty,—the endurance, the ambition, the despair of this neglected sphere of existence. In this he has done good service. We had need of a faithful chronicler to tell us what our poorer fellow mortals feel, and suffer, and enjoy; and if the record be rather sad than cheerful, it is well that we should be awakened to the knowledge that it is so. On purely asthetic grounds, his advertence to this topic is commendable. The subject was new and striking: its development, in the hands of a master like Crabbe, affords abundant food for all the soft and strong emotions, and is susceptible of genuine poetic elevation, nay, sublimity. For it cannot be too often repeated—that the soul of poetry is truth; and none but a sickly judgment will be offended by its accents, merely because it is too faithful to be evermore prophesying smooth things.

Such detached passages as we can extract afford but little indication of a whole, carefully wrought out by a series of progressive touches, the effect of which is heightened by their accumulation. But the force of such individual pictures as the following, must be recognised by every reader. Let us begin with a mournful scene—it is the house of Poverty:—

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish-poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;—
There children dwell, who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there!
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind,—and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Another step, and we approach the last act of the tragedy. Nay, turn not aside, but look on, and learn to be pitiful. It is a lesson we need to have often repeated:—

How would you bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room, which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen;
And lath and mud are all that lie between:
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:—
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes:
No friends, with soft discourse, his pain beguile,
Or promise hope, till sickness wears a smile.

We will now turn to another picture of humble sorrow; mournful, indeed, but less dark with utter wretchedness. It is the burial of a village matron. With what simple, yet touching, details has the poet described the bereavment!

Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village lads stood melancholy still;
And idle children, wandering to and fro,
As Nature guided, took the tone of wo.
Arrived at home, how then they gazed around,
In every place where she—no more was found:
The seat at table she was wont to fill,
The fire-side chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden-walks, a labour all her own;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday pew she filled with all her race—
Each place of hers was now a sacred place,
That while it called up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart, and forced them still to rise.

Here the presence of affection relieves the impression of sadness, and beautifies the tomb. Now, let us see how exquisitely the poet could feel and depict the grace which love can impart to the hours of sickness and death. In the following passage, all is sweetness and repose. It is the close of a tale of constancy and love; the sailor has returned to die in the arms of his betrothed:—

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so,—"Perhaps he will not sink."
A sudden brightness in his look appeared—
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the book of prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all:
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people,—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she prest;
And fondly whispered—"Thou must go to rest."
"I go," he said,—but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gazed, affrighted,—but she caught, at last,
A dying look of love,—and all was past!

Assuredly, he who could thus describe the tender ministry of woman's love,

"And paint its presence beautifying death,"

had no lack of the gentler sympathies of the poet's nature, no feeble perception of the spirit which makes suffering forget to sorrow, and life, with all its trials, wear a smile of hope.

It has, indeed, been said, and we believe it, that it is the lively sense of happiness alone which can teach the poet thoroughly to conceive the severity of its privation. The genius which inspired the passage above quoted is equally present in this strongly contrasted description of the last hours in a conscience-striken existence:

In each lone place, dejected and dismayed,
Shrinking from view, his wasting form he laid;
Or to the restless sea, and roaring wind,
Gave the strong yearnings of a ruined mind;
On the broad beach, the silent summer-day,
Stretched on some wreck, he wore his life away;
Or where the river mingles with the sea,
Or on the mud-bank, by the elder-tree,
Or by the bounding marsh-dyke, there was he;
And when unable to foresake the town,
In the blind courts he sat desponding down,—
Always alone;—then feebly would he crawl
The church-way walk, and lean upon the wall;
Too ill for this, he laid beside the door,
Compelled to hear the reasoning of the poor;—
He looked so pale, so weak, the pitying crowd
Their firm belief of his repentance vowed;—
They saw him then so ghastly and so thin,
That they exclaimed,—"Is this the work of sin?"

But our poet's observation was not restricted to this department alone. It pursued, with equal vigilance, the actions of mankind into other walks of life, and has recorded them with similar accuracy and skill. Nor has he solely dwelt on their more serious occupations; the follies, and caprices, and singularities of human character he has happily seized, and described with consummate felicity, at times playfully, at others, in a tone of satire, forcible, yet free from cynicism. We would fain do justice to our author by citing more largely than is possible, within our present limits, from the abundant instances of quaint and genial delineation which could be selected from his writings. He was himself somewhat of a humourist, and is never more successful than in the portraiture of such characters, or where he pleasantly reveals the minor absurdities of habit or caprice. In the following cordial passage, we fancy we can recognise some traits of dear old Gilbert White of Selborne, that most amiable of all naturalists:—

He had no system, and forebore to read
The learned labours of the immortal Swede;
But smiled to hear the creatures he had known
So long, were now in class and order shown,
Genus and species:—"Is it meet," said he,
"This creature's name should one so sounding be?
'Tis but a fly, though first-born of the spring,—
Bombylius majus dost thou call the thing?
Majus, indeed! and yet, in fact, 'tis true,
We all are majors, all are minors, too,
Except the first and last—th' immensely distant two.
And here again—what call the learned this?
Both *Hippobosca* and *Hirundinis*.

Methinks the creature should be proud to find
That he employs the talents of mankind;
And that his sovereign master shrewdly looks,
Counts all his parts, and puts them in his books.
Well! go thy way, for I do feel it shame
To stay a being with so proud a name."

The quiet humour of this passage is delightful. In a similar, yet richer vein, is the description of the Pedant husband's disappointments with a pretty wife, whom he would fain, (out upon him!) have moulded into a philosopher. Is not her prattle exquisite?

"He showed the flowers, the stamina, the style,
Calix and corol, pericarp and fruit,
And all the plant produces, branch and root;
Of these he treated, every varying shape,
Till poor Augusta panted to escape:
He showed the various foliage plants produce,
Lunate and lyrate, runcinate, retuse;
Long were the learned words, and urged with force,
Panduriform, pennatifid, præmorse,
Latent and patent, papulous and plane,"—
"Oh!" said the pupil, "it will turn my brain!"
"Fear not," he answered; and again, intent
To fill that mind, o'er class and order went;
And, stopping, "Now," said he, "my love, attend!"—
"I do," said she, "but when will be an end?"
"When we have made some progress,—now begin—
Which is the stigma? shew me with the pin;
Come, I have told you, dearest, let me see,
Times very many,—tell it now to me."
"Stigma I know; the things with yellow heads,
That shed the dust, and grow upon the threads;
You call them wives and husbands, but you know
That is a joke; here, look, and I will shew
All I remember." Doleful was the look
Of the preceptor, when he shut his book,
(The system brought to aid them in their view,)
And now with sighs returned—"It will not do!"

We do not think that Crabbe has ever been surpassed in the delineation of those minor peculiarities of habit, action, and propensity, which are in ordinary life the chief indications of character, yet which it requires a fine perception to distinguish and define, so slightly are they raised above the general surface. The subjoined passage has been justly celebrated; although well known, it cannot be too often praised.

Six years had past, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger-guest those hills sublime,
But said, "The view is poor: we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlour, and the gay glazed bed:
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed;
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less;
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose:
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft,—in short, began to prose.

We can only spare room for one other specimen of a class, in which our author shews himself so eminently skilled. We learn from his biography, that the following picture of a singular and whimsical ostentation was drawn from an express original. However this may be, we feel at once that it is true to human nature. And how dexterously is the portrait completed by a few touches!

"Sir Denys Brand! and on so poor a steed!"
"Poor it may be! such things I never heed."
And who that youth behind, of pleasant mien,
Equipt as one that wishes to be seen,
Upon a horse twice victor for a plate,
A noble hunter, bought at dearest rate?
Him the lad fearing, yet resolved to guide,
He curbs his spirit while he strokes his pride.
"A handsome youth, Sir Denys, and a horse
Of finer figure never trod the course."
"Yours, without question?"—"Yes! I think a groom
Bought me the beast: I cannot say the sum;
I ride him not,—it is a foolish pride
Men have in cattle,—but my people ride;
The boy is—harkye, sirrah! what's your name?
Ay, Jacob,—yes! I recollect, the same;—
As I bethink me now, a tenant's son;
I think a tenant,—Is your father one?"

In what may be termed the historical analysis of character, Crabbe has few rivals. His patience, minuteness, and care are inimitable. He traces the operation of passions, of original tendencies, of external accidents, as they combine to influence action and feeling in different ages and natures, with a fidelity almost approaching intuition. He employs no glaring contrasts, no abrupt transitions. Every step is noticed and prepared; we observe the progress of habit and will, as they advance towards virtue or vice, until we are placed in sight of the inevitable consequence. Nor is this power of our author employed on graver subjects alone. He takes an equal delight in pursuing throughout a long career, the eccentricities of a whimsical or humorous character, and dwells upon their changes with a most captivating *gusto*. Of his severer tone of remark, it should be observed, that it is never heard, but in the censure of arrogance, folly, or baseness, when the force of his sarcasm commands our entire approbation.

But we must now touch upon our author's chief defect, as the Poet of Human Life. Of that higher philosophy which not only perceives, but can reconcile the contending elements of suffering and action, we find no appearance in his writings. He is purely descriptive and historical. He lays the materials of existence before us in all their fulness; but there is no attempt on his part to arrange or explain them. He is, like ourselves, a mere spectator; more clear-sighted, and wise, and compassionate than the rest, yet still a spectator alone. He sees life but in fragments, nor does he appear to have any conception of a harmony, of a whole. He does not even aid us in unravelling the tangled web that has just passed through his hands: gently or firmly, as the texture of the various threads

may require, he seizes upon them; and as he found them, so does he lay them down. He is no expounder of mysteries. The charge of kindling, amidst the darkest perplexities of life, the beacons of Hope and Belief, and universal love, is the highest function of poetry. We have no reason to believe that Crabbe was conscious of this attribute of his art; he wrote as though it had no existence. Let us not be misunderstood. Crabbe was a wise, and pious, and benevolent man. It is not of the rigour of his darkest pictures that we complain; but that we find in them no glimmering of that light which is ever present to the thoroughly gifted teacher, amidst the deepest gloom of life's afflictions. He never learned, perhaps was not endowed with the perception of the highest function of his art. In his pictures of affection, and endurance, and self-sacrifice, we see poetry unconsciously vindicating her office; but the effect is casual and interrupted. And in estimating Crabbe's poetical merits, we are bound to award him praise as a faithful recorder of all that he knew, and an observer, diligent, but partial. Of that greater praise which attends the full comprehension of our history, we can afford him no share.

It would be unjust to conclude this sketch of our author without some notice, however brief, of his lyrical powers. The few specimens which he has produced in this province, are sufficient to shew how distinguished a place he might have attained in it, had not another claimed the preference. In rapidity, force, and flow of language, and power of conception, and in a certain tenderness, which pervades the whole, his poem of Sir Eustace Grey has few equals,—it may be placed amidst the best of our lyrical compositions. We regret that we cannot extract the whole.

The state from which he fell into misery and madness is thus vividly described:—

Yes, I had youth and rosy health,
  Was nobly formed, as man might be;
For sickness then, of all my wealth,
  I never gave a single fee:
The ladies fair, the maidens free,
  Were all accustomed then to say,
Who would a handsome figure see,
  Should look upon Sir Eustace Grey.

He had a frank and pleasant look,
  A cheerful eye, and accent bland;
His very speech and manner spoke
  The generous heart, the open hand:
About him all was gay or grand,
  He had the praise of great and small;
He bought, improved, projected, planned,
  And reigned a prince at Greyling Hall.

My lady!—she was all we love:
  All praise, to speak her worth is faint;
Her manners showed the yielding dove,
  Her morals, the seraphic saint;—
She never breathed or looked complaint;
  No equal upon earth had she,—
Now, what is this fair thing I paint?
  Alas! as all that live shall be!

There was, beside, a gallant youth,
  And him my bosom's friend I had;—
Oh! I was rich in very truth:
  It made me proud—it made me mad!

Yes! I was lost—but there was cause!
  Where stood my tale? I cannot find—
But I had all mankind's applause,
  And all the smiles of womankind.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Come near—I'll softly speak the rest!
  Alas! 'tis known to all the crowd!
Her guilty love was all confest;
  And his, who so much truth avowed,
My faithless friend's!—In pleasure proud,
  I sat, when these cursed tidings came:
Their guilt, their flight, was told aloud,
  And Envy smiled to hear my shame!

I called on Vengeance:—at the word
  She came! Can I the deed forget?
I held the sword—the accursed sword,
  The blood of his false heart made wet:
And that fair victim paid her debt;
  She pined, she died, she loathed to live.
I see her dying—see her yet—
  Fair, fallen thing! my rage forgive!

He becomes insane, and imagines himself constantly attended by two fiends. With what sublimity does he narrate his fearful wanderings!

And first, before they sent me forth,
  Through this unpitying world to run,
They robbed Sir Eustace of his worth,
  Lands, manors, lordships, every one:
So was that gracious man undone,
  Was spurned as vile, was scorned as poor,
Whom every former friend would shun,
  And menials drove from every door.

Then those ill-favoured *ones*, whom none
  But my unhappy eyes could view,
Led me, with wild emotion, on,
  And, with resistless terror drew;
Through lands we fled, o'er seas we flew,
  And halted on a boundless plain,
Where nothing fed, nor breathed, nor grew,
  But silence ruled the still domain.

Upon that boundless plain, below,
  The setting sun's last rays were shed,
And gave a mild and sober glow,
  Where all were still, asleep, or dead.
Vast ruins in the midst were spread,
  Pillars, and pediments sublime,
Where the grey moss had formed a bed,
  And clothed the crumbling spoils of time.

* * * * * *

They forced me on where ever dwell
  Far distant men, in cities fair,
Cities of which no travellers tell,
  Nor feet but mine were wanderers there.

Their watchmen stare, and stand aghast,
  As on we hurry through the dark;
The watch-light blinks, as we go past,
  The watch-dog shrinks, and fears to bark.
The watch-tower's bell sounds shrill; and hark!
  The free wind blows—we've left the town—
A wide sepulchral ground I mark,
  And on a tomb-stone place me down.

What monuments of mighty dead!
  What tombs of various kinds are found!
And stones erect their shadows shed
  On humble graves with wickers bound;
Some risen fresh above the ground,
  Some level with the native clay;
What sleeping millions wait the sound—
  "Arise, ye dead! and come away."

Alas! they stay not for that call,—
  Spare me this woe!—ye demons spare!—
They come! the shrouded shadows all!
  'Tis more than mortal brain can bear!

Rustling they rise!—they sternly glare
At man upheld by vital breath,
Who, led by wicked fiends, should dare
To join the shadowy troops of death.

Of softer beauty is the following exquisite song of a heart-broken maiden, crazed by the perfidy of her lover, and sighing gently to be at rest. The melody of the numbers is faultless, and beautifully harmonizes with the graceful pathos of the subject.

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brows instead;
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day their sweets renew
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath!
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below:
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown;
The soil a pure and silver sand,
The green cold moss above it grown
Unplucked of all but maiden hand.
In virgin earth, till then unturned,
There let my maiden form be laid;
Nor let my changed clay be spurned,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,
In air, on earth, securely play:
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground,
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey.
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage-rites begin,
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care,—
I cannot these cold truths allow;
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But O! they vex and tease me now!
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace,
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place!

In general, Crabbe's style is vigorous and correct, plain, and free from redundant epithets;—at times it sinks to the level of the commonest prose, and perhaps never quite reaches the sustained elevation which his subject occasionally requires. The structure of his verse is not in general remarkable for melody; though passages might be found in his writings of easy and flowing versification, worthy of Pope himself. A fondness for verbal points and appositions, approaching at times the nature of quibbles, is observable in his earlier efforts; in his last published work, the "Tales of the Hall," such instances rarely occur. Their effect, however, is not, on the whole, unpleasing; their occasional introduction gives pungency to his descriptive passages, and affords considerable gratification to the ear.

We must now take leave of this excellent and amiable writer; whose poems we should wish to see in the hands of all those who have preserved, amidst the present deluge of languid prettinesses, some taste for sincere, vigorous, and manly writing. In these times, the promised appearance of some further productions of Crabbe's truly English muse, seems almost to afford us a foretaste of better days; or, if the hope be fallacious, we may at least say that it will cast no ungrateful light, over this closing era of our poetical literature.

V.

LETTERS FROM O. P. Q.

LETTER II.—DAVID THE SCULPTOR.

Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive,
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live.
POPE.

What a benevolent being is David!—not David the painter,—nor David the psalmist; though of both much might be written,—but my dear and valued friend, David, the Sculptor!! He is as artless as simple in his manners and his tastes, as much a child of nature and of truth as that half-prattling, loving, lovely boy of his, whose great fat rosy blooming cheeks, I have been kissing to the Rule of Three Direct this morning! How anxious he was when I last saw him, a few hours since, about the health of Lafayette,—(for David is a Republican;) for the success of Madame St. Elme, (*la contemporaine*,) whose departure for England, on a literary-political mission, engages his attention and interests his heart; and for the patriotic lottery in the month of April, to be drawn for the benefit of the poor political prisoners in the Bastille of Mont St. Michel! I remember a little incident of his benevolent life which I should do wrong not to record, as it honours the Sculptor, human nature, and the arts. In 1829, the immortal author of that national hymn, *the Marseillaise*, *Rouget de Lille*, who, by his soul-inspiring music had conducted so often the armies of France to victory, and the patriots of France to liberty,—languished on a bed of suffering, in a wretched little chamber in the Rue du Battoir, struggling

at once with misery and disease. David heard of his misfortunes ; and, though at that time by no means able to assist him with pecuniary aid, yet flew to his relief, prevailed on the suffering poet and patriot to allow him to mould a colossal medallion of his head,—afterwards executed it in marble—and then made a lottery of ninety tickets, at twenty francs each, the total amount of which was paid to *de Lille*, and was the means of rescuing him from a prison, or a grave. An agent of Change, or stock-broker, was the fortunate possessor of this splendid work of art—this admirable portrait—and this truly Christian effort of an enlightened and elevated patriotism. When David thus gave his time and his talents to the cause of a suffering poet, he exemplified the power of doing good, which is possessed by all who are disposed to devote themselves to the cause of virtue, charity, and truth.

David is forty years of age. He was born on the 12th March, 1794. His birth-place was ANGERS, in the west of France. His father was a Sculptor of respectable talents and good character,—but the chisel of the father was that of an ordinary, though excellent man,—that of the son is one of a genius, wholly unequalled by any living artist, not even excepting the immortal Chantrey, and the admirable Westmacott. Though David is forty years of age, no one would think of guessing him to be more than thirty. His stature is short,—he is rather inclined to round shoulders and corpulence,—his face is full,—his eyes are azure blue,—his hair, which is abundant in its growth, is quite light,—his manners are soft, amiable, delicate, cheerful, and gracious. He has no idea that he is a great man, and he takes very good care that you shall not even feel that he is so. Although occupied at this moment with several national works of deep interest and European importance,—although his "Goethe" is required for Berlin,—AN ARCH OF TRIUMPH FOR MARSEILLES, and a "FRONTON" for the PANTHEON, at Paris ; although statues, busts, monuments, and medallions, almost innumerable, are demanding his attention, his genius, his *surveillance*, and his incessant care, yet you may find David at No. 14, Rue d'Assas, near the Luxembourg, in some simple work-shops situated in a quiet sort of English garden, at the back of his truly English residence, with a blue smock frock and a little tri-coloured cap, working away from morn till eve,—ay, and from eve till morn, not unfrequently ; whilst his charming Emilie reads to or converses with him ; and the first and only living pledge of their loves gambols among the busts and cupids as innocent and unconscious as themselves.

What an admirable illustration does David supply, in his own person and efforts, of the capabilities of one genius, when that genius is directed to one object, and when it is kept constantly employed ! It seems sometimes impossible that any one man could have accomplished, in the short space of little more than twenty years, that which David has effected. For though born in 1794, he remained in that Angers which has never produced but one sculptor, (David the Republican,) and never but one painter, ("*le Roi* Réné d'Anjou") until the year 1808. *En passant*, let it not be forgotten, how the arts place on the same footing kings and republicans —the King Réné d'Anjou, and the republican sculptor, David. In 1808 he entered the "atelier" of David the painter, and afterwards of the not less remarkable Roland. In 1810 he visited Rome ; there studied with profound attention and unceasing vigilance,—obtained the highest prize in that year, for the head of "Expression ;" and from 1810 to 1815 he remained in that capital of the arts, surrounded by the purest models, and preparing himself for future celebrity and undying fame. When he returned to France, the Restoration charged him with the execution of the statue of the IMMORTAL CONDE !

Have you ever been to Paris ?—Do you know the pont Louis XVI.?—Have you studied, on that bridge, (which, as Bowring says, appears to groan beneath its burthens,) the colossal statues which have there been placed of men the most remarkable, and heroes the most celebrated in French history ?—If so, your attention was arrested by the GRAND CONDE. "*Ma fine*," exclaimed an old lady, appertaining to the people, (and I love the observations of the people better than those even of men of genuis and erudition,) "*ma fine, c'est un orage !*" Yes, that is the word—the marble looks impetuous,—and, as the great Condé is throwing from him his "Baton" of marshal into the lines of Fribourg, you have the thought, the action, the word, the flash, the soul, the all. The foot is a foot of a hero,—firm, decided, and resolved on the result ; the face, the arm, the attitude—all are in unison ;—and there is one mighty effort the statue expresses which fixes your eye, rivets you to the spot, and will not let you proceed, till you have examined, explored, and studied. There is with all this an admirable attention to costume ; and the accuracy of the sculptor's historical recollections do not prevent his presenting you with the lappets of the coat in perfect harmony with his age, his conduct, his times, and his character. This statue, whilst in progress, attracted universal observation, and now not less general delight.

But David did not forget his native town, nor the first and only painter, the old King Réné. To the Cathedral of Angers he presented a splendid marble group, representing the Saviour, the Virgin, and St. John ; and to the town of Aix, in Provence, a marble colossal statue of the King Réné, which is to be seen by the grateful and admiring inhabitants on the "*Grand Place*" of the birth-place of this royal encourager of the fine arts.

BONCHAMP, the hero of La Vendee, has, however, been twice immortalized—by himself, and by David ; and from the moment of the execution of this monument, which represents the dying hero as rising from his bed of suffering, and in the last moments of his being, crying, "GRACE AUX PRISONNIERS, JE LE VEUX ! JE L'ORDONNE," David's reputation was completely established.

You will perhaps remember that Bonchamp was distinguished as an officer in the west of France —was wounded mortally in the Vendean war, at the battle of Challet, on the 16th October, 1793, and died two days afterwards at La Meilleraye. The Vendean hero, on learning that his soldiers, his brethren in arms, had made five thousand republican prisoners, and had decided on shooting the whole of them, to avenge the death of their adored Bonchamps,—" No !" exclaimed the fainting, expiring General, raising himself on one arm, which supported his feeble and sinking frame, and extending the other towards heaven,—" GRACE AUX PRISONNIERS ! JE LE VEUX, JE L'ORDONNE ! !" His orders were obeyed ; and the five thousand republicans were saved from the atrociously projected butchery. Charged by the restoration to prepare a monument to the honour of the Vendean General, David executed the task ; but he selected that trait in his life, which did most honour to the character of his subject. The sublime precipitation which appears to animate even the marble movement of Bonchamps—his ardent desire that his death might not be avenged—his generous uneasiness for the fate of those who had wounded him mortally, even at the instant when the last moments of his being had approached, all are more than expressed—they are embodied —they are living before you in this glorious effort of David's genius, patriotism, and virtue ; and it is worth a journey to the church of St. Florent, in La Vendee, where these 5000 prisoners were saved, in order to gaze and admire, admire and gaze, on the splendid monument thus erected to commemorate the event.

There is a nationality, a virtue, and a patriotism about all the works of David, which commend themselves to your heart and judgment, more than those even of Canova. David is a real Utilitarian. He does not merely study beauty, or that effect which strikes the senses, and is forgotten with the passion it excites ; but his aim in all he does, is to create noble sentiments, to cherish generous and lofty thoughts, and add charms to virtue, which shall make you in love not with the charms, but with virtue itself. Take some examples.

Have you ever visited the *Pere La Chaise*, or the poetical and flowery cemetery of the Paris dead ? Then you cannot forget the monument of FOY, the brave, the virtuous, the eloquent, the commanding, and the intrepid defender, not less of the liberties than of the soil of his country—the General and Citizen FOY ! Well, this is the design and the work of DAVID. He might attach his name and future reputation to that monument alone, and the present and future generations would do him justice. The engravings, or rather etchings, of this national work of art are now on my study table—but in vain shall I attempt to describe them. The monument is composed of the statue of the General, but with only a robe wrapt round him as an apotheosis ; and of four bas-reliefs, representing the funeral, a battle in Spain, the Chamber of Deputies, and the geniuses of eloquence and of war. At the base of this monument are the four bas-reliefs, and the apotheosis of Foy surmounting them is a *chef d'œuvre*. The idea is happy, striking, and instructive. As a General, he is mounted on a splendid charger, heading his troops in the thickest of the battle, and exciting, by his own intrepidity, those who are under his command, to sustain the national honour, though numbers were against them. The supple movements of the General and his steed, the stern and uncompromising faces of the grenadiers, and the " On to victory" rallying of the French side of the picture, contrasted with the confusion and desperate despair of their opponents, cannot fail to astonish and confound. So the geniuses of eloquence and of war, between whom are inscribed the words " Au General Foy, ses concitoyens, 28 Novembre, 1825," convince you that the mind of David is as delicate and fanciful as it is serious and calm, and that the utility of his productions does not result from a deficiency but even from an exuberance of fancy. At the National Tribune he is represented in full-length, calling on the members of the Chambers, of which he was so bright an ornament, to do their duty to France, to liberty, and to civilization. Twenty-two full-length portraits are represented standing on each side of him—all his Parliamentary friends, and all partaking his sentiments and maintaining the same principles. The likenesses of Chateaubriand, Lafitte, Dupin, Casimer Perier, Lafayette, Benjamin Constant, Manuel, and Royer Collard, are most admirable ; though all the rest of the twenty-two figures are more or less correct. Thus David encouraged those who were, when he prepared this monument, engaged in an arduous conflict with the Villele Ministry, to persevere in their courageous and patriotic efforts ; assuring them beforehand immortality, by associating their names with that of Foy, the intrepid defender of civil and religious freedom in the worst times, and under the most discouraging circumstances.

And then the " Bas Relief" of the Funeral Ceremony of Foy is not less splendid or characteristic. Victor Hugo, Merimee, Keratry, the children and nephews of Foy, Delphine Gay, the Duke of Choiseuil, Colonel Fabvier, Benjamin Constant, and other justly celebrated men of the day, are delineated with accuracy, as following or supporting the pall of this hero of the French army, this best of French citizens, and this eloquent and incomparable defender of national rights. Quietly, and in the background of this noble bas-relief, we observe, but indistinctly, a partial profile of David himself. " Bring him forward ! bring him forward !" we are ready to exclaim ; but his modest merit claims the protection of the pall, and he seeks the shade of the tomb, and not the sunshine of the banquet. But the apotheosis of Foy is magnificent ! His head is bare, so is his right shoulder, and an angle of the right portion of the chest and breast. His legs and feet are likewise naked. But across his left shoulder, and over his left arm, is thrown a

robe of the tribune—a Toga of the Senate—the drapery of which is bold, free, and natural. His head is somewhat thrown back. His right arm is raised, and his right hand falls somewhat back towards the head. His right foot and leg are advanced, whilst his left leg and foot, covered to nearly the ankle by the robe, has the ordinary position of composure and strength. His left hand supports his robe. Near his right hand, placed against a pedestal, is his sword; but it is not prominent, and is covered with civic garlands. "Foy" is inscribed beneath the apotheosis; and the name of David is scarcely visible. If I did not fear to extend my article to an unreasonable length, I should be disposed to amplify on this offering of our great sculptor to civic worth, national virtue, and military glory. But I have yet much to record, and must proceed.

One question, however, you will be disposed to ask, and to that question I am bound to reply. "What sum did David receive for this national monument?" Not one centime. This was his contribution to the virtues and memory of Foy. The marble alone was supplied him. The thought, expression, labour, were all his. It is thus that David studies; it is thus that he works at, labours, and toils at the arts; giving his soul, his life, and his energies,—not to enrich himself, but his country,—not to accumulate wealth and honours, but to add to the glory of France, and to instil noble sentiments and virtuous principles in the breasts of his fellow-citizens.

The Triumphal Arch at Marseilles is now executing on the shores of the Mediterranean. The models prepared with infinite care and attention by David at his ateliers in Paris, are now being transformed into marble by fourteen chiselers, placed under his superintendence, to complete this vast undertaking. This triumphal arch was commenced under the Restoration, and will probably be terminated in about two years. It consists, first of a colossal statue representing "Valour." The figure holds in one hand a sword, and with the other overthrows a lion. A statue of "Prudence:"—in one hand she holds a sword, and with the other tries the point of the weapon. This is original, happy, and poetic. A statue of "Devotedness," which presses the left hand on the heart, and in the right holds a sword. A pelican, tearing open her womb to obtain her little ones, is at the feet of this exquisite production. A statue of "Resignation," holding in her hand a broken sword, which she regards with tenderness but submission. These are the statues.

The bas-reliefs represent "the country" calling her children to her relief and assistance. She holds in one hand crowns to distribute to the conquerors on their return, and in the other arms which she distributes to her sons. At her feet "History" is engaged in inscribing the names of the valiant, and preparing to record new facts as they may be brought to her on the wings of the wind. In one corner you perceiv a group of women bringing in their jewels to the national treasury; in another, young men receiving arms, and swearing to defend and honour them. Here is an old man accompanied by his three sons, whom he offers to the national army; he is in the act of embracing the youngest, whilst the eldest is bowing with respect to the statue of "the country." There you will observe an old soldier leaving his wife and his children, to fly once more to defend his native land; whilst one of his little grandchildren, ignorant of all that is passing, is idly and innocently caressing the old man's dog; and we must not forget the old mother who conducts and embraces her youngest born, and bids him to rush on with his drum to the front of the battle, and lead to victory and honour his fellow-citizens. Flags and martial musical instruments are to be seen in the front and background; and you cannot judge more accurately of the magnitude of this undertaking than when I tell you that the flags unfurled are twenty-seven feet long. Besides this bas-relief, there is another representing the battle of Heliopolis; another representing the first battle of Fleurus; both studded with portraits, touching scenes, and historical circumstances. Besides these there are two trophies; the one composed of Turkish and Asiatic arms; and the other of European. In the midst of these trophies, a renowned warrior and historian is writing with a bayonet on a cannon the history of past times, whilst two other renowned heroes are holding in their hands the palms and laurels to be distributed to the most worthy.

This is the sublime undertaking which has now occupied for some years a portion of the attention of David. You will perceive in it the same desire to be useful; to encourage accurate and general notions of national independence—not wars of conquest, but wars of defence; and the triumphal arch of Marseilles is a national protest against foreign invasion and foreign dictation in the internal affairs of a people.

We must now hasten to the Pantheon! "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante" is written on the porch of this noble and national monument; but the pediment requires illustration. Something is wanted. The "Fronton" is not there; and the preparation of this great frontispiece to the national history of the souls of the great and good is to be supplied by David. It will be ninety feet long; and the principal figure, which is that of "La Patrie," will be thirteen feet high. Soon after the revolution of 1830, M. Guizot, then Minister, ordered this work to be undertaken; and M. Thiers, now Minister of Public Works, has confirmed the directions of his predecessor. In from two to three years it is expected that this immortal work will be completed. It will remain, during succeeding ages, a monument to the genius of its most admirable author. I have examined, with an interest easily understood, though difficult to express, all the preparations for this vast undertaking. The models, in a dark clayey earth

are all completed; and the work of the chisel may now very shortly be in progress. "La Patrie," crowned with stars, is in the centre of the "Fronton;" her arms are extended on the right and the left, and in her hands are crowns of glory and immortality, which she is about to distribute. Seated at her feet, on her right hand, is LIBERTY, engaged in preparing the crowns which "the country" is receiving at her hands in order afterwards to distribute. "History," seated likewise at her feet, but at her left hand, inscribes the names of the great men whose mortal remains are permitted to enter "the Pantheon." On the left hand of "La Patrie" are all the corps of the army, coming to receive their recompenses from her hands. Soldiers, officers, generals, and an old grenadier resting on his musket, with his "*Sac sur le dos*," are all waiting with confidence the decision of the justice of the country. The "old grenadier" is touching to tears, and is tender, delicate, and lovely. A young drummer, who has distinguished himself in the thickest of the battle, is pressing to his heart a crown which he has just received. An old warrior expiring from his wounds, is deposing a trophy of arms on the altar of his country. In the angle of this portion of the bas-relief is a group of young lads studying military arts and sciences, and preparing for future usefulness and honour.

On the right of "LA PATRIE" are the "corps civils" of the state—magistrates, literary men, learned philosophers, painters, dramatists, historians; and all who contribute, by their civic virtues, talents, and patriotism, to form the true greatness of a nation. VOLTAIRE and ROUSSEAU, whose ashes have for a long time past been entombed in the Pantheon, are both seated, holding the crowns they have already received in their hands. BICHAT, dying, is deposing on the altar of the country his manuscript "de la *vie* et la *mort*," whilst his trembling hand yet holds his pen. Young men—the hope of France—are studying the sciences and the arts; the emblems of which are represented by painting, sculpture, books, and the signs of natural and of moral philosophy. But, oh! how imperfect is my sketch! You must look at "La Patrie," to feel that it is the "nation" which opens the Pantheon to the virtuous and the wise. You must gaze on that statue and figure of "liberty," till you feel that the country *can* only be just when her institutions are independent of the favour of kings, and the patronage of palaces and courtiers, intriguers and despots; and "history," with her pen, so faithful and so exact, because free and national, would indeed demand from you not a momentary glance, but a long and deliberate study. And what is to be the remuneration to DAVID for this glorious conception, and for this happy and immortal execution? FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS, of which more than TWO THOUSAND will by him be expended in remuneration to the artists and workmen who assist him. No! No! it is not for gold, it is not for fortune—but for his country, for great principles, for justice, liberty, and truth, that David labours; and verily he will receive his reward.

The industry of David is most untiring and most extraordinary. Early in the morning—late at night—by daylight—and by the light of the dim-burning lamp—he studies from day to day, and from year to year. He is thus never "in a hurry"—never "so pressed down that he has no time for a friendly visit, a gay party, a cheerful dinner, or even the festivities of a ball and a rout." He is no recluse. He is a man of the world in all but its duplicity and vice. He loves society—the society of the good and the wise; and enters, heart and soul, into all sorts of schemes for bettering the condition of the human race. He loves to dilate on the merits of public men, virtuous citizens, and distinguished characters. He will talk to you with rapture of the works of other sculptors; praise, with heartfelt delight, all his contemporaries; point out the beauties of their statues and the wonders of their works of genius; and enter with satisfaction into all the descriptions of their successes and their triumphs. This is true greatness, and this is true modesty.

But how can I hope to give you any idea, save by an inventory of his works, of the rapidity of his execution, and the indefatigability of his labours? Well, then, the inventory must be given most rapidly and most unsatisfactorily, and you will then be able to form a judgment of his perseverance and his toils.

Let us begin with his BUSTS! ANNIBAL, an infant, in marble. BECLAROT, given to the town of Angers. BENTHAM (Jeremy), in bronze, given to the city of Geneva. BILLARD, in marble, given to the town of Angers. BOULAY, in marble. CHATEAUBRIAND, in marble. COOPER (Fenimore), in marble, presented to Cooper himself, as a testimony of admiration to the author of "The Last of the Mohicans." CUVIER, in marble and in bronze, and a smaller one in marble; one presented to the family of the immortal philosopher; and that in bronze to the Royal Academy of London. DELAVIGNE (Casimir), the poet and dramatist; presented by David to this ornament of French literature. FENELON, in marble, also in bronze, presented to the town of Angers. FRANCOIS I., in marble and in bronze; presented also by David to his native town. GREGOIRE, the conventionalist, in marble, given by David to the town of Nancy. GOETHE (the immortal Goethe), in marble; presented in his life-time to Goethe, himself; and another, nearly finished, of colossal size, to be bestowed on the city of *Berlin*. The Prussians love the name of Goethe, and connect with it that of his sculptor and his friend. HENRI II. in bronze. JORDAN (Camille), in bronze. LAFAYETTE, in marble; given to the United States; another in marble, given to the General, his beloved political idol; and another in bronze, which ornaments the salon of the sculptor, and to which he ever turns with love and interest. DE LAMARTINE, the poet, in marble; given to the original, a present from the sculptor to this admirable ornament and glory of Parnassus.

Lafayette, in bronze, given to Bogota, in South America. Louis VII. in marble. Morgan, (Lady,) presented to herself. Madlle. Mars, the tragedian, in marble. Paganini, in bronze. Rene D'Anjou, in marble. Rossini, in marble, presented to the original. Suchet (Marshal,) in marble. Sieyes, in plaster. Ulysses, in marble; given to the town of Angers. Visconti, in bronze; given to the town of Rouen; and another in bronze, presented to the town of Angers. Volney, in bronze; given to the same town; and Volney in marble, ornamenting the French Institute. Washington,—the memorable and never dying Washington,—in marble; to the United States. I have been compelled to make a selection of some of those most remarkable and best known in England; but the total number of marble and bronze busts, nearly, if not all of a striking resemblance, already finished by David, amount to 84.

Next come his Medals, of which he is justly proud. All have been taken without exception, from the pleasure of pleasing, from the love of possessing the resemblance of the distinguished and the excellent of the age in which he lives; and his glass cases of Medals, in bronze, which ornament his workshops, appear to afford him more delight than even the nobler works of his imagination and art. It would be an improper intrusion on your pages to present you with the long list of the names of 190 individuals whose portraits have thus been preserved; but I cannot hesitate to supply you with a small selection. Dr. Bowring, Spurzheim, Arago, Dumas, Brunel, Rossini, Lafayette, Pasta, Royer Collard, Hermand Carrel, Santander, Bolivar, Fenimore Cooper, Dupin, General Valdes, Bonaparte, Captain Franklin, Goethe, Mrs. Opie, l'Abbé de la Mennais, Beranger, Benjamin Constant, Ste. Beuve, Victor Hugo, Horace Vernet, Lord Byron, Chateaubriand, De Humboldt, General Mina, Lafitte, De Potter, Guizot, and George Canning. All of the 190 medals represent the likenesses of men, more than 160 of whom have had their portraits taken in plaster by David himself, and the remainder have been executed from well known and universally approved resemblances.

His Great Medallions merit more than a passing notice, but we have not time. They are fourteen in number, and are those amongst others of Casimir Perier, Manuel, Keratry, and the author of the "*Marsiellaix*." Some are in marble, others in plaster, and four in bronze.

Is it time to finish my recapitulation? I know it; so—and yet let me say a few words more.

His Monument of Fenelon, at Cambray, representing the Archbishop stanching the wounds of the soldiers, instructing the young Duke of Burgundy, and restoring to the transported peasants their lost cow, you must not forget to examine, and you cannot fail to admire, when Cambray you shall visit, or even through it shall pass.

Then there are the Monuments of Marshal Lefebvre at the Pere la Chaise; of Count de Bourck at the same place; a Bas-Relief o Count Frotté, and six of his companions, in the church of Alençon; a Bas-Relief, representing four military geniuses in the gallery of Fontainbleau; a Bas-Relief, in marble, at Brissac, on the tomb of the Duchess of that name; the monument in marble of Marshal Suchet, at the Pere La Chaise; the statue in marble of Racine, placed at La Ferté Melone; the statue of a Young Greek Girl at the tomb of Botzaris; a Bas Relief in the Court of the Louvre, representing Justice and Innocence; and a Bas Relief at the arch of the Carrousel, representing the return of the Duke d'Angouleme after the Spanish campaign.

Nor is this all. The Statue of Jefferson, in bronze, six and a half feet high, placed at Philadelphia, is one of his happiest efforts. He is represented as holding in one hand the Act of American Independence, and, with the other, placing near his heart the pen with which he signed that memorable document. Then there is a colossal statue of Corneille, to be placed, on the 4th June next, on the Bridge of Rouen, in bronze; then the statue of Gouvion St. Cyr, placed on his tomb in Pere la Chaise; a statue in marble of Philopœmems, for the garden of the Tuileries; and, finally, a Statue of Cuvier, in bronze, for Montbeliard, the place of his birth. This last statue will be one of his happiest efforts; and willingly would I detain you to describe the marble but living scene when Cuvier drew the sketch, after examining the jaw of his "Mastodore," of that animal, whose nature, his genius, and research, had enabled him to discover.

David was named Member of the Legion of Honour in 1825; Member of the French Institute 5th August, 1826; and Professor of the Academy of Painting in the same year. In 1827, an attempt was made to assassinate him: but, though wounded in the head, he soon recovered; and the murderer escaped.

I have not the time, the talent, or the disposition, to criticise small faults or imperfections in some of the works of David. We judge men like him by the *ensemble*, and it is not permitted to us to detract from real greatness by frivolous objections. He is not, however, less finished in his works of art, for being bold and vigorous in his execution. His Greek Girl was a model of beauty as well as of poetry and life. He presented it to the Greek Government, who received it with gratitude and transport. It is placed at the tomb of Botzaris. His works are wholly free from the caprices of a too excited imagination, as well as from party spirit and personal passion. He has not introduced into his compositions either comedy or satire; for he felt that monuments, destined in after ages to speak to posterity, ought not to perpetuate or to speak of obscure passions or peurile feelings, and that the chisel, in the hand of the sculptor, should be the instrument of his genius, and not the arm of his vengeance.

David—honest, upright, amiable, patriotic, virtuous, and soul-stirring David! I wish you a long, and, indeed, an unusually lengthened life. A happy one I will not wish you—that you are sure

to have. He who takes pleasure in conferring happiness, and he whose sole object is to do good, and rejoice in the good he does, must be happy, though his lot be obscure; and even though poverty instead of wealth, and want instead of comfort, should intrude into his dwelling. Yes, a long life, and, therefore, an useful and happy one to DAVID the REPUBLICAN SCULPTOR!

LETTER TO THE DEAF.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,

The deafness under which I have now for some years past suffered, has become, from being an almost intolerable grievance, so much less of one to myself and my friends, than such a deprivation usually is, that I have often of late longed to communicate with my fellow-sufferers, in the hope of benefiting, by my experience, some to whom the discipline is newer than to myself.

I have for some time done what I could in private conversation; but it never occurred to me to print what I had to say, till it was lately not only suggested to me, but urged upon me as a duty. I adopt this method as the only means of reaching you all; and I am writing with the freedom which I should use in a private letter to each of you. It does not matter what may be thought of anything I now say, or of my saying it in this manner, by those who do not belong to our fraternity. I write merely for those who are deeply concerned in the subject of my letter. The time may come when I shall tell the public some of our secrets, for other purposes than those which are now before me. At present I address only you; and as there is no need for us to tell our secrets to one another, there may be little here to interest any but ourselves. I am afraid I have nothing to offer to those of you who have been deaf from early childhood. Your case is very different from mine, as I have reason to know through my intimacy with a friend who became deaf at five years old. Before I was so myself, I had so prodigious a respect for this lady, (which she well deserves,) that if she could have heard the lightest whisper in which a timid girl ever spoke, I should not have dared to address her. Circumstances directed her attention towards me, and she began a correspondence, by letter, which flattered me, and gave me courage to converse with her when we met, and our acquaintance grew into an intimacy which enabled me at last to take a very bold step;—to send her a sonnet, in allusion to our common infirmity; my deafness being then new, and the uppermost thing in my mind day and night. I was surprised and mortified at her not seeming to enter into what I had no doubt in the world must touch her very nearly; but I soon understood the reason. When we came to compare our experiences, we were amused to find how differently we felt, and had always felt, about our privation. Neither of us, I believe, much envies the other, though neither of us pretends to strike the balance of evil. She has suffered the most privation, and I the most pain.

Nothing can be more different than the two cases necessarily are. Nine-tenths of my miseries arose from false shame; and, instead of that false shame, the early deaf entertain themselves with a sort of pride of singularity, and usually contrive to make their account of this, as of other infirmities, by obtaining privileges and indulgences, for which they care much more than for advantages which they have never known and cannot appreciate. My friend and I have principles, major and minor, on which our methods of managing our infirmity are founded; but some of the minor principles, and all the methods, are as different as might be expected from the diversity of the experience which has given rise to them. Nothing can be better for her than her own management, and, of course, I think the same of my own for myself, or I should change it. Before I dismiss this lady, I must mention that I am acquainted with several deaf ladies; so that no one but herself and our two families can know whom I have been referring to.

I am afraid some of you may be rather surprised at the mention of plans, and methods, and management,—for, alas! we are but too apt to shrink from regularly taking in hand our own case. We are left to our own weakness in this respect. We can have but little help,—and we usually have none, but much hinderance. I do not mean by this, to find any fault with our neighbours. I have met with too much sympathy, (as far as sympathy is possible,) with too much care, and generosity, and tenderness, to have the least inclination to complain of any body connected with me. I only mean that this very tenderness is hurtful to us in as far as it encourages us to evade our enemy, instead of grappling with it; to forget our infirmity, from hour to hour, if we can, and to get over the present occasion somehow, without thinking of the next. This would be considered a strange way of meeting any other kind of evil; and its consequences in our case are most deplorable. If we see that the partially deaf are often unscrupulous about truth, inquisitive, irritable, or morose, suspicious, low-spirited, or ill-mannered, it is owing to this. It is impossible for *us* to deny that if principles are ever needed, if methods are ever of use as supports and guides, it must be in a case where each of us must stand alone in the midst of temptations and irritations which beset us every hour, and against which no defence of habit has been set up, and no bond of companionship can strengthen us. What these temptations and irritations are, we all know:—the almost impossibility of not seeming to hear when we do not,—the persuasion that

people are taking advantage of us in what they say,—that they are discussing us, or laughing at us,—that they do not care for us as long as they are merry,—that the friend who takes the pains to talk to us might make us less conspicuous if he would,—the vehement desire that we might be let alone, and the sense of neglect if too long let alone; all these, absurd and wicked fancies as they are seen to be when fairly set down, have beset us all in our time; have they not? For my own part, though I am never troubled with them now, I have so vivid a remembrance of them all, that I believe a thousand years would not weaken the impression. Surely that degree of suffering which lashes us into a temporary misanthropy when our neighbours are happiest, which makes us fly to our chambers, and lock ourselves in, to hide the burning tears which spring at the mirth of those we love best, which seduces us into falsehood or thanklessness to God and man, is enough to justify and require the most careful fixing of principles, and framing of methods. We might as well let our hearts and minds—our happiness—take their chance without discipline in all cases whatever, as neglect our own discipline in this.

The first thing to be done is to fix upon our principle. This is easy enough. To give the least possible pain to others is the right principle: how to apply it requires more consideration. Let me just observe, that we are more inexcusable in forsaking our principle here than in any other case, and than the generality of people are in the generality of cases. Principles are usually forsaken from being forgotten,—from the occasion for them not being perceived. We have no such excuse while beginning to act upon our principle. We cannot forget,—we cannot fail to perceive the occasion, for five minutes together, that we spend in society. By the time that we become sufficiently at ease to be careless, habit may, if we choose, have grown up to support our principle, and we may be safe.

Our principle requires that we should boldly review our case, and calmly determine for ourselves what we will give up, and what struggle to retain. It is a miserable thing to get on without a plan from day to day, nervously watching whether our infirmity lessens or increases, or choosing to take for granted that we shall be rid of it; or hopelessly and indolently giving up every thing but a few selfish gratifications, or weakly refusing to resign what we can no longer enjoy. We must ascertain the probability for the future, if we can find physicians humane enough to tell us the truth: and where it cannot be ascertained, we must not delay making provision for the present. The greatest difficulty here arises from the mistaken kindness of friends. The physician had rather not say, as mine said to me, "I consider yours a bad case." The parent entreats to be questioned about any thing that passes; brothers and sisters wish that music should be kept up; and, what is remarkable, every body has a vast deal of advice to give, if the subject be fairly mentioned; though every body helps, by false tenderness, to make the subject too sacred an one to be touched upon. We sufferers are the persons to put an end to all this delusion and mismanagement. Advice must go for nothing with us in a case where nobody is qualified to advise. We must cross-question our physician, and hold him to it till he has told us all. We must destroy the sacredness of the subject, by speaking of it ourselves; not perpetually and sentimentally, but, when occasion arises, boldly, cheerfully, and as a plain matter of fact. When every body about us gets to treat it as a matter of fact, our daily difficulties are almost gone; and when we have to do with strangers, the simple, cheerful declaration, "I am very deaf," removes almost all trouble. Whether there was ever as much reluctance to acknowledge defective sight as there now is defective hearing,—whether the mention of spectacles was ever as hateful as that of a trumpet is now, I do not know; but I was full as much grieved as amused lately at what was said to me in a shop where I went to try a new kind of trumpet: "I assure you, Ma'am," said the shopkeeper, "I dread to see a deaf person come into my shop. They all expect me to find them some little thing that they may put into their ears, that will make them hear every thing, without any body finding out what is the matter with them."

Well, what must be given up, and what may be struggled for?

The first thing which we are disposed to give up is the very last which we ought to relinquish—society. How many good reasons we are apt to see,—are we not?—why we should not dine out; why it is absurd to go into an evening party; why we ought to be allowed to remain quiet up stairs when visiters are below! This will not do. Social communication must be kept up through all its pains, for the sake of our friends as well as for our own. It can never be for the interest of our friends that we should grow selfish, or absorbed in what does not concern our day and generation, or nervous, dependant, and helpless in common affairs. The less able we become to pick up tidings of man and circumstance, the more diligently we must go in search of the information. The more our sympathies are in danger of contraction, the more must we put ourselves in the way of being interested by what is happening all about us. Society is the very last thing to be given up; but it must be sought, (and I say it with deep sympathy for those of you to whom the effort is new,) under a bondage of self-denial, which annihilates for a time almost all the pleasure. Whatever may be our fate,—whether we may be set down at the end of a half circle, where nobody comes to address us, or whether we may be placed beside a lady who cannot speak above her breath, or a gentleman who shouts till every body turns to see what is the matter; whether one well-meaning friend says across the room, in our behalf, "do tell that joke over again to ——," and all look to see how we laugh when they have done; or another kind person says

"how I wish you could hear that song,"—or "that harp in the next room," or "those sweet nightingales," if we happen to be out of doors,—whether any or all these doings and sayings befal us, we must bravely go on taking our place in society.

Taking our place, I say. What is our place? It is difficult to decide. Certainly, not that of chief talker any more than that of chief listener. We must make up our minds for a time to hold the place that we may chance to be put into,—to depend on the tact and kindness of those near us. This is not very pleasant; but if we cannot submit to it for a while, we cannot boast much of our humility, nor of our patience. We must submit to be usually insignificant, and sometimes ridiculous. Do not be dismayed, dear companions. This necessity will not last long, and it is well worth while undergoing it. Those who have strength of mind to seek society under this humiliation, and to keep their tempers through it, cannot long remain insignificant there. They must rise to their proper place, if they do but abstain from pressing beyond it. It is astonishing how everything brightens sooner or later. The nightingales and the harp will be still out of the question, but they will be given up almost without pain, because it is a settled matter to every body present that they *are* out of the question. Friends will have discovered that jokes are not the things to be repeated; and that which is repeated will be taken as coming in due course, and will at length consist of all that has been really worth hearing of what has been said. Other people may laugh without occasioning a nervous distortion in your countenance; and it is quite certain that if your temper have stood your trial, you will never pass an evening without meeting with some attention which will touch, some frank kindness which will elevate your feelings, and send you home wiser and happier than you came forth.

This can only be, however, if you have stood your trial well, if you bring an open temper and an open countenance. It is a matter of wonder that we are addressed so much as we are; and if, in addition to the difficulty of making us hear, we offer the disagreeableness of (not a constrained, that will be pitied, but) a frowning countenance, we may betake ourselves to the books of prints on the table, but may as well give up all hope of conversation. As a general rule, nothing can be worse than for people to think at all about their countenances; but in our case it is worth while, for a time, and to a certain extent. I was kindly told, a few years ago, that many people wished to converse with me, but that I looked as if I had rather not be spoken to. Well I might; for I then discovered that in trying to check one bad habit, I had fallen into another. I had a trick of sighing, to cover which I used to twist my fingers almost out of joint, (and so do you, I dare say,) and the pain of this process very naturally made me frown. My friend's hint put me on my guard. Instead of twisting my fingers, I recalled my vow of patience, and this made me smile; and the world has been a different place to me since. Some such little rule as turning every sigh into a smile will help you over a multitude of difficulties, and save you, at length, the trouble of thinking about either smiling or sighing.

It has always been my rule *never* to ask what is going forward; and the consequence has well compensated all I had to go through from the reproaches of kind friends, who were very anxious that I should trouble them in that way. Our principle plainly forbids the practice; and nothing can therefore justify it. There is at first no temptation, for we had then rather miss the sayings of the wise men of Greece, than obtain them by such means; but the practice once begun, there is no telling where it will stop. Have we not seen—it sickens me to think of it—restless, inquisitive, deaf people, who will have every insignificant thing repeated to them, to their own incessant disappointment, and the suffering of every body about them, whom they make, by their appeals, almost as ridiculous as themselves. I never could tolerate the idea of any approach to the condition of one of these. I felt, besides, that it was impossible for me to judge of what might fairly be asked for, and what had better be let pass. I therefore obstinately adhered to my rule; and I believe that no one whom I have met in any society, (and I have seen a great deal,) has been enabled to carry away more that is valuable, or to enjoy it more thoroughly than myself. I was sure that I might trust to the kindness of my neighbours, if I was but careful not to vex and weary it; and my confidence has been fully justified. The duty extends to not looking as if you wanted to be amused. Your friends can have little satisfaction in your presence, if they believe that when you are not conversing you are no longer amused. "I wonder every day," said a young friend to me, when I was staying in a large well-filled country house, "what you do with yourself during our long dinners, when we none of us talk with you, because we have talked so much more comfortably on the lawn all the morning. I cannot think how you help going to sleep." "I watch how you help the soup," was my inconsiderate reply—I was not aware how inconsiderate, till I saw how she blushed every day after on taking up the ladle. I mentioned the soup only as a specimen of my occupations during dinner. There were also the sunset lights and shadows on the lawn to be watched, and the never-ceasing play of human countenances,—our grand resource when we have once gained ease enough to enjoy them at leisure. There were graceful and light-headed girls, and there was an originality of action in the whole family, which amused me from morning till night. The very apparatus of the table, and the various dexterities of the servants, are matters worth observing when we have nothing else to do. I never yet found a dinner too long, whether or not my next neighbour might be disposed for a tête-a-tête—never, I mean, since the time when

every social occupation was to me full of weariness and constraint.

Another rule which I should recommend is always to wait to be addressed, except in our own houses, where the exception must be made with our guests. Some, I know, adopt a contrary rule, for this reason, that if we ask a question to which we can anticipate the answer, the awkwardness of a failure at the outset is prevented. But my own feeling is against obliging any one to undertake the trouble of conversing with us. It is perfectly easy to show, at the moment of being addressed, that we are socially disposed, and grateful for being made companions; and I, at least, feel the pleasure to be greater for its having been offered me.

I think it best for us to give up also all undertakings and occupations in which we cannot mark and check our own failures;—teaching any thing which requires ear, preaching, and lecturing, and music. I gave up music, in opposition to much entreaty, some reproach, and strong secret inclination; because I knew that my friends would rather put up with a wrong bass in my playing, and false time in my singing, than deprive me of a resource. Our principle clearly forbids this kind of indulgence; therefore, however confident we may be of our musical ear, let us be quite sure that we shall never again be judges of our own music, or our own oratory, and avoid all wish of making others suffer needlessly by our privations. Listen to no persuasions, dear companions, if you are convinced that what I have said is right. No one *can* judge for you. Be thankful for the kind intentions of your friends; but propose to enjoy their private eloquence instead of offering your own in public; and please yourselves with their music, as long as you can, without attempting to rival it. These are matters in which we have a right to be obstinate, if we are sure of the principle we go upon; for we are certainly much better able to judge what will be for the happiness of our friends, in their common circumstances, than they can be of ours, in our uncommon ones.

How much less pain there is in calmly estimating the enjoyments from which we must separate ourselves, of bravely saying, for once and for ever, "Let them go," than in feeling them waste and dwindle, till their very shadows escape from our grasp! With the best management, there is quite enough, for some of us, of this wasting and dwindling, when we find, at the close of each season, that we are finally parting with something, and at the beginning of each that we have lost something since the last. We miss first the song of the skylark, and then the distant nightingale, and then one bird after another, till the loud thrush itself seems to have vanished; and we go in the way of every twittering under the eaves, because we know that that will soon be silenced too. But I need not enlarge upon this to you. I only mean to point out the prudence of lessening this kind of pain to the utmost, by making a considerable effort at first; and the most calculating prudence becomes a virtue, when it is certain that as much must at best be gone through as will afflict our friends, and may possibly overpower ourselves, our temper and deportment, if not our principles and our affections. I do not know how sufficiently to enforce these sacrifices being made with frankness and simplicity; and nothing so much needs enforcing. If our friends were but aware how cruel an injury is the false delicacy which is so common, they would not encourage our false shame as they do. If they have known anything of the bondage of ordinary false shame, they may imagine something of our suffering in circumstances of irremediable singularity. Instead of putting the singularity out of sight, they should lead us to acknowledge it in words, prepare for it in habits, and act upon it in social intercourse. If they will not assist us here, we must do it for ourselves. Our principle, again, requires this. Thus only can we save others from being uneasy in our presence, and sad when they think of us. That we can thus alone make ourselves sought and beloved is an inferior consideration, though an important one to us, to whom warmth and kindliness are as peculiarly animating as sunshine to the caged bird. This frankness, simplicity, and cheerfulness, can only grow out of a perfect acquiescence in our circumstances. Submission is not enough. Pride fails at the most critical moment. Nothing short of acquiescence will preserve the united consistency and cheerfulness of our acknowledgment of infirmity. Submission will bemoan it while making it. Pride will put on indifference while making it. But hearty acquiescence cannot fail to bring forth cheerfulness. The thrill of delight which arises during the ready agreement to profit by pain—(emphatically the joy with which no stranger intermeddleth)—must subside like all other emotions; but it does not depart without leaving the spirit lightened and cheered; and every visitation leaves it in a more genial state than the last.

And now, what may we struggle for? I dare say the words of the moralist lie as deep down in your hearts as in my own: "We must not repine, but we may lawfully struggle!" I go further, and say that we are bound to struggle. Our principle requires it. We must struggle for whatever may be had, without encroaching on the comfort of others. With this limitation, we must hear all we can, for as long as we can. Yet how few of us will use the helps we might have! How seldom is a deaf person to be seen with a trumpet! I should have been diverted, if I had not been too much vexed, at the variety of excuses that I have heard on this head since I have been much in society. The trumpet makes the sound disagreeable; or is of no use; or is not wanted in a noise, because we hear better in a noise; nor in quiet, because we hear very fairly in quiet; or we think our friends do not like it; or we ourselves do not care for it, if it does not enable us to hear general conversation; or—a hundred other reasons just as good. Now, dear friends, believe me, these

are but excuses. I have tried them all in turn, and I know them to be so. The sound soon becomes anything but disagreeable; and the relief to the nerves, arising from the use of such a help, is indescribable. None but the totally deaf can fail to find some kind of trumpet that will be of use to them, if they choose to look for it properly, and give it a fair trial. That it is not wanted in a noise is usually true; but we are seldom in a noise; and quiet is our greatest enemy, (next to darkness, when the play of the countenance is lost to us.) To reject a tête-à-tête in comfort because the same means will not afford us the pleasure of general conversation, is not very wise. Is it? As for the fancy, that our friends do not like it, it is a mistake, and a serious mistake. I can speak confidently of this. By means of galvanism, (which I do not, from my own experience, recommend,) I once nearly recovered my hearing for a few weeks. It was well worth while being in a sort of nervous fever during those weeks, and more deaf than ever afterwards, for the enlightenment which I gained during the interval on various subjects, of which the one that concerns us now, is,—the toil that our friends undergo on our account. This is the last topic on which I should speak to you, but for the prevalent unwillingness in our fraternity to use such helps as may ease the lungs of all around them as much as their own nerves. Of course, my friends could not suddenly accommodate their speech to my improved hearing; and I was absolutely shocked when I found what efforts they had been making for my sake. I vowed that I would never again bestow an unkind thought on their natural mistakes, or be restive under their inapplicable instructions; and, as for carrying a trumpet, I liked it no better than my brethren till then; but now, if it would in any degree ease my friends that I should wear a fool's cap and bells, I would do it. Any of you who may have had this kind of experience, are, I should think, using trumpets. I entreat those of you who have not been so made aware of your state, to take my word for what you are obliging your friends to undergo. You know that we can be no judges of the degree of effort necessary to make us hear. We might as well try to echo the skylark. I speak plainly, it may seem harshly; but I am sure you would thank me ere long if I could persuade you to encounter this one struggle to make the most of your remnant of one of God's prime blessings.

Another struggle must be to seize or make opportunities for preserving or rectifying our associations, as far as they are connected with the sense which is imperfect. Hunger and thirst after all sounds that you can obtain, without trouble to others, and without disturbing your own temper; and do it the more strenuously and cheerfully, the more reason you have to apprehend the increase of your infirmity. The natural desire to obtain as much pleasure as we can, while we can, would prompt us to this; but my appetite was much sharpened during the interval I spoke of; as yours would be, if you had such an interval. I was dismayed to find, not only what absurd notions I had formed on some small points, but how materially some very important processes of association had been modified by the failure of the sense of hearing. In consequence of the return and increase of the infirmity, I have now no distinct notion of what these intellectual faults are: but the certainty then impressed that they exist, has taught me more than one lesson. I carry about with me the consciousness of an intellectual perversion which I can never remedy in this world, and of which neither I nor any one else can ascertain the extent, nor even the nature. This does not afflict me, because it would be as unreasonable to wish it otherwise, as to pray for wings which should carry us up to the milky-way; but it has stimulated me to devise every possible means of checking and delaying the perversion. We ought all to do so; losing no opportunity of associating sounds with other objects of sense, and of catching every breath of sound that passes us. We should note street cries; we should entice children to talk to us; we should linger in the neighbourhood of barrel organs, and go out of our way to walk by a dashing stream. We cannot tell how much wisdom we may at last find ourselves to have gained, by running out among the trees, when the quick coming and going of the sunshine tells us that the winds are abroad. Some day will show us from how much folly the chirp of an infant's voice may have saved us. I go so far as to recommend, certainly not any place of worship for purposes of experiment, but the theatre and the House of Commons, even when "the sough of words without the sense" is all that can be had. The human voice is music, and carries sense, even then; and every tone is worth treasuring, when tones are likely to become scarce, or to cease. You will understand that it is only to those who can rule their own spirits that I recommend such an exercise as this last. If you cannot bear to enjoy less than the people about you, and in a different manner; or if you neglect what you came for, in mourning what you have lost, you are better at home. Nothing is worth the sacrifice of your repose of mind.

What else may we struggle for? For far more in the way of knowledge than I can now even intimate. I am not going to make out, as some would have me, that we lose nothing after all; that what we lose in one way we gain in another, and so on; pursuing a line of argument equally insulting to our own understandings, and to the wisdom and benignity of Him who framed that curious instrument, the ear, and strung the chords of its nerves, and keeps up the perpetual harmonies of the atmosphere for its gratification. The ear was not made that men should be happier without it. To attempt to persuade *you* so, would above all be folly. But, in some sense, there is a compensation to us, if we choose to accept it; and it is to improve this to the utmost that I would urge you and stimulate myself. We *have* some accomplish-

ments which we may gratefully acknowledge, while the means by which we gain them must prevent our being proud of them. We are good physiognomists—good perceivers in every way, and have (if we are not idle) rather the advantage over others in the power of abstract reasoning. This union of two kinds of power, which in common cases are often cultivated at the expense of each other, puts a considerable amount of accurate knowledge within easier reach of us than of most other people. We must never forget what a vast quantity we must forego, but neither must we lose sight of whatever is peculiarly within our power. We have more time, too, than anybody else: more than the laziest lordling, who does nothing but let his ears be filled with nonsense from morning till night. The very busiest of our fraternity has, I should think, time every day for as much thought as is good for him, between the hours of rising and of rest.

These advantages make it incumbent upon us to struggle for such compensation as is placed before us. We must set ourselves to gather knowledge from whatever we see and touch, and to digest it into wisdom during the extra time which is our privilege. What the sage goes out into the field at eventide to seek, we can have at table, or in the thronged streets at noonday,—opportunity for meditation, one of the chief means of wisdom. If to us the objects of sight are more vivid in their beauty, and more distinct in their suggestions than to others,—if to us there is granted more leisure, and stronger inducement to study the movements of the mind within, from us may be expected a degree of certain kinds of attainment, in which it is as much of a sin as a misfortune for us to be deficient.

Finally, we, like all who are placed in uncommon circumstances, are so situated that our mental and moral constitution can scarcely fail of being either very weak or very strong. If we are dull and slow of observation, and indolent in thought, there is little chance of our being much wiser than infants; whereas, if we are acute and quick of observation, (and for us there is no medium,) and disposed for thought, nothing is likely to prevent our going on to be wiser continually. In like manner, there is an awful alternative as to our morals. If we cannot stand our trial, we must become selfish in principle, sour in temper, and disagreeable in manners. If we are strong enough for our discipline, we cannot fail to come out of it with principles strengthened, affections expanded, temper under control, and manners graced by the permanent cheerfulness of a settled mind and a heart at ease. If you can make this last your lot, you have little more to fear. If you have stood this proof, you can probably stand any which comes in the shape of affliction. If you have brought vigour out of this conflict, you are not likely to be unnerved. If, in your enforced solitude, you have cultivated instead of losing your sympathies, you can scarcely afterwards grow selfish. If, as your enjoyments were failing you, you have improved your serenity, your cheerfulness will probably be beyond the reach of circumstance. The principal check which must be put upon these happy anticipations, is the fear that while the privations cannot be lessened, the pain of it may disappear too soon and too entirely. I now suffer little or no pain from my privation, (except at moments when comparisons are forced upon me before I am ready for them;) and I cannot help dreading a self-deception, to avoid which I would gladly endure over again all I have suffered. I had infinitely rather bear the perpetual sense of privation than become unaware of any thing that is true,—of my intellectual deficiencies, of my disqualifications for society, of my errors in matters of fact, and of the burdens which I necessarily impose on those who surround me. My dependence for being reminded of these things is,—not on those who incur trouble and sacrifice for my sake, but on the few occasional mortifications which I still meet with, and which are always welcomed for the sake of their office. We can never get beyond the necessity of keeping in full view the worst and the best that can be made of our lot. The worst is, either to sink under the trial, or to be made callous by it. The best is, to be as wise as is possible under a great disability, and as happy as is possible under a great privation. Believe me, with deep respect,

Your affectionate sister,
HARRIET MARTINEAU.

March 16, 1834.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS ON THE WORKING CLASSES.

To the Editor of Tait's Magazine.

IT is on the subject of the mechanics—the working mechanics—that I would now address you.

Throughout Europe, the "movement" of mind is deeply working, and more especially within the bodies of working men, whether employed in mechanical trades, or as mere labourers, but especially the former. This may be taken as *prima facie* evidence, that there is a disproportion existing between food and necessaries and the numbers of those who consume them, in other countries besides England,—at least if we may judge from the grievance which is put most prominently forward, the low rate of wages,—and it may serve to show, that there are causes tending to produce hunger, even where the means of creating food, *i. e.* the proportion of land compared with the number of souls, is ample, as in France. It will be well if this fact should set those thinking, who deem that an entire remedy for the public evils of the British islands is to be found in the extinction of Corn Laws, and the diminution of taxation. There is nothing

new in portions of working people all over the world being accustomed to misery and privation. It always existed; and the difference now is, that the opportunities of making that misery known from country to country, are every day becoming more abundant; though the means of preventing the misery altogether, by the proper instruction of the sufferers, have not been resorted to. But to the humane heart there are other indications of a more gladdening nature, mingled with the instructions of want,—in France, at least, if not in the other European countries. The French working mechanics are resolute to become a power in the state. The revolutions have done much towards the breaking down of arbitrary aristocratic distinctions; but they have not done all. The aristocracy of trade has succeeded to the aristocracy of war, even as that succeeded to the aristocracy of rank; but the trade-ocracy and bureau-ocracy must now, with as good a grace as they respectively can, prepare themselves to defer to the opinions of the men of hardened hands, unless they are prepared to fight the matter out with them, with other weapons than the mere power of chicanery. The matter in question is not entirely the discontent of the belly, and is not to be allayed with the same ease with which it was stirred up, by the advent of "better times." It is the French mode of expressing a desire for, if not universal suffrage, at least suffrage as extensive as good wages. It means that the man who earns five francs per diem, by manual labour, is determined to have as much respect paid to his opinions, as to those of the shopkeeper who gets his five francs per diem, by a profit on the distribution of the results of the workman's labours; and he is quite right in this, even though the worshipful guilds of shoemakers, and curriers, and carpenters, and cabinet-makers, and watchmakers, and others, owing to their little study of the principles of philosophical justice, may perhaps think that the opinions of common labourers, who earn low wages, are of very little importance. The guilds have set a good example, by which the rest of the population will profit in time, as the common people of England have done by the original example of the Barons. It is a condition of humanity, that those who suffer under oppression, must work out their own personal redemption before they can attend to the wants of others; therefore, the guilds look down with contempt on the mere labourers, forgetting that they are men like themselves; and these same labourers visit upon their wives, like most men, the indignities wherewith themselves are treated. In the free states of the American Union, the same excitement has long been taking place. The mechanics there aspire, through their numbers, to the possession of a very large share in the government of the community; and ultimately they will have it. It can scarcely be supposed that, in so plentiful a land, anything like an approximation to hunger can be a stirring cause with them; but the shrewd ones amongst the middle classes see clearly enough that though, for a time, the tactics of the working men may be defeated by superior dexterity, the time must come when their voices will carry every great measure. And to a like result are the affairs of Europe tending,—consequently wise rulers would consider that the only chance of possessing a good government, must rest in providing as good a moral and intellectual training as possible for the masses of those who will be the depositories of power, in order that they may delegate that power only to the wisest and most efficient persons. That the working classes will remain quiet in their present condition is beyond the hope even of the most sanguine Tory. The working men, generally, know that their condition is not so good as it might be, or as it ought to be; and in the absence of exact knowledge on the subject, they resort to any thing which may seem to hold out a chance of improvement. Therefore only is it that the benevolent crudities of Mr. Owen have met with so much attention, in spite of their repeated failures. The fact is, the human heart will not give up hope; and the uninstructed mechanics will cling to bright-looking fallacies, until they shall be swept away by hope-giving truth. And there is hope for them—much and bright hope; for each day the names wax more numerous of those amongst them who, self-taught, pierce through fallacies, and incite their fellows to better things and higher aspirations than of old. It is from amongst the ranks of the mechanics that the teachers must arise, who will gain the confidence of the working classes by their sympathy with their feelings, by their knowledge of their wants, and their freedom from the conventional prejudices, and slavery to customs, which so strongly beset the *middling* classes of the community. The *middling* classes have, for the most part, much to *un*-learn, and they will not voluntarily leave the beaten paths in which they have been accustomed to tread, in search of advancement, without the necessity of much personal hardship. "Let well alone" is their motto, and it is religiously observed. But not so the mechanics. They err in ignorance and not from predilection; and an error once exposed is unhesitatingly thrown aside. They have no superstitious abstract reverence for it. Their condition in life is not sufficiently easy to permit them to maintain a darling absurdity, involving cost and sacrifice; they care nothing for Lord Mayor's shows, or coronations, or other things analogous to them. They leave them to the *middling* classes, *i. e.* to the vulgar wealthy people. One thing by which the people of the United States are remarkably distinguished from the inhabitants of the British Islands, is their freedom from prejudice, in all their habits of life, as well as the materials of comfort. They never ask whether a thing has been done or used before, but simply whether it be adapted to the purpose it is intended for. Thus, in articles of use, the inventions and customs from all parts of the world, are found side by side in useful proximity, im-

proved on in innumerable modes, by a people who never rest satisfied with a thing, so long as it remains short of perfection. Thus, it is rare to see an American astonished at any thing new. His active mind has no time for astonishment. He scarcely speaks, unless to enable him better to comprehend the matter before him ; and his ideas are concentrated, as to how he may best turn it to account. And superficial observers call this coldness and want of enthusiasm. A Frenchman once asked a shrewd Yankee why it was that America "progressed" so much faster than France,—in physical matters be it understood,—and the reply of Jonathan was no less true than characteristic. "Why, Mounseer, I guess, *aour* people *think* considerable, and I calculate *your* people *talk* considerable."

The difference of character between the mechanics and *middling* classes of England, is of a similar kind. The mechanics think much, and the *middling* folks talk much. The reason of this is, not that they are differently organized, but that they are differently situated. The former, by the peculiar nature of their employments, for the most part exercise their hands mechanically, while their brains are left at full liberty to exercise the power of thought, which the very sight of the objects before them is calculated to call forth. Thus, a carpenter, or watchmaker, or engineer, is constantly beholding geometric forms ; and if the power of mathematics be in him, it will most probably be called forth. And what can be better adapted to call forth the power of abstruse calculation, than the intricate patterns, and crossing threads, which must be manipulated in setting a loom, after the mind is left unoccupied by the remaining work being purely that of the hands, —simply, a piece of animated machinery. But in the case of the *middling* classes, especially those who live by traffic or merchandise, the mere distributors, their minds are constantly occupied with considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence ; what leisure they may chance on being devoted to the "keeping up appearances," and "doing company." The exceptions which may exist, are no answer to the fact of the glaring difference between the mass of the mechanics and those who employ them. There have been examples of studious and learned booksellers, but that in no way impeaches the truth of the general fact, that booksellers only judge of books by the amount of sale ; whereas the thinking writers, who are frequently men of less worldly importance, judge of them by the intrinsic value of the thoughts they may contain. Let there be no misunderstanding here. I make no imputation on the natural capabilities of booksellers, or others of the *middling* classes. Like the mechanics, both intelligent men and dolts are to be found amongst them. I simply affirm, that the general employments of the mechanics, not only afford leisure for the brain to work, but in many cases excite it to work ; whereas, the employments of the *middling* classes absorb both their time and faculties, and leave them no leisure for the cultivation of the mind.

It is true that the progress of the mechanics has hitherto been chiefly in physical matters, such as the producing and perfecting of inventions ; but that has been, because the only subject matter placed before them, on which to exercise their intellect and judgment, has been their tools and instruments, and the results of their various callings. And even in this have their intellects been cramped and narrowed ; for the apprentice laws, and other restrictions, intended for the advancement of the revenue, have tended to confine each one to the knowledge of his own especial branch. Thus, a currier could not be a tanner, nor a tanner a currier, because, combining both trades, a man might more easily cheat the revenue, though there is a decided advantage in carrying on both trades together. And upon the type of such sapient political economy have been formed the private laws and regulations of the different trades, causing the workmen in the different branches of art to regard each other as enemies, seeking for every opportunity to rob them of the fruits of their labours. Thus, instead of sharing each others knowledge, and mutually improving the whole mass, all have been circumscribed to a narrow routine. The extraordinary ignorance thus kept up is almost marvellous. I have frequently watched a working mechanic using an imperfect process in his business, without being aware that his neighbour, a few doors off, employed, in another branch of art, another, and a perfect process, perfectly adapted to the result he himself sought to attain. Had apprentice laws and guilds never existed, each one would have known what his neighbour was about ; and the improvement and superior economy would have been enormous. I have known a blacksmith, a first-rate workman, unaware of the fact that what are called "tin saucepans" are made of tinned plate iron ; and there are abundance of tinmen or tin-plate workers who are entirely ignorant of the process by which tinned plates are prepared. The fact is, that the "division of labour," though good in principle, has been carried to an absurd and mischievous extreme. There is a limit where it ceases to be available to increase production. If a solid cylinder of iron were expanded into a hollow cylinder, containing the same quantity of metal, it would acquire additional strength, up to a certain point ; but if expanded beyond that, the sides would lose their firmness, and the total strength would be diminished. Thus, it is good that in the manufacture of a pin one workman should do one thing, up to the period when the repetition becomes wearisome, but after that he should change for another branch, and so on through the whole process. It is a fallacy to suppose that the total production would not be increased under such circumstances, by the superior alacrity of the workmen, and the increased amount of the intelligence they would acquire. It is amongst carpenters, joiners, and cabinet-makers, that the most intelligent mechanics are usually found. From amongst the former, the best working engineers are principally furnished. Why is

this? Because the different processes they go through tend to improve each other, and thus make a better whole, acting upon the principles of verification. The notion of seven years being necessary to learn a trade is a monstrosity. If a boy be put to a trade, for which he has no liking, or is otherwise unfitted, he will not learn it properly though he were seventy years at it. But, as regards all the ordinary trades, an intelligent boy would acquire a competent knowledge of each in six months, as easily as in seven years; and, with proper methods, a far better knowledge than is at present acquired. There is a natural division of trades and arts, into sections, and classes, and orders, as well as the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Thus, there can be no doubt, that a tailor, and hatter, and shoemaker, and stocking-maker, and shirt-maker, and glover, are all ramifications of one branch, whatever may be the diversity of their materials; and that the basis of the whole is a knowledge of anatomy. Yet how very short is the time since the first glimmerings of the truth have appeared. The object pursued in English dress—the attainment of warmth being of course paramount—is at least, in the male portion of the community, to display the figure as much as possible, by closely fitting garments. Yet not many years are passed since coats were made with scarce a seam in them, as though the human body were a cylinder, without rise or hollow, and a flat piece of cloth were the best adapted to cover it closely. Shirt-collars were also constructed in the same unscientific mode, as if a human throat were like a ship's spar; and shoes too! There are "respectable" old gentlemen still to be found, who will roundly assert that shoes fit the feet best when not made right and left. Possibly this may be owing to the fact, that their own feet have been rendered so shapeless by ill-usage, that no anatomically-formed shoe could possibly go on them. But these prejudices are almost worn out. Tailors profess to fit the human form anatomically; and even shoemakers do not disdain to call in plaster casts to their aid, in order to get their lasts accurately made. But nothing like perfection in the art of covering the human body will be accomplished, until it shall be the practice to teach the same individuals all the separate arts, in order that they may combine them with compound advantage. The workers in metal, also, are in many cases only varieties of the same thing. The roasting-jack, maker, the watchmaker, the mathematical instrument maker, the engineer, the gunmaker, and many others, ought to be so instructed, that each might, in case of necessity, exercise the calling of the other. The arts of the architect, the builder, the joiner, the carpenter, the cabinet-maker, the chairmaker, instead of being studiously kept apart, ought all to be understood by the same individuals. The upholsterer should be familiar alike with the adornment of houses and of wheelcarriages; and the builder of carriages should be familiar with every class, from the highest invention of luxury down to the common barrow of the brickmaker. The chemist should be versed in the principles of farming, in order to bring his knowledge to bear on the cheap production of vegetable matters for the purposes of food. And the farmer should also be a practical gardener, and be somewhat familiar with chemistry; and thus a rapidly increasing production would be the constant result.

But in spite of the disadvantages under which they have laboured, and the small amount of the subject matter on which to exercise their thoughts, the mechanics have advanced. It has been principally in physics, it is true, but the same faculties which enable them to draw correct inferences in physics, will also enable them to make a corresponding progress in the moral sciences, whenever the elements shall be placed before them, and the germs are springing in all quarters. The honoured names of Ebenezer Elliot of Sheffield, and Rowland Detrosier of Manchester, and John Wade of Leeds, and Samuel Downing of London, and Francis Ross of Dublin,* are all precious to us, not simply on account of their individual worth and excellence, but also because they are *men* belonging to the working classes, and true samples of the sterling stuff of which those classes are composed, and are evidences that proper cultivation will bring forth thousands of such men, who at present lack language to enable them to appear that which they are. More than that,—the examples of such men become a standard for others to follow. The example of good is more contagious than the example of evil; and it is not possible that their fellows, who know their history, should recede from the onward march of improvement.

It is clear, that the combinations at present taking place amongst the working men, cannot by any direct process raise the standard of wages. It is not possible to disprove the fact, that while workmen are in surplus, wages must be low, and that only by the diminution of their numbers can they permanently rise. But the agitation of the Trades' Unions will do great good, for it will cause knowledge to be spread in the process of discussion. The *Times* talks of putting down the complaints of the workmen by the strong hand. This may seem to some a simple process, but it will scarcely be put in practice, for this plain reason, viz. "the weavers of Lyons beat the troops of Louis Philippe;" and the English mechanics would laugh to scorn every effort at coercion, which might fail to coerce their reason by the force of argument. They are not stocks or stones, and they bear in mind that the massacre of Manchester has yet to be accounted for. Perchance the indignant feelings of honest and well-meaning, though ignorant and injured men, may yet be urged into folly, by the absurd cruelty of wealthy superiors, still more ignorant than themselves. If so, the struggle will be sharp and short, and the enforcers of the cruelty will have little cause to congratulate themselves.

* A journeyman printer in Dublin, author of a little threepenny tract of sterling matter, composed and printed from his brain, without the intervention of MS.

But we will hope that they will take counsel of fear, and suffer the instruction of the working classes to go on. Powerful the working men will be; they should therefore be so instructed as to use their power beneficially for the whole community.

"But," say the middling classes, "we are the holders of the capital,—and, therefore, we will force the workmen to our own terms, as we can live for a long time on our hoarded means." Perhaps so, but the workmen have a remedy. All capital is the result of the savings of human labour. Therefore the same process which has made what now exists can make more also. The workmen can save their earnings, and become capitalists themselves, to carry on very profitable joint-stock labours, whenever they shall see their true interests. Whenever a good system of that kind shall be digested, in which all can have confidence, workmen will be enabled to lend money to their employers, who will thus dwindle by degrees from the capacity of masters to that of foremen. I am not alluding to a mere association of surplus workmen, forcing others out of employment by superior cheapness, after the fashion of the Labour Exchanges, but to the great mass of the workmen employing their time and money for their own benefit, taking interest for their capital, and payment for their labour, producing just what may be necessary for the supply of the markets, and no more; and not wasting time, and skill, and material, in a mischievous competition to keep up a constant glut. There is no doubt that all this might be done, and a considerable portion of each day left at the disposal of the working men, for the cultivation of their own minds, and the growth of refined tastes, as well as the instruction of their families. Some of the workmen allege, that machinery will prevent them from doing all this, by depriving them of employment. But they will not deny that machinery is a good thing for those whom it enables to live without labour, or with less labour. Their straightforward course, therefore, is, to accumulate capital of their own, and become the proprietors of machinery, which will at length elevate them to a station in society as important as that of their present masters.

"What!" say the respectables, "are the workmen, the common workmen, to be raised to our level? The very institutions of society will be rased, if vulgarity is to rank with refinement—the working mechanic with his employer." Stop, be not too hasty. It by no means follows that the workman, when he shall be in a condition such as I contemplate for him, will be at all anxious for your society. His intellect is already considerably stronger than yours; and when education shall give him the aids of refinement to boot, he will be exceedingly apt to look down upon you as his inferior, and be as anxious to shun you as you now are to shun him. You are shallow, he will be sound. You are conventional in your tastes and habits, he will be natural and simple. You have lost your relish for what is truly high and noble, and have substituted "respectability" in the place thereof. Your eyes have lost the power of glistening at the recital of a generous deed, while his will overflow. You are palled with artificial pleasures; he has yet to open upon him the whole round of rational enjoyment. The perusal of works written by high and noble-minded philosophers will elevate his perceptions, and the intellectual delights of reformed theatres, and national galleries of art, will call forth the dormant love of beauty in every shape which nature or inventive genius can offer to his gaze. He will find that the possession of enormous individual wealth is by no means necessary to enjoyment. He will leave you to your ostentation, and smile at your folly, in foregoing the exquisite delight arising from the expansive throbs of generous emotion.

Let not the reader deem this to be the mere dream of an enthusiast. The position is simply this. The working men of England produce annually a certain amount of wages, which are divided amongst the whole number. But only a portion of the number do the work; and consequently only that portion is necessary for the work of production. If, therefore, the surplus workmen were not produced, or were provided for by emigration, the total amount would be divided amongst a smaller number, who would thus become comparatively wealthy; and might, by saving the surplus, ultimately become capitalists, and the proprietors of machinery. A consummation most devoutly to be wished, by all those to whom the interests of humanity are dear.

I have more to say on the subject of the working classes; but shall forbear for the present. I remain,

SIR,

Very truly yours,

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE PEERS.

DURING last session of Parliament, ground was broken for the thorough discussion of this question; and no man who sees a few yards before him can believe the ground broken will be allowed to lie unsearched or untilled. It may, indeed, be gravely doubted whether our countrymen have enough of what they call "Metaphysics" to authorize an adventure upon so knotty a point; and,

be it readily conceded, that "the multitudes" might make little of Blackstone, and prove slow of comprehending the fine spun theories of a Russell, a Scarlett, or a De Lolme. But the consoling dispensation is, the problem is marvellously expanding, and will stretch forthwith beyond the enclosure of metaphysics; for, if a man of the present day is like a man of the olden time, we are about to be enabled to re-solve it by as beautiful an amount of experience as even the practical Mr. Baring could wish. The question will come to be answered, not after a few speculators shall have more strongly indoctrinated the public mind, but after a few additional lessons are administered by that most effective schoolmaster, the House of Lords; it will come to be practically answered, after the creation of delays and doubts without number; after public business has been stopped over and over in its course, and measures of improvement so often mutilated, or, as the word is, "modified," that the people shall know better than they yet appear to do concerning the excellence and well-working of our "matchless constitution;"—all which is to say, that it will soon be answered with plainness and emphasis by the patriotic Peers themselves. At the last, there will be this virtue in them: they will assist us to the right conclusion, without the embarrassment of intervening logic:—they will aid the world on to an opinion at which it appears marvellously loath, or unable to arrive;—they will establish a good lesson in their last days, by reason, we suppose, of the wisdom bestowed by providence upon men whose lamp is just expiring;—they will illustrate, for the behoof of all future time, a great abstract truth in Government, and effectually prevent coming generations from committing the follies our ancestry committed, or suffering the evils we are still doomed, for a time, to endure.

The people, if we are to believe the Whig papers, were violently bent during last session on doing two things, against each of which we beg most strenuously to protest. They desired, it is said, in the first place, to unseat my Lords, their Reverend Nobilities, the Bishops. Now, instead of assenting to any such plan of policy, we oppose it as against all expediency and all rule; for we maintain that there is great virtue in their continuing in the House, whether considering the matter ecclesiastically or civilly. Will any man contend, that by the mere exclusion of these Bishops from power of voting in the tapestried chamber, the connexion of Church with aristocratic power would be diminished, and the temper and character of Church improved? Would priests lead wiser lives, or doctrine be purified and humanized? But if not, why dispense with my Lords, the Bishops, who publicly teach concerning the condition of Church as to these important matters? and why, while so much is being gained by his pre-eminence, would you send my Lord Exeter to eat his *John Dory* in quiet? By no means, good countrymen! Right reverend fathers must remain where they are, until *you*, at least, know better what sort of Christianity will ever be taught you by such a Church! But let us also rejoice in these fathers, *civilly*. For the purpose of exhibiting in his own mind the perfect mould and temper of an institution, give us, above all things, a clever and speculative man. Your dull practical Peers only *live* according to their order; and, in their case, you require to be at the trouble to draw inferences. The Bishop speaks the thing fairly out. He is a Peer in his speculative as well as in his practical nature; and there is, therefore, no disguise in him. He is the very mirror of the Peerage—the *beau ideal* of "the order." Would you then, good people, get quit of an instructor so very valuable, an instructor who would be quite inestimable, only that you have scant grace to profit by his lessons? Foolish scribblers make, as if they thought, a Bishop peculiarly anti-social. Never was error more unfounded; for, in the first place, he is cleverer than most other Peers; and, in regard of moral appropriate aptitude, to what charge is a Bishop obnoxious which does not tell with tenfold force against their lay Lordships? Is it that he has sinister expectations of promotion? How small and trifling is that, compared with a lay Lord's expectations, which are expansive enough to survey with a leering eye every vacancy within the wide power of Government—which can take a Bishoprick for one son, a Generalship for another, a Colonial Governorship for a third, a snug pension for Miss, and a pleasant sinecure for Master,—in short, who has a stomach for all food, and a puppet admirably fitting every size and variety of appointment. Is the Bishop arrogant? Arrogance is begotten of Privilege by Unfitness! and how can a Bishop in this respect compare with a lay Lord? In the Bishop's case, the privilege is only the creature of a few years; whereas with the lay Peers, its pride and ignorance accumulate through generations, and enter into the victim's bones! No such thing, good countrymen! let us cease this inapt babble. Take any rule of calculation or admeasurement you like, and you will find the Bishop the best possible Peer. In regard of him alone, too, have you already attained the recent great improvement of the French;—he alone is a Peer *only for life*. We do not say that even in this state he does no harm; witness, for the reverse, Louis Philippe's Chamber: but we say he does less harm than if he were a lay Peer; and, therefore, we maintain your Reform proposition to be no Reform. You should attack at once the Boa Constrictor, whereas you are only fighting the wasp!

And what else, good countrymen, did the papers say you were violently bent on accomplishing? A creation of new Peers—and that a *Whig* creation! Verily, an odd remedy, except in one not yet possible case! That single case is, when his gracious Majesty shall, in the expansion of his benevolence and good clemency towards his subjects, create us all Peers—including Paddy, Paddy's children, pigs and all! Then, indeed, would we be an honoured nation, and then alone

would we expect a proper and well-oiled motion in our House of Peers! If my Lord the Marquis Baker attempted any little piece of pilfering for the sake of his private tooth, would there not be my Lord the Viscount Butcher to keep him in check? If my Lord the Duke Scavenger employed his honours in support of dirty streets and unswept lanes, would not my Lord the Earl Tavern-Keeper coalesce with my Lord Baron Shopkeeper, and bear down the proposed iniquity? We could show, indeed, that with *such* a House of Peers the affairs of the nation would proceed in admirable style. And then, what better obstacle could be had to the innovations of a revolutionary House of Commons? The House of Commons has already walked, and, some years hence, may again walk over the necks of the existing House of Peers; but with *our* House they would know better than try any such audacity! We shall write a volume soon on this subject, and lay it at the feet of his gracious Majesty; but, in the meantime, we warn all men against the small and stupid measure on which they were violently bent, as was said in the columns of the *Chronicle* and the *Times!* Create a *few* more Peers, to overcome the obstinacy of the present assembly! Give privilege to a *few* more to cure the arrogance of a privileged assembly! If you put a man in a starched cravat, will he not necessarily be stiffnecked? If you gird the healthy branch of a tree, will not the sap cease to rise through it in sufficient abundance? will it not become shrivelled, privileged,—dead to all good purposes? If you shut a sane man in a mad-house, especially if he be naturally a good creature, or weakish in the intellects, is there not potent ground for the suspicion that he will soon be no oddity amongst the inmates? Creation of Peers! Bah! Dig up the causes of your hostility to the present House, good countrymen! and try, if these causes would not exist in regard of a modified House, in their fullest force. Is it that there is a fatal *virus*—a hereditary taint in the blood of your Wellingtons, Winchelseas, Caernarvons, and Londonderrys? No such thing: these are as good men to spoil as you could find any where; too good some of them for being spoiled, which is the pity. The *virus* is the atmosphere of that tapestried hall: it is full of malaria. Privilege—irresponsible power—dignity—dignity unmerited, that is the *virus*. The cup of power is sweet, but fatally intoxicating! Listen to one short extract from the illustrious teacher of the modern world. The following is from BENTHAM's Letter to his Fellow-Citizens of France:—

> How then stands the truth of the case? Is it that, the more there is of this *dignity*, with its *et cæteras*, the *more* there is of this same perfect aptitude? Oh no: but, contrariwise, the *less*. For as to appropriate *moral* aptitude, this is the fruit of *self-denial*, itself an irksome sort of operation; as to appropriate intellectual aptitude, and active aptitude,—these are the fruits of hard labour—another irksome sort of operation: and the quantity of them is naturally in proportion to the quantity of *need*; and, the less the need a man has of any irksome sort of operation, the less does he employ of it.
>
> Of this same *dignity*, the use is, the procuring for the possessor of it, respect, deference, compliance with such demands as it pleases him to make,—compliance with his wish and desire, in so far as it is known, or can be guessed at: and of all *these* good things, by means of which are produceable and produced all *other* sorts of good things—the more a man can have, without either of the above-mentioned irksome operations, without which appropriate aptitude is not to be had,—the less of it will he have need of; and, accordingly, the less of it will he give himself.
>
> Accordingly, if you would see that relative *inaptitude* which is correspondent and opposite to official appropriate aptitude, if you want to see that same relative inaptitude—or in one word, *depravity*—in its several gradations, look to the *top* of the scale: there you may see *Kings*. Exactly *as* their power and dignity is their depravity: *so*, mathematically speaking, less and less, as they have less and less of those same attributes.
>
> To come down to *Peers*. So it will be with Peers. True it is—*your* Peers, if you continue to have any, will not be so bad as *ours:* for they will not have so much—they will not have near so much—*power*, along with their *honour* and *dignity*. They will not have the nomination of the self-constituted and self-stiled Representatives of the People; they will not be in the habit of having *distant dependencies* obtained and retained, for the sake of official situations established in them, for the purpose, and with the effect, of being filled by Peers, or elder or younger sons of Peers, for the *profit* of *depredation*, and *pleasure* of *oppression*, to be exercised by those same living receptacles of honour and dignity. The consequences of any such burthen would, in your part of the world, be, for some time, too bad for endurance; and therefore it would not, till after a considerable length of time, be endeavoured to be fastened on you. But, when all this is taken off, there is surely enough left, to prevent you from consenting to be loaded with any such encumberance as it would load you with.
>
> To come home to your Chamber of Peers. Part and parcel of the matter of corruption would be,—every atom of honour, every atom of dignity,—meaning always, factitious honour and factitious dignity, manufactured as above,—every spark of lustre, and every spark of splendour, possessed by the Chamber of Peers, or by any member of it, as such. Let it be called *influence*—influence simply, or *legitimate* influence—would it—*now*, at any rate,—be the less clearly seen to be the corruption that it is? Would not the speaking of it, as necessary, or even contributory, to the support of good government, be, by all lovers of good government, regarded as an endeavour to produce illusion?—maleficent illusion? These questions will assuredly be seen to furnish their own answer.

There is vast wisdom here, as in every thing that fell from that august prophet's lips. Sometime soon we shall return to what he has taught us, and we write now only to say, that we intend to teach that wisdom to all other men. Meanwhile, What is to be done with the Peers?—what is to be done on behalf of the patriotic assembly, an excellent, and talented, and meek House of Commons? *That* is the poser! One solitary gleam of light breaks through the darkness. If the House of Lords perseveres in its perverse and obstinate endeavour to frighten Lord Grey and Lord John Russell, their conduct will be actionable at common law. We throw out this hint for the especial benefit of our friend, Henry Cockburn, who was said, last session, to have shivered not a little, because of the perils of the Constitution. Let Henry Cockburn prosecute forthwith, if violence be threatened again. If the King's leiges have no right to protection against being put in terror, it is time the thing should be known. For ourselves, good Lords! we are

afflicted by no fears! Your blustering is innocuous; for we know, that in opposition to the nation you are as—CHAFF. When their Whigships shall be pleased to remove their massive bodies from in front of you, we will rejoice in showing you this and many other truths; and, if we judge the signs of the times aright, that season is at hand.

ADAH;

A SKETCH FROM THE BYRON PORTFOLIO.

ADAH is the very essence of the purest earthly love; love which no being can turn from its object, no hardships cool, no crimes sever. In all her words and actions there is exemplified a heart overflowing with kindness,—a heart which pours its treasures, like the rains of heaven, upon "the evil and the good." She cannot form a conception of unkindness: her whole nature is so essentially love, that the opposite feeling is to her an unknown thing. Yet Adah distinguishes between the love due to the Creator and that due to the creature. Thus, when the arch-fiend, by expatiating on the beauty of the starry host, endeavours to wile her into the meshes of that net which has already so completely enveloped her husband, how delightfully her whole soul speaks forth in her language! She tells him she gazes on these beautiful symbols of the Eternal with a feeling of deep delight: she loves them, for they are so beautiful. She inquires, touchingly, if they too must die, and is glad when she is told that they will outlast her and her posterity for ages;—she would not have such bright and splendid things come under the doom of man's disobedience. Yet here she stops, in the calm, trusting love she bears to their Maker. It is with a feeling something similar that she looks upon Lucifer. She admires his beauty; she is fascinated by some unknown power of attraction to his presence; she cannot spurn him;—but in all the devotedness of love, she calls upon her beloved Cain to save her from him. She cannot gainsay his arguments; yet she sees unhappiness stamped upon his beauty, and her heart tells her that goodness can never be unhappy. Trembling with the indistinct fear, how beautifully she exclaims,

> "Thou seem'st unhappy! do not make us so,
> And I will weep for thee!"

Adah loved her husband most deeply. When he is about to leave her, how earnestly she entreats him to stay. She cannot bear the thought of trusting him without her into the company of this mysterious being. And when Lucifer, dreading that her persuasions will be successful in detaining his intended victim, authoritatively commands him instantly to leave her, how intrepidly she exclaims, in all the undauntedness of love, daring even a power whose magnitude she could not comprehend,

> "Who
> Art thou that steppest between heart and heart?"

Ere he departs, however, she must have assurance upon assurance of his return. The simple allegation of the spirit will not satisfy her in such a case. When he goes, the time of his absence is long indeed. She says,

> "'Tis but two hours upon the sun,
> But too long hours to me!"

She could not exist alone. As if agonized by the thought, she exclaims,

> ——— "Alone! oh my God!
> Who could be happy and alone, or good?
> To me my solitude seems sin!"

Adah had not felt the curse of the fall. Adam, Eve, Abel, Zillah, and her husband,—all, though in different moods, mourned over the expulsion from Eden; but she was happy. In her husband, her children, and their society, she could make an Eden as bright and beautiful as that paradise itself; without them she "could not, nor would be happy." With them she could be so, despite even of Death. Death she feared not, because she did not associate with it the idea of separation from her family. Therefore it was to her most truly but an "awful shadow."

But a great part of Adah's joy consists in her children, especially Enoch. This contemplation was a never-failing source of pleasure. Cain gazes upon Enoch's beauty; but the thought recalls the poisonous language of the Tempter. The very innocence and loveliness of his first-born brings to him heart-rending anticipations of future unhappiness. When the infant smiles in its sleep, he thinks it is dreaming of the lost Paradise; and bitterly bids it *dream* of it, for that is all it will ever taste of its happiness. But Adah thinks of her infant's beauty, and the mirrored resemblance it bears to her husband and herself; and draws pleasure from the idea that it will one day enjoy the same pleasure in contemplating its offspring. In the meantime, Cain, breathing but the envenomed accents of the arch-fiend, utters a wish that his darling boy were rather dashed to pieces on the spot, than exposed to the train of miseries which his gloomy imagination pictures forth as the inevitable lot of his offspring. The mother, engrossed with her own pleasing ideas, hears but indistinctly the words; yet the fearful expression fills her with horror. Her heart leaps up instantly, and, starting in an agony of natural love and fear, she exclaims,—

> "Touch not the child! my child—*thy* child, oh, Cain!"*

Here the character of the wife is for the moment absorbed in that of the mother. All love, all pleasure, is centred in the unconscious child; all concern is engrossed in its safety. At the

* Mystery of Cain.

moment, she could brave even her husband, for the sake of her darling boy.

When Cain explains that his language was nought save a wish that such had happened, rather than he should live to be as unhappy as his sire, this thought is scarcely more tolerable than the other. She would not forego the pleasure of watching over and nursing her child, for Eden. With what heartfelt pleasure she expatiates upon the beauty of the rosy sleeper! With what maternal pride she exclaims,—

"Talk not of pain!
The childless cherub well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent!"

Her heart is swelling with the delightful feeling, and she cannot understand how her beloved Cain can be unhappy while the same source of joy is open to him.

With what touching unconsciousness of evil she says,—

"Surely a father's blessing may avert
A reptile's subtlety."

The blessing of a parent is to her a sovereign talisman. No evil influence can counteract it in her estimation. Armed with this, she is not afraid to trust her darling boy, even in the reach of the dread serpent, whose power and malignity are so often the theme of discourse with her parents and their family.

But, though Adah's heart was so full of connubial and maternal love, yet its exhaustless fountain had another outlet: Adah loved her parents, and her brother and sister, with a most fervent love. Their company forms one of the essential parts of her actual Eden. She views the Supreme as the Parent of All, and she praises him for having created

"These best and beauteous beings!"

Her very nature is exemplified, when she declares them,

"To be beloved more than all save Thee!"

All her desires are bounded in this simple and beautiful petition, with which she concludes her prayer,—

"Let me love Thee and them!"

There can be nothing in prayer more comprehensive; it embraces all our duties to Creator and creatures, and these, too, in their most delightful form.

But it is after the horrid crime that her husband has committed that the character of Adah shines forth in its most ennobling light. In that, like the impugned Princess of Saxon times, she has walked the red-hot ordeal; and her love comes forth from the fiery trial, without an item of alloy, pure as the sun in his meridian splendour. At first, when the agonized Eve accuses him of the crime, how eagerly she starts forth in his defence! With what undoubting sincerity she calls upon her beloved Cain to free himself from the accusation! Though the undenying silence leaves no doubt of his guilt, what can be more heart-rending than the appeal she makes to Eve to stay her curses!

"Curse him not, mother, for he is thy son!
Curse him not, mother, for he is my brother,
And my betrothed"

The tide of her love is too deep to be dried up by this fiery blast. She remains the only one near her yet cherished though unworthy husband. She calls herself *his own*, even after this dreadful deed. The agonized Cain, torn with remorse, exclaims, "Leave me!" but she, ever loving and faithful, replies,

"Why, all have left thee!"

Thus drawing a reason for her remaining, from the very circumstance, which, to an ordinary mind, would have formed the strongest incentive to flight. But she fears nothing but separation from him. How touchingly and delicately she mentions the crime that had drawn an impassable line of demarcation between him and his relatives! It was between him and the Great God, she says; and she had nought ado but comfort him!

When the angel utters the fearful words,

"Thou hast slain thy brother,
And who shall warrant thee against thy son?"

The idea "speaks daggers" to her. Then she is before our mind's eye, as if struck by a thunderbolt, gasping for breath. The horror of the thought has almost petrified her. Her eyes are fixed wildly on vacancy, while her arms clutch the terrified child with fearful force. As soon as she can muster breath she hurriedly exclaims,

"Angel of light! be merciful,—nor say,
That this poor aching breast now nourishes
A murderer in my boy, and of his father!"

The pitying angel assures her, not; yet then, even, she is not entirely calm. The storm has not wholly passed; some dregs of it have yet to blow by, ere the agitation can entirely cease.

During this period her sorrow for the death of Abel has been hidden, but not destroyed. Ere she leaves the spot she takes a last look, and the floodgates of her heart strain with the ill-stemmed torrent of grief that presses against them, and she stoops down and kisses the body with a heart almost bursting. Tenderly and most mournfully she bewails the early doom of her gentle brother; yet she dare not give vent to her grief. How truly she says,

"Of all who mourn for thee,
I alone must not weep!"

She was denied even the poor consolation of giving her sorrow scope. Like Rebecca in Ivanhoe, (though with a different feeling,) she must repress it, "though every fibre of her heart bleed" in the attempt. And the reason is given as beautifully as the rest of her lament:—

"My office is,
Henceforth, to dry up tears, and not to shed them!
But yet, of all who mourn, none mourn like me,
Not only for myself, but he who slew thee!"

In conclusion, we consider Adah as a complete portrait of the perfect wife; a character of all others the most delightful, yet, alas! the most rare to be met with. She is superior to all the other delineations of this master-mind in this; there is a pure unobtrusive piety in Adah, that, like the sunlight on a picture, brings all its beauties into view, discovering those which were comparatively hidden, and shedding the brighter glory on the more prominent parts. E.

ON A CRITICISM OF NIEBUHR.

To the Editor of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

The learned Niebuhr, as he is generally termed, has had the advantage of at once puzzling and alarming the critics in the *Reviews;* and they, who are so bold in general, content themselves with giving extracts from his work, *(The Fragment of a History of Rome;)* and without venturing on any opinion, finish as they began, by calling him the learned author, and so wash their hands of him.

It appears, however, that there is ample room for remark,—in fact, great necessity for investigating, sifting, and curtailing his sweeping alterations, emendations, and decisions. Niebuhr's claim to belief without examination, which, however, he puts forth with great candour and modesty, on the score of his deep researches, is unreasonable, and will never be granted to him; not only because blind assent, without inquiry, is repugnant to the opinions of the day, but also, because we are aware that men of genius are particularly liable to self-deception; and the very circumstance of poring long over a subject, which is the foundation of the claim above-mentioned, leads to the imagination becoming heated, and seeing, not only things difficult to perceive, but also those which do not exist otherwise than in the "mind's eye." Niebuhr has an easy method of discrediting and getting rid of such events as stand in his way. He terms the History of the Kings of Rome, as given in Livy and other ancient authors, a "Lay," or rather, Lays; not that any poetry exists, or is stated to have existed on the subject, but he thinks it likely that lays may have been written, containing accounts of the ancient Roman monarchy; from which poems he assumes that the prose history which we read, may have been taken. He gradually becomes sure on the point, and forthwith proceeds to state it as a fact.

Of the more recent history, likewise, he clears away such facts as he thinks proper, by terming them, not lays, but "Legends." Being inclined, however, to question this peremptory manner of demolishing all our old scholastic and deeply-imprinted ideas, I determined to endeavour to follow this author through some of his proofs, and see if all was right. I took at hazard the well-known "Legend" of Cincinnatus, raised from the plough to be Dictator of Rome. On this story the learned German is at once sarcastic, humorous, and witty, (after a fashion;) notwithstanding which, if I, like himself, have not been deceived by my imagination, I think we shall be able to show that his reasons for discrediting Livy on this point are groundless.

I do not charge him with intentional unfairness; but the incorrectness is quite extraordinary.

This, certainly, is only one out of a thousand of his emendations; and others, with more leisure, more ability, and, above all, more learning, may, if they will search for, probably find similar inaccuracies.

This very story of Cincinnatus, and Niebuhr's exposure of it, are, we see, given and amplified in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, with much praise to the learned author, and without the slightest doubt or surmise of any possibility of his being in error.

The following is the story given from Livy by Niebuhr:—

"The Dictator (Cincinnatus) ordered the serviceable men to be in readiness at sunset, food for five days, and each with twelve palisades.

"At midnight, they reached Mount Algidus, and were near the enemy's camp, which enclosed that of the Romans in the midst. The Dictator made his troops march onward in column, till a circle was formed about the Æquians; then they halted, and began to dig a trench, and to heap up a mound, on which the palisades they brought with them were to be driven in. When they were setting to work, they raised the Roman battle-cry. This announced to the Consul's troops that the wished-for succour was arrived; and they delayed not to burst forth from their camp. The Æquians fought with them during the whole night," &c.

This statement, and the victory obtained over the Æquians by the Dictator, Cincinnatus, are thus ridiculed and disposed of by Niebuhr:—

"This legend will not stand the test of historical criticism, any more than those which refer to the time of the Kings; but such a test must not be applied to it any more than to them. The poet, whether he sang his story or told it, had no need to reflect, that if five palisades were a heavy load for a soldier enured to his duties, men called out in a general levy must have been totally crushed by the weight of twelve. That so great a number of them could not be made use of, unless the circle was so large that, if all the soldiers stood in a line, they had a fathom of ground apiece; in which case, to say nothing of the time it would have required before each had finished his piece of wall and ditch, an attack in any quarter from the Æquians, who were far superior to Minucius, would have burst through the whole fortification. Or that no scout could have walked the distance between Rome and Mount Algidus, more than 20 miles, betwixt sunset and midnight; and here it is done by a column of men, heavy armed and heavy laden. The poet, however, neither counted their steps nor the hours. Still more might he smile at any one who objected that the Æquians must have been struck with blindness and deafness if they allowed the Romans to march round about them, and enclose them in a net, without offering any impediment, and never interrupting them while throwing up their intrenchments: for this,

to be sure, was not wrought by human means. God had smitten them, so that they neither saw nor heard, and could not perceive the battle-cry which pierced to the ears of the army enclosed by their lines," &c.

On this part of the story, the *Foreign Quarterly* is even more express; stating, that "the shout was unheard by the Æquians." The story, or rather the legend, is therefore scouted and discredited, because—

1*st*, The men are stated to have carried twelve palisades, instead of five, (the usual number.)

2*d*, Because, between sunset and midnight, they marched to Algidus, a distance of twenty miles.

3*d*, Because they dug trenches without being perceived by the Æquians. And, *Lastly*, (and which creates the greatest mirth in the author,) Because the Roman soldiers shouted so as to be heard by their comrades, but yet were not heard by the intervening enemy.

Yet, taking all this without contradiction, even as stated, we do not find the matter so clearly and indisputably a "legend" as is assumed. However, opinion is free; and we are not obliged to leave the matter so in doubt; for, 1*st*, As to the palisades, possibly the soldiers were quite able to carry them; or, very possibly, they might have assistances in their journey. There seems very little to found an argument, one way or the other, as to these palisades. As to the Algidus, Niebuhr make a gross and remarkable mistatement: the distance is twelve miles from Rome, and not twenty; which, we imagine, makes all the difference. And it would be well if some explanation were given of so great a mistake; one, indeed, which should prevent our taking for granted any of Niebuhr's statements.

With regard to the intrenchment being cast up unperceived, in the middle of the night, there is nothing worthy of reply in the objection.

Lastly, (and which is very extraordinary,) Niebuhr's assertion, that the historian represents the shouting of the Romans as heard by their comrades alone, is utterly unfounded; and the wit concerning the gods rendering the Æquians deaf, &c. &c. is quite thrown away. Livy's statement is express, that the "shout resounded on every side of the enemy, and, reaching beyond their camp, was heard by that of the Consul, exciting *terror in the one*, and the greatest joy in the other."* B.

P. S.—As Niebuhr is to set all the ancient history right, so his translators intend to rectify the modern spelling; and thus their translation is throughout disfigured with "promist, attacht, reacht, forein, soverein," &c. &c. and numerous other elegances and improvements. We rather think the *t*, though, perhaps, allowable in the participle-past, is not so in the preterperfect tense; but in the translation it is used almost always in both cases.

* Clamor hostes circumsonat—superat inde castra hostium, et in castra consulis venit; *alibi pavorem, alibi gaudium ingens facit.*

THE ARMY.

In 1792 the Army consisted of 44,333 rank and file. Of this number, 22,924 were in Great Britain, and 21,429 were distributed among our foreign possessions.

The returns which have been laid before Parliament make the numbers greater; but these returns are of all ranks, and of the numbers on the establishment of the Army, and not of the effectives.

The whole expenditure on the Army in 1790 was £1,844,140.

In 1792, the number of seamen and marines in the Navy was 16,000. The number of ships in commission 108; and the whole expenditure on the Navy was £2,000,000.

In 1792, the number of officers and men in the Ordnance Military corps was 4,846; and the expenditure on them was £151,606. The expenditure for the whole Ordnance service was £375,000.

At the present time (January, 1834,) our Army consists of 95,791 rank and file, and of 109,139 of all ranks.

In our Navy we have now employed 29,000 seamen and marines; and we have 180 ships in commission.

The following numbers of seamen were voted in the six first years of the peace:—

1817, 19,000	1819, 20,000	1821, 23,000
1818, 20,000	1820, 23,000	1822, 21,000

Since 1823 the numbers have been 29,000 to 30,000.

The Ordnance Military corps now consists of 8,155 officers and men.

The Expenditure in 1832 on these services was,

Army,	£7,129,873
Navy,	4,882,835
Ordnance,	1,792,317
	£13,805,025
Expenditure on the same services in 1790,	4,219,153
Increase of our present Establishment above that of 1790,	£9,585,872

The following account shows the immense armed force which is now kept up in the United Kingdom:—

RETURN, showing in one table the Numbers of the following descriptions of Armed Force within the United Kingdom, on 1st January 1832.

	Numbers.
1. The Regular Army of all Ranks	51,571
2. The Regiments of Artillery of all Ranks,	4,589
Carry forward,	56,160

Brought over,	56,160
3. Marines on Shore of all Ranks,.....	4,324
4. Militia Staff of all Ranks,.....	2,697
5. Volunteers of Great Britain of all Ranks,...	20,399
6. Yeomanry of Ireland of all Ranks,.....	31,422
7. Police of Ireland of all Ranks,.....	7,367
Viz. Constabulary Police,.....6,623	
Peace Preservation Police,... 744	
7,367	
Total,.....	122,369

Whitehall, Treasury Chambers, 12th April, 1832. T. SPRING RICE.

This statement of the amount of our military establishments should, of itself, be sufficient to convince every one, that they are much greater than can be justified by any public necessity. Nothing but the habit of long submitting to such an extravagant system, and the general ignorance of the nature of it, can account for the indifference with which the public suffers itself to be deluded into a belief of its being necessary. In point of fact, the only reason for having greater military establishments now than we had before the war of 1793, is the acquisition of some new foreign possessions at the end of the war. But this reason is not sufficient to justify more than the addition of a few thousand men to the army, and of a very small naval force.

In taking a retrospective view of the progress of our expenditure, it will appear that, next after the fatal step of going to war in 1793, the measure which has led to the most wasteful extravagance, was the arrangement, in 1816, of the peace establishment. This was fixed, as circumstances have since proved, at a higher amount than any necessity required, by six or seven millions a-year. In consequence of the exposure which from time to time has been made of the extravagant profusion and waste of the public money which this arrangement produced, it has been very much changed, and a considerable reduction has taken place; but the amount which is still required for our military establishments is very much beyond what it ought to be. The expenditure in 1832, on the effective service of the army, navy, and ordnance, was £9,050,133,—that is, £600,000 a-year more than double what was paid for the effective and non-effective forces in the peace before 1793.

As it is very important to do everything that can be done to support the proposition, that the amount of the expenditure now incurred in our military establishments is very much beyond what it ought to be, we shall proceed to examine some of the details of it.

ARMY EXPENDITURE.

1. *Number of Men.*—The following is an account laid before Parliament of the number of rank and file in the army, on the 1st of January, 1832, and of the distribution of them. No reduction has since taken place in the number of rank and file.

RETURN showing the Establishment and Effectives of the British Army, Rank and File, at Home, and on the several Stations Abroad, on the 1st January, 1832.

	Estab.	Effect.
AT HOME, INCLUDING RELIEFS.		
Great Britain.		
Cavalry	4,803	4,690
Foot Guards	4,400	3,899
Infantry	16,678	16,494
	25,881	25,083
Ireland.		
Cavalry	2,230	2,166
Foot Guards	704	666
Infantry	16,528	17,245
	19,462	20,077
Total at Home	45,343	45,160
ABROAD, EXCLUSIVE OF INDIA.		
Gibraltar	3,090	2,876
Malta	2,528	2,366
Ionian Islands	3,090	2,889
Cape of Good Hope	1,779	1,725
West Coast of Africa	360	255
Canada	2,575	2,417
Nova Scotia	2,360	2,258
Bermuda	1,030	962
Windward and Leeward Colonies	4,766	4,452
Jamaica, Bahamas, and Honduras	3,058	3,122
New South Wales, &c.	3,020	2,539
Mauritius	1,545	1,445
Ceylon	3,813	3,547
Total Abroad, exclusive of India	33,014	30,853
EAST INDIES.		
Cavalry	2,700	2,663
Infantry	14,780	15,701
Total	17,480	18,364
Total at Home and Abroad	95,837	94,377

Adjutant General's Office, 22d March, 1832. JOHN MACDONALD, A. G.

In examining the grounds for keeping up so large a force in a time of profound peace, the first point to be considered is, what amount of force is necessary for foreign service; because the reliefs necessary to keep up this number must be taken into consideration in deciding the question of the proper amount of force to be kept up at home.

On this point we have the advantage of the experience of what was the conduct of former administrations to guide us. On examining a return to the House of Commons, dated 22d March, 1832, it will be found that, for some years subsequent to the peace, the average establishment of the forces abroad (exclusive of India) was 26,000 rank and file.*

The great increase which took place in this force, in subsequent years, and which has been continued to the present time, (in 1834, 33,585 men,) was not owing to any necessity for such an increase, but to accident; for in consequence of the plan by which the army was increased from

* See Parliamentary Papers, No. 317, 1832.

82,606 men, in 1824, to 105,270, in 1826,* on the plea of a want of more troops at home, being that of adding a certain number of men to every company of every regiment in the service, the number of men in every regiment at a foreign station was increased, although there existed no circumstances, connected with any of the foreign stations, requiring any such increase.

In making an estimate now of what ought to be the number of men kept up on foreign service, exclusive of India, it will be quite safe to proceed on this precedent, of the early years after the peace, and to set down that number at 26,000 men.

Of this number, 4,800 will consist of colonial corps, so that the number of regular troops will be 21,200. The latter will require a proportional number to be kept at home, for the purpose of sending out reliefs, according to the established rule, of each regiment being kept abroad ten years and at home four; and also according to our system of depôts, for recruiting regiments abroad.

But this number of 26,000 men is greater than would be necessary, if proper measures were taken to establish an efficient militia and police force in the West India Islands. The present plan of militia is extremely defective; and there can be no doubt that a strong police could easily be established. But the practice has been, and no one seems to give himself the trouble, amongst our Ministers, to bestow any thought upon the expediency of changing it, to look only to English soldiers for preserving the internal tranquillity of the West India islands.

It was stated by a witness of the highest authority in these matters, in evidence before the Committee of Finance of 1828, that the duty of soldiers in the West Indies was the same as that of a police force. But surely it must be possible to find a sufficiently fit force of this kind without sacrificing English money, and the lives of English soldiers, in this sort of civil local service. In point of fact, the interior protection of our colonies should be left to a militia and a police, as is the case in Cuba, to be paid by the colonists; while the external defence of them from foreign attack should be provided for by our naval squadrons, and a very small establishment of regular troops in each colony.

It may further be remarked, that St. Lucia, being now in our possession, removes one of the chief reasons which led to the keeping up a large military force in the West Indies previous to the war of 1793. But of this circumstance no advantage has been taken.

The arrangement which has recently been made for giving L.20,000,000, for the purpose of setting the slaves free, ought to diminish the risk of internal disturbance in the islands; and we ought to endeavour to obtain some partial repayment of this sum by reducing our army to the lowest possible point.

The force which is now in the East Indies, and which is considered sufficient, is 2,700 cavalry, and 14,780 infantry, making together 17,480; which, added to 26,000, will make 43,480 men for the force to be kept on foreign service.

The next point to be considered with regard to the number of men the army should consist of, is the force to be kept up at home. Now if 22,903 men were sufficient for England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the peace before 1793, when there were no volunteers in England, or yeomanry or armed police in Ireland, when there was not a large body of marines ashore, nor any police in London; the same number of men, it would be reasonable to infer, ought to be sufficient now, when we have 21,821 volunteers and yeomanry; 7,367 armed police in Ireland; and 4,500 police in London. But although it may be true that this amount of force, namely, 22,903 men, would be quite sufficient, so much delusion and error generally prevail respecting some indistinct notion of a necessity to maintain a large military force, that it is not to be expected that a reduction in the first instance of our force at home, to what it was before 1793, would be any where approved of; and therefore, it will now be proposed to make the force to be kept at home, greater by about 10,000 men than it was during the former peace. This proposed force, namely, of 32,500 men, for home service, to be composed as follows:—

	Rank and File.
Regular troops for reliefs of 22,000 infantry in the colonies, and 15,000 infantry in India, .	24,000
The Guards to be reduced from their present number, 4,500, to	3,500
The Cavalry now at home to be reduced from their present number, 6,900, to . .	5,000
Total at home, .	32,500

Those persons who may be disposed to say that the present force at home does not admit of any diminution,—who contend that 21,383 men* must be kept in England, and 23,071 in Ireland, notwithstanding the number of volunteers, yeomanry, armed police, marines on shore, and artillery, cannot produce any reasons to establish the necessity of such an immense force. It is utterly impossible to do so, in consequence of this force being so wholly disproportionate to any existing danger.

The only reason by which any military force can be justified, is some danger to be guarded against; and the force should always be in proportion to the danger. The danger, also, should be a distinct and intelligible danger, well considered, and its means of doing harm minutely estimated. Now, this danger can be of only two kinds,—one, that of hostile invasion of our territories by a foreign nation; the other, such a resistance at home to the execution of the laws, as cannot be overcome by the civil power.

With respect to the first kind of danger, no one can, or does pretend to say, that, in the pre-

* See Parliamentary Papers, No. 317, 1832.

* See Army Estimate, 1834.

sent state of this country, with reference to foreign countries, there is the slightest probability of any invasion of any part of our territories. But, notwithstanding this is the case, it is said we must be prepared for war. To which statement, however, it may be replied,—There is no probability of war to justify preparation to be made on such a scale as to have 44,000 men kept at home, in addition to what we have abroad. The number proposed to be kept at home, of 32,000 men, is amply sufficient as a preparation for any future war,—or, in military language, to form a nucleus for a large army; for the principle on which our army is now composed, namely, that of having a number of regiments, each with a moderate number of men, admits of the army being increased with great rapidity and effect, whenever it may be necessary to increase it.

With respect to the other kind of danger, namely, that of resistance at home, to the laws and the civil power, this will be greater or less according to the disposition of the people to produce disorder, and to seek to carry some particular object, by having recourse to physical force. But it is impossible to show that any such disposition prevails, in Great Britain, to such an extent as to render the civil power incapable of contending successfully against any disturbance of the peace which it may produce. Experience shows that, in almost all the worst cases that have occurred of open disturbance, the mere display of soldiers has had the effect of putting a stop to it. If 15,500 men of the force proposed to be kept at home were appointed to remain in Great Britain, this force, if properly distributed, would be much more than amply sufficient, with all the other various kinds of armed and civil forces, to make sure of preventing any successful resistance to the laws. It should also be remembered, that the carrying of the measure of Reform in Parliament, and other great concessions to public opinion, cannot have failed to diminish the danger to be guarded against, which is immediately under consideration.

With respect to Ireland, the various measures which have been passed, and are likely to be passed, for improving the political condition of the great mass of the people, cannot fail of producing a great change, with respect to obedience to the laws, and internal tranquillity. It is extremely easy to show, that a vast deal of the commotion there has been altogether owing to the erroneous conduct of Government; and that there is not the least doubt that if Ireland were more wisely managed, she would become a quiet country. If no more than 17,000 men were kept up there, this force, with nearly 7000 armed police, 31,000 yeomanry, and the militia staff, would be able to do all that can be required to be done in giving assistance to the civil power in carrying the laws into execution.

If the number of men to be kept up abroad and at home were fixed, as now proposed, the several parts of the army should be distributed as follows:—

	Rank & File.	
Abroad.		
In the Colonies, .	26,000	
In the East Indies, .	17,480	
		43,480
At Home.		
Regular troops for relief, &c.	24,000	
Guards, . .	3,500	
Cavalry, . .	5,000	
		32,500
Total, .		75,980

According to this arrangement, the force in the colonies would be nearly as great as it was for some years together, previous to the year 1825. The force in India would be the same as it now is, and the force at home would be greater by 10,000 men than it was in the peace preceding the war of 1793. It would, at the same time, be less by 20,000 men than the force of the present army, (January, 1834.)

That this proposed reduction of 20,000 men is by no means unreasonable, or impracticable, will appear from what the Duke of Wellington did when he was at the head of the Government. He found, on coming into office, as great a number of men in the army as there is now; but by putting a stop to recruiting, and not filling up the casualties, he reduced the number to 88,037, at the time he left office, towards the end of the year 1830. In support also of the proposed reduction of 20,000 men, the number of men of which the army consisted in the years 1822 and 1823, may be referred to. It will be seen by the Parliamentary Paper, No. 317 of the Session of 1832, page five, that the establishment of the army for the year 1822, was 82,054 men, and that the number of effectives in 1823, was 81,713 men; that is, nearly 15,000 men less than our present establishment, and only 5000 more than the number of men which is now proposed as the number of which the army ought to consist.

In the year 1823, the army, as it appears from this same document, was distributed as follows:

	Effectives, Rank and File.
In Great Britain, . .	13,062
Ireland, . . .	19,928
At home, . . .	32,990
In the colonies, - -	27,831
In India, - - -	20,892
Abroad, - - -	48,723
Total, -	81,713

The difference between this number of men which composed the army in 1823 and the number which is now proposed, consists in the proposed plan, allowing fewer men, by 440, for the army at home, and fewer, by 1831, for the army in the colonies, and by 3,412 for the East Indies.

But as the number now proposed to be kept in India, is the number which is now there, and which is considered sufficient, the only substantial difference between the proposed number of men and the number in 1823, is the smaller numbers to be kept, of 440 men at home, and of 1831 men in the colonies. This difference is so small, as to be in reality no difference at all; and therefore if the reduction of the army, which is now proposed, were carried into execution, the effect of it would be nothing, more or less, than bringing back the army to what it was in 1823; when we know, by experience, it was quite large enough for all the services it could be called upon to perform in a state of peace.

Those military statesmen who, in Parliament as well as out of it, are always endeavouring to keep up the army to the highest possible point, never cease asserting that it was too much reduced in 1822 and 1823; and they quote letters from general officers, acting as governors of colonies, in support of their asseverations. But nothing can be more silly than to give any credit to this kind of testimony. Every military governor considers his importance as vastly increased by the number of men he can produce in a review, and the number of red coats he can show at a levee or ball; and these governors never fail in finding specious excuses to send home, for an addition to the garrison or colony under their command. Our statesmen always take care, when they compare the present army with what it was in 1822 and 1823, to suppress the addition made to our marine force in 1823, by which 5000 men are always on shore, doing the duty of the garrisons of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, and Woolwich; and, in so doing, relieving the regular army to that extent; or, in other words, adding 5000 men to it. They also suppress the fact of nearly 7000 armed and disciplined constables having been embodied in Ireland, under the command of half-pay officers, forming a force in point of effectiveness, for the purpose of enforcing submission to the laws in Ireland, superior to the same number of regular troops; so that between the two forces of Marines on shore, and the Irish constables, a virtual addition has been made to the army of 12,000 men, since 1822; a circumstance which proves, beyond all question, that if our army were now reduced to what it was in 1822 and 1823, it would be amply sufficient for every national purpose.

In now proposing no greater reduction than 20,000 men, it is not by any means intended to convey an opinion that no greater reduction should hereafter be made. On the contrary, measures should be immediately taken for establishing a sufficient militia and police force in the West India Islands and Canada, so that in a short time the regular troops in our colonies may be reduced to 10,000 men; and if Ireland shall become tranquil, 5000 of the men in the army at home might also be reduced. Sir Henry Parnell says, in his work on Financial Reform: —"Another mode of reducing the army is by the getting rid of some of our foreign possessions. This would be the most effectual way; and there ought to be no hesitation about transferring some of them to other countries, and placing others under the East India Company. If this were done in a complete and perfect manner, and if also what has been suggested with respect to reducing the number of troops in our foreign possessions, and substituting a local police in the West Indies for part of the soldiers now employed, the number of rank and file to be voted annually for the army would on this plan be 65,000, instead of 95,791,—the number of the establishment of the army as it now exists."

Staff and General Officers of the Army.—There is no part of our expenditure where profusion is more palpable, than in that part of it which belongs to what is paid for the service of commanding our army. There are 436 General Officers; of these, 135 are colonels of regiments, who receive annually, according to the Report of the Committee on Army Appointments, the following annual rates of pay:—

Colonel of	1st Life Guards, .	L.1,800
Do.	2d do. . . .	1,800
Do.	other Regiments of Cavalry,	1,255 each
Do.	a Regiment of Cavalry in India, . .	1,516
Do.	Grenadier Guards, .	3,040
Do.	Coldstream do. .	2,135
Do.	Fusileer do. .	1,516
Do.	Regiments of Foot, .	1,050 each

These salaries make 135 perfect sinecures; as it is well known that a colonel of a regiment never does any duty with it.

A great number of other general officers are employed on the Foreign Staff. 270 general officers, who are not colonels of regiments or otherwise employed, receive amongst them L.114,000 a-year, in addition to their half-pay, under the warrant of 1814. The sinecure garrisons are held by general officers; and all the rest receive the half-pay of the rank they held when they were made Generals. The total sum received by the general officers, by one means or another, may be calculated at £424,000 a-year.*

COMMANDER-IN CHIEF.

The office of the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards is one that most particularly stands in need of reform. His salary is £9 a-day. Besides this the present Commander-in-Chief receives £1800 a-year as Colonel of a regiment of Life-Guards, £1221 as Governor of Plymouth, and £2000 from a pension charged on the Consolidated Fund,—in all, £8,497 a-year. He has four aides-de-camp, and is allowed forage for six-

* The following estimate will be found to be nearly correct.

Generals having regiments, -	£150,000
Generals on half pay, - -	60,000
Staff employments, - - -	20,000
Annual vote of Parliament, -	114,000
Pensions under Acts of Parliament,	20,000
Governorships of Garrisons, Chelsea and Kilmainham Hospitals, - -	30,000
Governorships of Colonies, - -	30,000
	£424,000

teen horses. In addition to all this he has a Chief Secretary with a salary of £2000, who is a General in the army and a Colonel of a regiment; and two Assistant-Secretaries, with salaries of £1400 a-year.

The charges for Clerks, Office-Keeper, Messengers, &c., amount to £3,300 a-year; making the whole annual charge of the office of Commander-in-Chief £12,512.

Connected with the office of Commander-in-Chief, there is the office of Adjutant-General. He has a salary of £1,383, with an allowance of £500 a-year, and forage for five horses. This officer is a General in the army, and a Colonel of a regiment, with forage for five horses. He has under him a Deputy-Adjutant General, with a salary of £840 a-year. This officer is also a General in the army and Colonel of a regiment. There are besides two Assistant-Adjutants General; also Clerks, Office-Keepers, Messengers, and other charges; making in all £8,393 for this office.

But there is farther connected with the office of Commander-in-Chief the office of Quarter-Master-General. He has a salary of £1,583, with an allowance of £500 a-year, and forage for five horses. He is a General in the army, a Colonel of a regiment, and Governor of Chelsea Hospital. The Quarter-Master-General has under him three Deputy-Quarter-Masters. The salaries of this office, with the charges for Clerks, Office-Keepers, Messengers, &c. amount to £6,514 a-year; so that the total charge on the public for the office of Commander-in-Chief is £27,419 a-year.

The Committee of last Session on Army Appointments made a recommendation in their Report, suggesting the propriety of reducing this expense; and this in a very decided manner, by referring to the evidence of a late Secretary at War, who had given an opinion that several thousand pounds might be saved. But when the present Secretary-at-War brought forward the Army Estimates this year, he informed the House he had not been able to give effect to the recommendation of the Committee.

This circumstance makes it proper to remark, that the vast expense of the office of the Commander-in-Chief is not the only matter to be complained of, respecting it. What is of still greater injury to the public interest, is the influence of this office in controlling the Secretary-at-War, and preventing a number of reductions which ought to be made to bring down the expenditure on the Army to a proper point. Formerly, the Secretary-at-War was an officer of as uncontrolled authority over the Army, as the first Lord of the Admiralty is over the Navy. But the Duke of York put the Secretary-at-War, by a course of long overbearing influence, in a situation of being little better than a head clerk. All the world knows how he defeated Lord Palmerston in his attempt to maintain the proper powers of his office, by obtaining an order from the late King, prohibiting the Secretary-at-War from taking any step of a financial character, without the consent of the Commander-in-Chief. All the world also knows how Mr. Wynn, Sir Henry Parnell, and Sir John Hobhouse, were successively defeated in various attempts which they made to reduce the expense of the Army; and at the present moment we see the Secretary-at-War unable to give effect to a strong recommendation of a Committee of the House of Commons.

The proper remedy for all this is to bring back the office of the Commander-in-Chief to what it formerly was, and always ought to have been; namely, only to perform the duty of commanding the army, as an Admiral commands the Channel Fleet; and to form a Board like the Admiralty Board to transact all the other business of the army, including promotion, and to discharge all the duties now performed by the Ordnance and the Commissariat departments.

There exists no reason whatever for keeping up the office of a Commander of the Forces in Ireland. The army in Ireland could be more effectually managed and commanded by the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards, and with Generals of Districts acting under him.

The establishing of steam post-office packets, and the expedition and certainty of communication in consequence of that and other post-office arrangements between London and Dublin, render the intermediate authority of an Irish Commander of the forces in Ireland unnecessary. The whole of the financial concerns of the army have been transferred from Dublin to the War Office; and the advantage which has been derived from this arrangement, and similar arrangements in other public affairs, makes it extremely desirable that the same principle of consolidation should be acted upon with respect to the command of the army in Ireland.

Number of Officers in the Army. The number of officers in the army on 1st July, 1831, was 14,368; of these 5,842 were on full-pay, and 6,834 on half-pay. This immense number of officers, being at the rate of one officer for every seven private soldiers, which costs the public so large a sum in half-pay, &c. is the result of the profuse and extravagant manner in which our military affairs have been conducted since the peace. If proper measures had then been taken, this number of officers would, by this time, have been reduced within a proper limit; but, instead of this, no less than 1,700 were appointed to commissions, without purchase, between 1815 and 1831;* and the system of filling up all death vacancies is still persevered in. A stop should be put to this practice altogether for three or four years, and afterwards only one death vacancy in five should be given away. Steps should also be taken to prevent officers who have obtained their commissions without purchase, from selling them. It is only by promptly taking these measures that the public can be relieved from the immense charge to which it is now subject for half-pay, pensions to officers' widows, and similar payments, which have their origin in our keeping up such an excessive num-

* See Parliamentary Return.

ber of officers more than our army requires, as has been kept up since the peace. But these payments do not form the whole of the expense imposed on the public, by having so many officers; for there can be but little doubt, that the army has been increased, staff-appointments created, and various projects adopted, not because there was any kind of necessity for any of these arrangements, but merely to find employment for the officers.

Clothing the Army.—In 1833 the sum of £255,000 was voted for clothing the army. This business is placed in the hands of the Colonels of regiments. A Colonel of cavalry is allowed £1,636 a-year, and a Colonel of infantry £2,186, each with the right to put as much of these allowances in his pocket as he can; provided he furnish clothing according to the prescribed regulations. It is impossible that any plan of executing a public service can be more objectionable than this is. It may be true that the Colonels find good clothing, and do not abuse the power which is given them of sacrificing the comforts of the soldier to their private interests; but, however correct the working of the plan may be, this circumstance can never justify continuing to act on so vicious a principle as that upon which it is founded. The committee, therefore, on Army Appointments of last session, came to a very incorrect decision, when they determined to recommend that this plan should still be acted upon.

Another reason for discontinuing it is the circumstance that the Board of Ordnance has proved, by having to furnish the clothing of some parts of the military force, that it can provide equally good clothing as that provided by the Colonels, at a smaller expense. The difference in favour of the Ordnance may be taken at 14s. a man; and this, on the number of men in the army, would make a saving of about £70,000 a-year. The right course, therefore, to be pursued, is to place the clothing of the army under the Ordnance Board. The evidence given by Colonels of regiments, and army clothiers, before the Committee on Army Appointments, with a view of showing that the Colonels are able to provide as cheap clothing as the Board of Ordnance, will have no weight with any one capable of forming a correct judgment on these matters; because it is morally impossible that individual Colonels, dealing with army clothiers, each for a small number of men, could make such advantageous bargains as the Board of Ordnance could make by well-managed contracts, if it had to clothe so large a number as 100,000 men.

There is still another reason for getting rid of the present system of clothing, and that is, there being no grounds to justify continuing to give to any Colonel of a regiment, hereafter appointed, the emolument which a Colonel now receives from the clothing allowance. His office as Colonel is a perfect sinecure; and if it should be decided not to abolish this class of sinecures, the pay a Colonel receives for holding the commission of Colonel, about £500 a-year, should be considered as amply sufficient, and the emolument from clothing should be discontinued. This would make a saving of £70,000 a-year.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

In the estimates of 1833, the sum of £47,883 was voted for the charge of that establishment. Of that sum about £23,000 is applicable to that part of the establishment which manages the out-pensions of soldiers; the remainder is expended on the salaries of governors and other officers on the establishment, the repairs and gardens of the hospital, and maintaining about 500 soldiers as in-pensioners.

As the warrants, under which the Governors and Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital act with respect to paying the soldiers' pensions are prepared at the War Office, and as in the regular course of conducting the business of the army, the information which is necessary for a proper superintendance of the granting of pensions is deposited in the War Office, it is obvious that the Secretary-at-War is the proper officer for carrying the provisions of the warrants into execution, and for doing what is requisite for securing a proper application of the money voted for pensions by Parliament. The great extent, as lately discovered, to which abuses have been carried with respect to soldiers' pensions, makes it highly expedient that the whole of the business belonging to the out-pensioners should be transferred to the War-Office.

If this measure were adopted, there would be no reason for continuing any longer to keep up the establishment at Chelsea. The soldiers derive no advantage from being admitted as *in*-pensioners. The rules of the hospital exclude all those soldiers who are incapable of taking care of themselves; and experience shows that men of good character and industrious habits are rarely candidates for admission. After being admitted, many apply for and receive permission to leave the hospital. In point of fact it is notorious that it is a matter of some difficulty to get pensioners to come into the hospitals.

The military establishment of the hospital, which manages the in-pensioners, consists of the following persons:—

	Pay.
Governor,	£500
Lieut.-Governor,	400
Major,	300
Adjutant,	100
Physician,	500
(And from other sources £600 a-year.)	
Surgeon,	£500
(And from other sources, £173, 7s. 6d.)	
Surgeon Deputy,	£150
Apothecary,	300
Dispenser,	100

In addition to their salaries, every officer has apartments in the hospital; also supplies of stationery, coals, wood, and candles, and an allowance in lieu of diet and furniture. In 1807, according to a return to the Committee of Finance

of 1828, £137, 13s. 6d. was paid for the expense of the Governor's garden.

The offices of Physician and Surgeon are sinecures.

The charge incurred for each pensioner for pay, food, and clothes, is about £31 per annum.

If the system of in-pensioners were abolished, and the establishment put down, there would be a saving to the public of about £13,000 a-year.

NON-EFFECTIVE MILITARY EXPENDITURE.

This expenditure in 1832 was as follows. On the

Army, . .	£2,790,091
Navy, . .	1,613,328
Ordnance, . .	351,477
Total,	£4,754,896

The charge for the army has been diminished, in four years, from 1828, only L.350,000. The charge for the navy has been increased, since 1828, by L.77,000; and that for the ordnance diminished, since 1828, only by L.189,000. The present charge for the non-effective expenditure of the ordnance, is nearly what the whole charge for this service was before 1793.

This statement makes it evident that unless the plan is soon changed, according to which this charge on the public has been established, and is now going on, that it will become a permanent charge, instead of being one which should have been diminishing considerably every year since the war.

If to the above non-effective expenditure be added what is annually paid for civil pensions, and superannuation allowance, the account of what is paid by the public for non-effective services of all kinds will be as follows:

Non-effective military expenditure,	£4,754,896
Pensioners, (taken as the same as in 1828,) . . .	772,762
Superannuation, do. do. .	485,990
Total .	£6,013,688

This great amount of the non-effective expenditure in the army, navy, and ordnance, shows the profusion and the want of due consideration for the public interests, with which everything in the nature of pensions, half-pay, and retired allowances, has been regulated.

In order to protect the public, for the future, from this system of making provision out of the public purse for so many thousand persons who, while in active service, receive full remuneration for their time and trouble, it may be well to consider whether any individual not now in public service, who shall be hereafter appointed to any civil or military employment, should be allowed to receive any pension, half-pay, or superannuation allowance, except in special cases, and under the responsibility of Government.

At all events the present rates of all kinds of non-effective pay should be reduced, and the regulations under which they are granted, revised, and made much more strict. No officer should be allowed to receive half-pay till after five years active service in the field, or fifteen years' other service. The pay of all soldiers who hereafter enter the army should be reduced twopence a-day, and their pensions should be reduced one-half; and all other military pensions should be reduced at least one-fourth.

Since the foregoing pages were put in types, the army estimates for 1834 have been voted by the House of Commons. They show some improvement. Seven thousand men are to be reduced. The office of Comptrollers of Army Accounts is to be abolished, and the in-pensioners of Kilmainham are to be removed to Chelsea; but all this is very little in comparison with what ought to be done.

The House of Commons by their votes this session, on the Navy and Army Estimates, has displayed either excessive ignorance of these subjects, or most culpable neglect of its duty. If the constituent body suffers it to vote away the public money in this manner, they have no right to call on ministers to repeal taxes. The divisions on Mr. Hume's motions for reductions in the Naval and Army Establishments, prove that the present House is much inferior to any former House of Commons in promoting effectual economy.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS; FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.

Continued from last Number.

IRELAND was still smoking with the embers of rebellion; and Lord Cornwallis, who had been sent expressly to extinguish it, and was said to have fulfilled his mission with energy and success, was then the Lieutenant, and was regarded at that moment with more interest than any other public man. Accordingly I was not sorry when, two mornings after our arrival, my friend's father said to us at breakfast, "Now, if you wish to see what I call a great man, go with me this morning, and I will take you to see Lord Cornwallis; for that man, who has given peace both to the East and to the West, I must consider in the light of a great man." We willingly accompanied the Earl to the Phœnix Park, where the Lord Lieutenant was then residing, and were privately presented to him. I had seen an engraving (celebrated, I believe, in its day) of Lord Cornwallis receiving the young Mysore princes as hostages at Seringapatam; and I knew the outline of his public services. This gave me an additional interest in seeing him: but I was disappointed to find no traces in his manner of the energy and activity I presumed him to possess; he seemed, on the contrary, slow or even heavy, but kind and benevolent in a degree which won the confidence at once. Him we saw often; for Lord A—— took us with him wherever and whenever we wished; and me in particular, it often gratified highly to see persons

of historical names,—names, I mean, historically connected with the great events of Elizabeth's or Cromwell's era, attending at the Phœnix Park. But the persons whom I remember most distinctly of all whom I was then in the habit of seeing, were Lord Clare, the Chancellor, the late Lord Londonderry, (then Castlereagh,) at that time the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, (since, I believe, created Lord Oriel.) With the Speaker, indeed, Lord A—— had more intimate connexions than with any other public man; both being devoted to the encouragement and personal superintendence of great agricultural improvements. Both were bent on patronizing and promoting, by examples diffused extensively on their own estates, the introduction of English husbandry,—English improved breeds of cattle,—and, when it was possible, English capital and skill, into the rural economy of Ireland. Amongst the splendid spectacles I witnessed, as the most splendid I may mention an Installation of the Knights of St. Patrick. There were six knights installed on this occasion: one of the six was Lord A——, my friend's father. He had no doubt received his ribbon as a reward for his Parliamentary votes, and especially in the matter of the Union; yet, from all his conversation upon that question, and the general conscientiousness of his private life, I am convinced that he acted all along upon patriotic motives, and his real views (whether right or wrong) of the Irish interests. One chief reason, indeed, which detained us in Dublin, was the necessity of attending this particular Installation. At one time he designed to take his son and myself for the two esquires who attend the new made knight, according to the ritual of this ceremony; but that plan was subsequently laid aside, on learning that the other five knights were to be attended by adults: and thus, from being partakers as actors, my friend and I became simple spectators of this splendid scene, which took place in the cathedral of St. Patrick. So easily does mere external pomp slip out of the memory, as to all its circumstantial items, leaving behind nothing beyond the general impression, that at this moment I remember no one incident of the whole ceremonial, except that some foolish person laughed aloud as the knights went up with their offerings to the altar, apparently at Lord A———, who happened to be lame: a singular instance of levity to exhibit within the walls of such a building, and at the most solemn part of the whole ceremony. Lord W. and I. sat with Lord and Lady Castlereagh. They were then both young, and both wore an impressive appearance of youthful happiness; neither, fortunately for their peace of mind, able to pierce that cloud of years, not much more than twenty, which divided them from the day destined in one hour to wreck the happiness of both. We had met both, on other occasions; and their conversation, through the course of that day's pomps, was the most interesting circumstance to me, and the one I remember with most distinctness, of all that belonged to the Installation. By the way, I remember that one morning at breakfast, on occasion of some conversation arising about Irish Bulls, I made an agreement with Lord A——— to note down in a memorandum-book every thing throughout my stay in Ireland which, to my feeling as an Englishman, should seem to be, or to approach to a bull. And this day, at dinner, I reported from Lady Castlereagh's conversation, what struck me as a bull. Lord A——— laughed, and said, My dear X. Y. Z., I am sorry that it should so happen: your bull is certainly a bull:* but *as* certainly Lady C. is your countrywoman, and not an Irishwoman at all. This was a bad beginning certainly: but was Lord A——— quite accurate? Lady C. was a daughter of Lord Buckinghamshire; and her maiden name was Lady E. Hobart.

One other public scene there was about this time in Dublin, to the eye less captivating, but far more so in a moral sense. This was the final ratification of the Bill which united Ireland to Great Britain. I do not know that any one public act, or celebration, or solemnity, in my time, did, or could so much engage my profoundest sympathies. Wordsworth's fine sonnet on the extinction of the Venetian Republic had not then been published, else the last two lines would have expressed my feelings. After admitting that changes had taken place in Venice, which in a manner challenged and presumed this last and mortal change, the poet closes thus—

> "Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
> Of that which once was great has pass'd away."

But here the previous circumstances were far different from those of Venice, nay opposite. *There* we saw a superannuated and paralytic State, sinking at any rate into the grave, and yielding, to the touch of military violence, that only which a short lapse of years must inevitably have yielded to internal decay. *Here*, on the contrary, we saw a young eagle, rising into power, and robbed prematurely of her natural titles of honour, only because she did not comprehend their value, and because at this great crisis she had no champion. Ireland, in a political sense, was surely then in her youth, considering the prodigious development she has since experienced in population, and in resources of all kinds.

The day, the important day, had been long looked forward to by me; no doubt also by my young friend; for he was a keen lover of Ire-

* The idea of a *Bull* is even yet undefined; which is most extraordinary, considering that Miss Edgeworth has applied all her tact and illustrative power, to furnish the *matter* for such a definition; and Mr. Coleridge, all his philosophic subtlety, to furnish its *form*. But both have been too fastidious in their admission of bulls. Thus, for example, Miss Edgeworth rejects, as no true bull, the common Joe Miller story, that, upon two Irishmen reaching Barnet, and being told that it was still twelve miles to London, one of them replied,—"Ah! just six miles *apace*." This, says Miss E., is no bull, but a sentimental remark on the maxim, that friendship divides our pains. Nothing of the kind: Miss Edgeworth cannot have understood it. The bull is a true, perfect, and almost ideal specimen of the genus.

land, and jealous of whatever appeared to touch her honour. But it was not for him to say anything which should seem to impeach his father's patriotism in voting for the Union, and promoting it through his borough influence. Yet oftentimes it seemed to me, when I introduced the subject, and sought to learn from Lord A——— the main grounds which had reconciled him and other men, anxious for the welfare of Ireland, to a measure which at least robbed her of some splendour, and, above all, robbed her of a name and place amongst the independent States of Europe,—that both father and son would not have been displeased, had some great popular violence put force upon the recorded will of Parliament, and compelled the two Houses to perpetuate themselves. Dolorous they must of course have looked, in mere consistency; but I fancied that internally they would have laughed. Lord A———, I am certain, believed (as multudes believed) that Ireland would be bettered by the commercial advantages conceded to her as an integral province of the empire, and would have benefits which, as an independent kingdom, she had not. I doubt not that this expectation was realized. But let us ask, Could not a large part of these benefits have been secured to Ireland, remaining as she was? were they, in any sense, dependent on the sacrifice of her separate Parliament? For my part I believe that Mr. Pitt's motive for insisting on a legislative union was, in a small proportion perhaps, the somewhat elevated desire to connect his own name with the historical changes of the empire; to have it stamped, not on events so fugitive as those of war and peace, liable to oblivion; but on the permanent relations of its integral parts. In a still larger proportion I believe his motive to have been one of pure convenience, the wish to exonerate himself from the intolerable vexation of a double Cabinet and a double Parliament. In a government such as ours, so care-laden at any rate, it is certainly most harassing to have the task of soliciting a measure by management and influence twice over,—and two refractory gangs to discipline, instead of one. It must also be conceded that, neither management nor treasury influence could *always* avail to prevent injurious collisions between acts of the Irish and the British Parliaments. In Dublin, as in London, the Government must lay its account with being occasionally out-voted; this would be likely to happen peculiarly upon Irish questions. And acts of favour or protection, would, at times, pass, on behalf of Irish interests, not only clashing with more general ones of the central government, but indirectly also, [from the virtual consolidation of the Irish territory with the larger island since the æra of steam,] opening endless means for evading British acts, even within their own acknowledged sphere of operation. On these considerations, even an Irishman must grant that public convenience called for the absorption of all local or provincial supremacies into the central supremacy. And there were two brief arguments which gave weight to those considerations; first, that the evils likely to arise (and which in France *have* arisen) from what is termed, in modern politics, the principle of *centralization*, have been for us either evaded or neutralized. The provinces, to the very furthest nook of these "nook-shotten" islands, react upon London as powerfully as London acts upon *them;* so that no counterpoise is required with us, as in France, to any inordinate influence at the centre. Secondly, the very pride and jealousy, which could dictate the retention of an independent Parliament, would effectually preclude any modern "Poyning's Act," having, for its object, to prevent the collision of the local with the central government. Each would be supreme within its own sphere, and those spheres could not but clash. The separate Irish Parliament was originally no badge of honour or independence: it began in motives of convenience, or perhaps necessity, at a period when the communication was difficult, slow, and interrupted. A Parliament which arose on that footing, it was possible to guard by a Poyning's Act, making, in effect, all laws null, which should happen to contradict the supreme or central will. But no law, in a corresponding temper, could avail to limit the jurisdiction of a Parliament which had been confessedly retained on a principle of national honour. Upon every consideration, therefore, of convenience, and for the public service generally, and for the quick despatch of business, the absorption of the local into the central Parliament was now loudly called for; and *that* Irishman only could consistently oppose the measure, who should take his stand upon principles transcending convenience; looking, in fact, singly to the honour and dignity of a country which it was annually less absurd to suppose capable of an independent existence.

Meantime in those days, Ireland had no adequate champion: the Hoods and the Grattans were not up to the mark. Refractory as they were, they moved within the paling of order and decorum; they were not the Titans for a war against the heavens. When the public feeling beckoned and loudly supported them, they could follow a lead which they appeared to head; but they could not create such a body of public feeling, nor lead and head where they seemed to follow. Consequently that great opening for a turbulent son of thunder passed unimproved; and the great day drew near without symptoms of tempest. At last it arrived; and I remember nothing which indicated as much ill-temper in the public mind as I have seen on many hundreds of occasions, trivial by comparison, in London. My young friend and I were determined to lose no part of the scene, and we went down with Lord A—— to the House. It was about the middle of the day, and a great mob filled the whole space about the two houses. As Lord A——'s coach drew up to the steps of the entrance, we heard a prodigious hissing and hooting; and I was really agitated to think that Lord A——, whom I loved and respected, would have to make his way through a tempest of pub-

lic wrath; a situation more terrific to him than to others, from his embarrassed walking. I found, however, that I might have spared my anxiety; the subject of commotion was simply, that Major Sirr, or Major Swan, I forget which, so celebrated in those days for their energy, as leaders of the police, had detected a person in the act of mistaking some other man's pocket handkerchief for his own. No storm of any kind awaited us, and yet at that moment there was no other arrival to divide the public attention; for in order that we might see every thing from first to last, we were amongst the very earliest parties. Neither did our party escape under any mistake of the crowd; silence had succeeded to the uproar caused by the tender meeting between the thief and the Major; and a man who stood in a conspicuous situation, proclaimed aloud to those below him, the name or title of members as they entered. "That," said he, "is the Earl of A——,—the lame gentleman I mean." Perhaps, however, his knowledge did not extend so far as to the politics of a nobleman who had taken no violent or factious part in public affairs. At least the dreaded insults did not follow, or only in the very feeblest manifestations. We entered; and, by way of seeing everything, we went even to the robing room. The man who presented his robes to Lord A——, seemed to me, of all whom I saw on that day, the only one who wore a face of grief; his voice and manner also marked a depression of spirits. But whether this indicated the loss of a lucrative situation, or was really disinterested sorrow; and, if such, whether for a private loss, or out of a patriotic trouble at the knowledge that he was now officiating for the last time, I cannot say. The House of Lords, decorated (if I remember) with hangings, representing the battle of the Boyne, was nearly empty when we entered. Lord A—— took this opportunity of explaining to us the whole course and arrangement of public business on ordinary occasions, and also of rehearsing the chief circumstances in the coming ceremonial.

Gradually the house filled: beautiful women sate intermingled amongst the Peers; and, in one party of these, surrounded by a bevy of admirers, we saw our fair, but frail enchantress of the packet. She, on her part, saw and recognised us by an affable nod; no stain upon her cheek, indicating that she suspected to what extent she was indebted to our discretion; for we had not so much as mentioned to Lord A—— the scene which chance had revealed to us. Then came a stir within the house, and an uproar resounding from without, which announced the arrival of his Excellency. Entering the house, he also, like the other Peers, wheeled round to the throne, and made to the vacant seat a profound homage. Then commenced the public business, in which, if I recollect, the Chancellor played the most conspicuous part,—that Chancellor, of whom it was affirmed in those days by a political opponent, that he might swim in the innocent blood which he had caused to be shed. Then were summoned to the bar—summoned for the last time—the gentlemen of the House of Commons; in the van of whom, and drawing all eyes upon himself, stood Lord Castlereagh. Then came the recitation of many acts passed during the session, and the sounding ratification, the jovial

"Annuit, et nutu totum tremefecit Olympum,"

contained in the *Soit fait comme il est desiré*, or the more peremptory *Le Roi le veut*. At which point, in the order of succession, came the Royal assent to the Union Bill, I do not distinctly recollect. But this I *do* recollect—that no audible expression, no buzz even, testified the feelings which, doubtless, lay concealed and rankling in many bosoms. Setting apart all public or patriotic considerations, even then I said to myself, as I surveyed the whole assemblage of ermined Peers—How is it, and by what unaccountable magic, that William Pitt can have prevailed on all these hereditary legislators and heads of patrician houses, to renounce so easily, with nothing worth the name of a struggle, and with no indemnification, the very brightest jewel in their coronets? This morning they all rose from their couches Peers of Parliament, individual pillars of the realm, indispensable parties to every law that is passed. To-morrow they will be nobody—men of straw—*terræ filii*. What madness has persuaded them to part with their birthright, and to cashier themselves and their children for ever into mere titular Lords? As to the Commoners at the bar, *their* case was different: they had no life estate at all events in their honours; and they might have the same chance for entering the Imperial Parliament amongst the hundred Irish members, as for reentering a native Parliament. Neither, again, amongst the Peers was the case at all equal. Several of the higher had English titles, which would, at any rate, open the central Parliament to their ambition. That privilege, I believe, attached to Lord A——. And he, in any case, from his large property, was tolerably sure of finding his way thither—[as in fact for the rest of his life he always *did*]—amongst the twenty-eight representative Peers. The wonder was in the case of petty and obscure Lords, who had no weight personally, and none in right of their estates. Of these men, as they were notoriously not enriched by Mr. Pitt, as the distribution of honours was not very large, and no honour could countervail the one they lost,—of these men I could not, and cannot fathom the policy. Thus much I am sure of,—that, had such a measure been proposed by a political speculator previously to Queen Anne's reign, he would have been scouted as a dreamer and a visionary, who calculated upon men being generally somewhat worse than Esau, viz. giving up their birthrights, and *without* the mess of pottage. However, on this memorable day, the Union was ratified; the Bill received the Royal assent, without a murmur or a whisper one way or other. Perhaps there might be a little pause,—a silence like that which follows an earthquake; but there was no

plain-spoken Lord Belhaven, as on the corresponding occasion in Edinburgh, to fill up the silence with, "So, there's an end of an auld sang!" All was, or looked courtly, and free from vulgar emotion. One person only I remarked whose features were suddenly illuminated by a smile, a sarcastic smile, as I felt it. It was Lord Castlereagh; who, at the moment when the irrevocable words were pronounced, looked earnestly, and with a penetrating glance amongst a party of ladies. His own wife was one of the party; but I did not discover the particular object on whom his smile had settled. After this I had no leisure to be interested in anything which followed. "You are all," thought I to myself, "a pack of vagabonds henceforward, and interlopers, with no more right to be here than myself." Apparently they thought so themselves; for soon after this solemn *fiat* of Jove had gone forth, their Lordships, having no farther title to their robes, (for which I could not help wishing that a party of Jewish old clothesmen would at this moment have appeared, to bid a shum of moneysh,) made what haste they could to lay them aside for ever. The House dispersed much more rapidly than it had assembled. Major Sirr was found outside, just where we left him, laying down the law (as before) about pocket-handkerchiefs to old and young practitioners; and all parties adjourned to find what consolation they might in the great evening event of dinner.

Thus we were set at liberty from Dublin. Parliaments and installations, and masqued balls, with all other secondary splendours in celebration of original splendours, at length had ceased to shine upon the Irish metropolis. The "season," as it is called in great cities, was over; unfortunately, the last season of all that were ever destined to illuminate the society, or to stimulate the domestic trade of Dublin. It began to be thought scandalous to be found in town: *nobody*, in fact, remained, except some two hundred thousand people who never did, nor ever would, wear ermine; and in all Ireland there remained nothing at all to attract, except *that* which no King, and no two Houses can, by any conspiracy, abolish, viz. the beauty of her most verdant scenery. I speak of that part which chiefly it is that I know,—the scenery of the west,—Connaught especially; and in Connaught, especially Mayo. There it was, and in the county next adjoining, that Lord A——'s large estates were situated; the family mansion and beautiful park being in Mayo. Thither, as nothing else now remained to divert us from what, in fact, we had thirsted for throughout the heats of summer, and throughout the magnificences of the capital, at length we set off by slow and very circuitous movements. Making but short journeys on each day, and resting always at the house of some private friend, I thus obtained an opportunity of seeing the old Irish nobility and gentry more extensively, and on a more intimate footing than I had hoped for. No experience, in my whole life, so much interested, or so much surprised me. In a little work, not much known, of Suetonius, the most interesting record which survives of the early Roman literature, [*De illustribus Grammaticis,*] it comes out incidentally that many books, many idioms, and verbal peculiarities belonging to the primitive ages of Roman culture, were to be found still lingering in the old Roman settlements, both Gaulish and Spanish, long after they had become obsolete (and sometimes unintelligible) in Rome. From the tardiness and the difficulty of communication, the want of newspapers, &c., it followed naturally enough that the distant provincial towns, though not without their literature and their literary professors, were always one or two generations in the rear of the metropolis; and thus it happened that, about the time of Augustus, there were some grammatici in Rome, answering to our black-letter critics, who sought the material of their researches in Boulogne [*Gessoriacum,*] in Arles, [*Arelata,*] or in Marseilles, [*Massilia.*] Now, the old Irish nobility—that part I mean which might be called the rural nobility—stood in the same relation to English manners and customs. Here might be found old rambling houses, in the style of antique English manorial chateaux, ill planned as regarded convenience and economy, with long rambling galleries, and "passages that lead to nothing," windows innumerable that evidently had never looked for that severe audit to which they were summoned by William Pitt; not unfrequently with a traditional haunted bed-chamber; but displaying, in the dwelling-rooms, a comfort and "coziness" not so effectually attained in modern times. Here were old libraries, old butlers, and old customs, that seemed all alike to belong to the era of Cromwell, or even an earlier era than his; whilst the ancient names, to one who was tolerably familiar with the great events of Irish history, often strengthened the illusion. Not that I could pretend to be familiar with Irish history *as* Irish: but as a conspicuous chapter in the difficult policy of Queen Elizabeth, of Charles I., and of Cromwell, nobody who had read the English history could be a stranger to the O'Niells, the O'Donnels, the Ormonds, [*i. e.* the Butlers,] the Inchiquins, or the De Burghs. I soon found in fact that the aristocracy of Ireland might be divided into two great sections—the native Irish—those who might be viewed as territorial fixtures; and those who spent so much of their time and revenues at Bath, Cheltenham, Weymouth, London, &c., as to have become almost entirely English. It was the former whom we chiefly visited; and I remarked that, in the midst of hospitality the most unbounded, and the amplest comfort, some of these were in the rear of the English commercial gentry, as to modern refinements of luxury. There was, at the same time, an apparent strength of character, as if formed amidst turbulent scenes, and a raciness of manner, which interested me profoundly, and impressed themselves on my recollection.

In our road to Mayo, we were often upon

ground rendered memorable not only by historical events, but more recently by the disastrous scenes of the rebellion, by its horrors or its calamities. On reaching W—— House, we found ourselves in situations and a neighbourhood which had become the very centre of the final military operations, which had succeeded to the main rebellion, and which, to the people of England, and still more to the people of the Continent, had offered a character of interest wanting to the inartificial movements of Father Roche and Bagenal Harvey. About two months after the great defeat and subsequent dispersion of the rebel army, amounting, perhaps, to 25,000 men, with a considerable though small artillery, at Vinegar Hill; a French force of about 900 men had landed on the western coast, and again stirred up the Irish to insurrection. Had the descent been in time to co-operate with the insurgents of Wexford, Kildare, and Wicklow, it would have organized the powerful materials of revolt, in a way calculated to distress the Government, and to perplex it in a memorable degree. There cannot be a doubt, considering the misconduct of the Royal army, in all its branches, at that period of imperfect discipline, that Ireland would have been lost for a time. Whether the French Government, considering the feebleness and insufficiency of the Directory, would have improved the opportunity, is doubtful. It is also doubtful whether, under a government of greater energy, our naval vigilance would not have intercepted or overtaken any expedition upon a sufficient scale. But it is certain that, had the same opening presented itself to the energy of Napoleon, it would have been followed up at whatever sacrifice of men, shipping, or stores.

I was naturally led, by hearing on every side the conversation reverting to the dangers and tragic incidents of the era, separated from us by not quite two years, to make inquiries of every body who had personally participated in the commotions. Records there were on every side, and memorials even in our bed-rooms, of the visit of the French; for they had occupied W—— House in some strength. The largest town in our neighbourhood was Castlebar, distant about eleven Irish miles. To this it was that the French addressed their very earliest efforts. Advancing rapidly, and with their usual style of affected confidence, they had obtained at first a degree of success which was almost surprising to their own insolent vanity, and which was long afterwards a subject of bitter mortification to our own army. Had there been at this point any energy at all corresponding to that of the enemy, or commensurate to the intrinsic superiority of our own troops as to real courage, the French would have been compelled to lay down their arms. The experience of those days, however, showed how deficient is the finest composition of an army, unless when its martial qualities have been developed by practice; and how liable is all courage, when utterly inexperienced, to sudden panics. This gasconading advance, which would have foundered entirely against a single battalion of the troops which fought in 1812-13 amongst the Pyrenees, was here completely successful.

The Bishop of this See, Dr. Stock, with his whole household, and, indeed, his whole pastoral charge, became on this occasion prisoners to the French. The head-quarters were fixed for a time in the Episcopal Palace: the French Commander-in-chief, General Humbert, and his staff, lived in the house, and maintained a daily intercourse with the Bishop; who thus became well fitted to record (which he soon afterwards did in an anonymous pamphlet) the leading circumstances of the French incursion, and the consequent insurrection in Connaught, as well as the most striking features in the character and deportment of the Republican officers. Riding over the scene of these transactions daily for some months, in company with the Dean of F——, whose sacred character had not prevented him from taking that military part which seemed, in those difficult moments, a duty of elementary patriotism laid upon all alike,—I enjoyed many opportunities for correcting or verifying the statements of the worthy Bishop, and of collecting anecdotes of interest. The small body of French troops, which undertook this remote service, had been detached in one-half from the army of the Rhine; the other half had served under Napoleon in his first foreign campaign—the brilliant one of 1796, which accomplished the conquest of northern Italy. Those from Germany showed, by their looks and their meagre condition, how much they had suffered; and some of them, in describing their hardships, told their Irish acquaintance, that, during the siege of Mentz, which had occurred in the previous winter of 1797, they had slept in holes made four feet below the surface of the snow. One officer declared solemnly that he had not once undressed, further than by taking off his coat, for a period of twelve months. The private soldiers had all the essential qualities fitting them for a difficult and trying service: "intelligence, activity, temperance, patience to a surprising degree, together with the exactest discipline." This is the statement of their truly candid and upright enemy. "Yet," says the Bishop, with all these martial qualities, "if you except the grenadiers, they had nothing to catch the eye. Their stature, for the most part, was low,—their complexion pale and yellow,—their clothes much the worse for wear; to a superficial observer they would have appeared incapable of enduring any hardship. These were the men, however, of whom it was presently observed, that they could be well content to live on bread or potatoes, to drink water, to make the stones of the street their bed, and to sleep in their clothes, with no covering but the canopy of heaven."

It may well be imagined in what terror the families of Killala heard of a French invasion, and the necessity of immediately receiving a republican army. *Sansculottes*, as these men were, all over Europe they had the reputation of pursuing a ferocious marauding policy; in fact they were held little better than sanguinary brigands.

In candour, it must be admitted that their conduct at Killala belied these reports; though, on the other hand, an obvious interest obliged them to a more pacific demeanour in a land which they saluted as friendly, and designed to raise into extensive insurrection. The French army, so much dreaded, at length arrived. The General and his staff entered the palace; and the first act of one officer, on coming into the dining-room, was to advance to the sideboard, sweep all the plate into a basket, and deliver it to the Bishop's butler, with a charge to carry it off to a place of security.

The French officers, with the detachment left under their orders by the Commander-in-chief, stayed about one month at Killala. This period allowed opportunities enough for observing individual differences of character, and the general tone of their manners. These opportunities were not thrown away upon the Bishop; he noticed with a critical eye, and he recorded on the spot, whatever fell within his own experience. Had he, however, happened to be a political or courtier Bishop, his record would, perhaps, have been suppressed; and at any rate it would have been coloured by prejudice. As it was, I believe it to have been the perfectly honest testimony of an honest man; and, considering the minute circumstantiality of its delineations, I do not believe that, throughout the whole revolutionary war, any one document was made public which throws so much light on the quality and composition of the French Republican armies. On this consideration I shall extract a few passages from the Bishop's personal sketches; a thing which I should not have done but for two reasons,—1st, That the original pamphlet is now forgotten, though so well worthy of preservation; 2dly, That my own information from the Hon. D—— B———, and from the Dean of F———, who both rode with his Majesty's cavalry during that service, and personally witnessed many of the most important scenes in that local insurrection of Connaught, as well as in the furious and more national insurrection which had terminated in effect at Vinegar Hill, enabled me to check the Bishop's statements. It was upon the very estates of these gentlemen, or of their nearest relatives, that the French had planted their garrisons; and the Deanery of F——— was not above six miles from Enniscorthy, close to which was the encampment of Vinegar Hill. So that both enjoyed unexampled opportunities for observing the most circumstantial features in each field of these two local wars.

The Commander-in-chief of the French armament is thus delineated by the Bishop:—

"Humbert, the leader of this singular body of men, was himself as extraordinary a personage as any in his army. Of a good height and shape, in the full vigour of life, prompt to decide, quick in execution, apparently master of his art, you could not refuse him the praise of a good officer, while his physiognomy forbade you to like him as a man. His eye, which was small and sleepy, (the effect, perhaps, of much watching,) cast a sidelong glance of insidiousness and even of cruelty: it was the eye of a cat preparing to spring upon her prey. His education and manners were indicative of a person sprung from the lower orders of society, though he knew how to assume, when it was convenient, the deportment of a gentleman. For learning, he had scarcely enough to enable him to write his name. His passions were furious; and all his behaviour seemed marked with the character of roughness and insolence. A narrower observation of him, however, seemed to discover that much of this roughness was the result of art, being assumed with the view of extorting by terror a ready compliance with his commands. Of this truth the Bishop himself was one of the first who had occasion to be made sensible."

The particular occasion here alluded to by the Bishop, arose out of the first attempts to effect the disembarkation of the military stores and equipments from the French shipping, as also to forward them when landed. The case was one of extreme urgency; and proportionate allowance must be made for the French General. Every moment might bring the British cruisers in sight—two important expeditions had already been baffled in that way—and the absolute certainity, known to all parties alike, that delay under these circumstances, was tantamount to ruin, that upon a difference of ten or fifteen minutes, this way or that, might happen to hinge the whole issue of the expedition;—this consciousness, I say, gave, unavoidably to every demur at this critical moment, the colour of treachery. Neither boats, nor carts, nor horses, could be obtained; the owners most imprudently and selfishly retiring from that service. Such being the extremity, the French General made the Bishop responsible for the execution of his orders: the Bishop had really no means to enforce his commission, and failed. Upon this General Humbert threatened to send his Lordship, together with his whole family, prisoners of war to France, and assumed the air of a man violently provoked. Here came the crisis for determining the Bishop's weight amongst his immediate flock, and his hold upon their affections. One great Bishop, not far off, would, on such a trial, have been exultingly consigned to his fate: that I well know; for Lord W. and I, merely as his visiters, were attacked so fiercely with stones, that we were obliged to forbear going out, unless in broad daylight. Luckily the Bishop of Killala had shown himself a Christian pastor, and now he reaped the fruits of his goodness. The public selfishness gave way, when the danger of the Bishop was made known. The boats, the carts, the horses, were now liberally brought in from their lurking places; the artillery and stores were landed; and the drivers of the carts, &c., were paid in drafts upon the Irish Directory, which (if it were an aerial coin) served at least to mark an unwillingness in the enemy to adopt violent modes of hostility, and ultimately became available in the very character assigned to them by

the French General; not, indeed, as drafts upon the Rebel, but as claims upon the equity of the English Government.

The officer left in command at Killala, when the presence of the Commander-in-chief was required elsewhere, bore the name of Charost. He was a lieutenant-colonel, aged forty-five years, the son of a Parisian watchmaker. Having been sent over at an early age, to the unhappy island of St. Domingo, with a view to some connexions there by which he hoped to profit, he had been fortunate enough to marry a young woman, who brought him a plantation for her dowry, which was reputed to have yielded him a revenue of £2000 sterling per annum. But this, of course, all went to wreck in one day, upon that mad decree of the French Convention, which proclaimed liberty, without distinction, without restrictions, and without gradations, to the unprepared and ferocious negroes. Even his wife and daughter would have perished simultaneously with his property, but for English protection, which delivered them from the black sabre, and transferred them to Jamaica. There, however, though safe, they were, as respected Colonel Charost, unavoidably captives; and "his eyes would fill," says the Bishop, "when he told the family that he had not seen these dear relatives for six years past, nor even had tidings of them for the last three years." On his return to France, finding that to have been a watchmaker's son was no longer a bar to the honours of the military profession, he had entered the army, and had risen by merit to the rank which he now held. "He had a plain, good understanding. He seemed careless or doubtful of revealed religion; but said that he believed in God; was inclined to think that there must be a future state; and was very sure, that, while he lived in this world, it was his duty to do all the good to his fellow-creatures that he could. Yet what he did not exhibit in his own conduct he appeared to respect in others; for he took care that no noise nor disturbance should be made in the castle (*i. e.* the Bishop's palace) on Sundays, while the family, and many Protestants from the town, were assembled in the library at their devotions.

"Boudet, the next in command, was a captain of foot, twenty-eight years old. His father, he said, was still living, though sixty-seven years old when he was born. His height was six feet two inches. In person, complexion, and gravity, he was no inadequate representation of the Knight of La Mancha, whose example he followed in a recital of his own prowess and wonderful exploits, delivered in measured language, and an imposing seriousness of aspect." The Bishop represents him as vain and irritable, but distinguished by good feeling and principle. Another officer was Ponson, described as five feet six inches high, lively, and animated in excess, volatile, noisy, and chattering, *a l'outrance*. "He was hardy," says the Bishop, "and patient to admiration of labour and want of rest." And of this last quality the following wonderful illustration is given:—"A continued watching of *five days and nights together*, when the rebels were growing desperate for prey and mischief, *did not appear to sink his spirits in the smallest degree*." This particular sort of strength has nothing in common with strength of muscle: I shall have occasion to notice it again in some remarks, which I may venture to style *important*, on the secret of happiness, so far as it depends upon physical means. The power of supporting long vigils is connected closely with diet. A few great truths on that subject, little known to men in general, are capable of making a revolution in human welfare. For it is undeniable that a sane state of the animal nature is the *negative* condition of happiness: that is to say, such a condition being present, happiness will not follow as the inevitable result; but, in the absence of such a condition, it *is* inevitable that there will be no happiness.

Contrasting with the known and well-established rapacity of the French army in *all* its ranks, (not excepting those who have the decoration of the Legion of Honour,) the severe honesty of these particular officers, we must come to the conclusion that they had been *selected* for their tried qualities of abstinence and self-control. Of this same Ponson, the last-described, the Bishop declares that "he was strictly honest, and could not bear the absence of this quality in others; so that his patience was pretty well tried by his Irish allies." At the same time, he expressed his contempt for religion, in a way which the Bishop saw reason for ascribing to vanity—"the miserable affectation of appearing worse than he really was." One officer there was, named *Truc*, whose brutality recalled the impression, so disadvantageous to French republicanism, which else had been partially effaced by the manners and conduct of his comrades. To him the Bishop (and not the Bishop only, but every one of my own informants, to whom Truc had been familiarly known) ascribes "a front of brass, an incessant fraudful smile, manners altogether vulgar, and in his dress and person a neglect of cleanliness, even beyond the affected negligence of republicans."

Truc, however, happily, was not leader; and the principles or the policy of his superiors prevailed. To them, not merely in their own conduct, but also in their way of applying that influence which they held over their very bigoted allies, the Protestants of Connaught were under deep obligations. Speaking merely as to property, the honest Bishop renders the following justice to the enemy:—"And here it would be an act of great injustice to the excellent discipline constantly maintained by these invaders while they remained in our town,—not to remark that, with every temptation to plunder, which the time and the number of valuable articles within their reach presented to them in the Bishop's palace, from a sideboard of plate and glasses, a hall filled with hats, whips, and great-coats, as well of the guests as of the family, not a single particular of private property was found to have been carried away, when the owners, after the first fright, came to

look for their effects, which was not for a day or two after the landing." Even in matters of delicacy the same forbearance was exhibited:—"Beside the entire use of other apartments, during the stay of the French in Killala, the attic story, containing a library, and three bed-chambers, continued sacred to the Bishop and his family. And so scrupulous was the delicacy of the French, not to disturb the female part of the house, that not one of them was ever seen to go higher than the middle floor, except on the evening of the success at Castlebar, when two officers begged leave to carry to the family the news of the battle; and seemed a little mortified that the news was received with an air of dissatisfaction." These, however, were not the weightiest instances of that eminent service which the French had it in their power to render on this occasion. The Royal army behaved ill in every sense. Liable to continual panics in the field, panics which, but for the overwhelming force accumulated, and the discretion of Lord Cornwallis, would have been fatal to the good cause, the Royal forces erred, as unthinkingly, in the abuse of any momentary triumph. Forgetting that the rebels held many hostages in their hands, they once recommenced the old system practised in Wexford and Kildare, of hanging and shooting without trial, and without a thought of the horrible reprisals that might be adopted. These reprisals, but for the fortunate influence of the French commanders, and but for their great energy in applying that influence according to the exigencies of time and place, would have been made: it cost the whole weight of the French power: their influence was stretched almost to breaking, before they could accomplish the purpose of neutralizing the senseless cruelty of the Royalists, and of saving the trembling Protestants. Dreadful were the anxieties of those moments: and I myself heard persons, at a distance of nearly two years, declare that their lives hung at that time by a thread; and that, but for the hasty approach of the Lord Lieutenant by forced marches, that thread would have snapped. "We heard with panic," said they, "of the madness which characterized the proceedings of our *soi-disant* friends: we looked for any chance of safety only to our nominal enemies, the staff of the French army."

(To be continued.)

THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS AND THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

We cannot but regard the contemporaneous appearance of the Duchess d'Abrantès and Lady Blessington in the literary annals of England and France, as affording a very singular coincidence. Both ladies have been elevated from an inferior grade of life to the highest dignity of the aristocracy;—both have been eminently remarkable for their personal charms;—both, on becoming "fat, fair, and fifty," renounced their title as beauties, only to take out a diploma of *bel-esprit;* and both have suddenly attained renown or notoriety by appearing in the literary firmament under shelter of an eagle's wing,—the former as the historian of Napoleon, the latter of Byron. Considerable analogy, moreover, may be traced in the character of their minds and manners; a retentiveness of memory scarcely less than miraculous; a faculty (like that of Esop's human painter of the vanquished lion) of giving to *themselves* the best of the argument, in all their recorded conversations with the first men of the age; great plausibility in the commonplaces of moral philosophy; and a specious and amiable tone of candour, which might have perhaps imposed upon unsuspecting critics like ourselves, had not Sheridan's inimitable matron in the "School for Scandal," held a mirror up to nature, worthy to enlighten the most unwary.

Madame d'Abrantès (we give due precedence to the Duchess) is the widow of one of the most distinguished of Bonaparte's Marshals,—at one time Generalissimo of the Peninsular armies; at another, Governor of Paris; and, at all epochs of the Empire, a brave soldier and energetic man. But not content with these distinctions,—with having occupied a rank secondary only to that of Josephine and Maria Louisa,—the Duchess must needs proclaim herself to the world a descendant from the Emperors of the East,—a Comnena of pure race; and a considerable portion of this lady's "Memoirs of Napoleon" is occupied by affirmations of this absurd pretension. Since the death of Junot, (who threw himself out of a window* in the paroxysm of a brain-fever, after the disastrous issue of the Russian campaign,) his widow has experienced strange vicissitudes of fortune; and having been at length persuaded to turn to account the valuable resources afforded by her personal reminiscences of one of the most eventful epochs of universal history, she has wisely called to her aid the recollections of a large circle of friends, both literary and political; and in this manner were the *soi-disant* "Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès" collated. It is understood in Paris, that the nominal authoress has done little more than furnish notes for the work; the compilation of which is attributed to two or three eminent French *littérateurs.* But the very notes must have been copious and circumstantial; for certain traits of vanity and egotism,—certain *feminalities,* (as my Uncle Toby would have thought,) peep through every page; feminalities such as the joint efforts of Messrs. De la Croix, St. Berrve, Janin, and Balzac, would never have availed to produce. But amid all this waste of frivolity, and parade of personal consequence, the work is highly amusing, and has been completely successful; and without a single qualification to

* It is remarkable, that a similar end is said to have befallen Mr. Farmer, the first husband of Lady Blessington.

uphold the pretension, the Duchess d'Abrantes claims, upon the strength of its circulation, a distinguished place among the literary celebrities of France;—presides over a *bureau d'esprit*;—collects around her all the editors of periodicals, and newspaper critics of the day;—feeds, flatters and fudges them into allegiance;—and although an object of derision to the discerning few, has contrived to attain a degree of press notoriety, which, with the many, supplies the place of literary fame.

Within the last few months, however, the clever and still handsome Duchess has ventured beyond her depth. Finding her contributions eagerly sought after by the editors of periodicals, she at length insisted upon writing her own articles, and profiting to the utmost by her factitious reputation; and the results have been unfortunate for herself, and highly diverting to the critical satirists of Paris. Accused by the voice of scandal and an ill-distributed ardour of complexion, of a tendency to the worship of Bacchus, fatal to the interests of Venus, the lady recently took occasion, in a little moral tale inserted in the *Journal des Dames*, to enter an earnest manifesto of personal sobriety; calling the gods to witness, that "she has never, from her youth upwards, tasted wine; nor *will*, under any circumstances, to her dying day,"—a peculiarity of temperance very improbable in a Frenchwoman of any class,—*impossible* in one who has been a customary guest at royal and imperial tables. In the same tone of Joseph Surfacism are certain prudish protestations contained in the Memoirs, to which half the population of Paris is ready with a rejoinder; protestations the more superfluous, that the liberal portion of the world was prepared to expect that Junot's wife, like Madame de Staël, (of the regency,) would, in her memoirs, paint her own portrait *en buste*. The Duchess's *success* as a portrait-painter, meanwhile, has induced her to undertake, or lend her name to, the editorship of a work of some magnitude, entitled, "Memoirs of Eminent Women of all Nations," which we presume is in process of publication in England. But the bubble of her authoress-ship has burst, as regards the literature of her own country. So long as she contented herself with relating what she (and perhaps *she alone*) had seen and heard, so long as "*chaque jour de sa vie composait un page de son livre*," the volumes of the Duchess d'Abrantès were likely to be greedily read; but to become a universal historian, something more than this is indispensable; such as a tolerable education, habits of study, and a cultivated understanding,—requisites not to be acquired by sitting, evening after evening, in a well-lighted drawing-room, prattling with poets, novelists, critics, and politicians,—bribing their commendations by quotations of the commendations of still greater men, mingled with delicate flatteries upon their own works and pretensions. Temporary reputation, or, as we have said before, literary notoriety, may perhaps be attained by these and similar manœuvres; but where the stamp of genius and originality is wanting, no modern work can be puffed by partisans or hirelings into lasting fame.

Lady Blessington, on the other hand, the female Bozzy of the unfortunate Byron, has recently obtained a degree of celebrity somewhat similar in extent and quality to that of the Duchesse d'Abrantès. That such was the lady's object in seeking the acquaintance of the noble poet is sufficiently demonstrated by her own records of the connexion. The very first line of the "Stanzas inscribed to Lady B.," by his Lordship, and inserted in Moore's Life, avouch the fact:—

> You have ASKED for a verse,—a request
> In a rhymer 'twere vain to deny.

But although it is probable that Byron anticipated the publication of his lines, it is certain that he very little suspected his fair flatterer of "taking notes, and, faith! to prent 'em," of their familiar colloquies. He saw in Lady Blessington a beautiful woman, who had undergone the most singular viccissitudes of fortune, rejected by the Pharisees of her own sex,—a sex with which he was just then so little in charity—and, looking upon her as completely estranged from the gossip of the coteries, felt no scruple in amazing her with opinions, and amusing her with scandal, which he believed her to be devoid of the means of putting into circulation. It never entered his Lordship's head, ("*que les gens d'esprit sont bêtes!*") that he was being mystified in his turn; and that his rhodomontade was laid up in lavender, after every successive interview, to be sold at length to a speculating bookseller, strongly impregnated with the odours of the sanctuary, in which, for so many years, it remained ensconced. Poor Byron! What would have been the temperature of his fiery indignation—(he who was apt to blaze forth at even the attacks of one, whom he termed "that *animalcule*, the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*," and who was never known to forgive an adverse criticism!)—could he have suspected the figure he was about to cut in the pages of the beauty of Clonmel! could he have dreamed that he was to be set up like a ninepin in argument, only to be overthrown by the bright and shining pellets of one of Lady Blessington's cut-and-dry phrases of vulgar morality! could he have fancied that the sceptre of criticism was being slyly filched from his hands, only to knock him hereafter on the head! Evident must it be to every man of sense, that our Juan,

> "Who had been ill brought up and was born bilious,"

would have sickened even to nausea, at the first word of any one of those plausibilities of cant, which her ladyship represents herself as having inflicted upon him as a quotidian homily. No one, in fact, at all acquainted with the respective characters of the parties, can believe for a moment that their interviews were employed in the prosy manner suggested by the lovely colloquialist. Lady B. probably arrested Byron's attention with one of the pungent epi-

grams she is still in the habit of reciting for the amusement of her morning visiters; (such as her well-known lines on Miss Landon,—her satire on the *Court Magazine*,—and her lampoon on Rogers's Italy;) and Byron doubtless returned the favour with the gift of those treacherous verses upon Rogers or others of his bosom friends, which Lady Blessington boasts of still holding in her possession. These congenial reciprocations, however, the noble dupe little dreamed would ever be revealed to the world. Lady B. was then only known to the literary world by a silly volume of "Travelling Sketches in Belgium," the style of which is said to have suggested to Theodore Hook his inimitable Ramsbottom Letters. Childe Harold treated her accordingly only as a courteous reader; and Lady B., who records in her Reminiscences her opinion that Byron was a Janus to *all* his intimate associates, might readily verify the fact by reference to the terms in which his intimacy with herself is described in his private, and, at present, unpublished correspondence. In this respect never were a pair, literary or illiterate,

"So justly formed to meet by nature."

Had the Countess been content, however, to rest her claims to literary reputation upon the publication of her "Conversations," whatever stigma her candour might have incurred, her name as a writer was established. Some portions of the Reminiscences are, in fact, admirably composed; so admirably, that the style of the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, her Ladyship's friend, Mr. Lytton Bulwer, (under whose auspices they saw the light,) is never for a moment absent from the mind of the reader. But "The Repealers" subsequently appeared, and the charm was broken; nay, the mere page of preface appended to the volume of "Conversations," after Mr. Bulwer's departure for Italy, contain more instances of false grammar, and of that memorable form of rhetoric commonly called Irish Bulls, than we ever saw collected in the same number of lines. The novel, the absurdities of which were too ably exposed by the *Westminster Review* to require any castigation at our hands, contains, moreover, a chapter which every person, prepared to form their judgment of Byron's disposition upon the showing of the Right Honourable Countess, ought to condemn himself to peruse; we allude to the fulsome and most disgusting flatteries lavished upon all her Ladyship's female contemporaries, who are supposed to be contributors, or to be connected with contributors to the critical press,—Mrs. Lytton Bulwer, Mrs. Norton, Miss Landon, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Gore, Lady E. S. Wortley, and others, some of whom have been especially honoured, as we have already stated, by the epigrams destined by Lady B. for private circulation. In the same taste are those flourishes in praise of moral excellence, thrown, like handfuls of dust, in the eyes of society, which sit so uneasily upon the fair writer's general style. Lady Blessington has a diction of her own, fifty-fold more captivating and more original. Let her but dare to write her Irish stories, as she tells them to her select circle; let her describe in print, as she so racily describes in conversation, her literary circles of St. James's Square, Rome, or Paris, and her less refined coteries of Clonmel Barracks or Curzon Street, and we shall be ready to rank her pages in ripeness of humour with those of Smollett or Peter Simple, and to admit that the expression which sparkles in the eyes of Lawrence's exquisite portrait is far more truly attested than by the morbid morality of "The Repealer," or the namby-pambyisms of the "Book of Beauty."

THINGS OMITTED.

It rarely happens that we issue a number of this Magazine, without having cause to regret the omission of many things which we intended to notice, if not to dilate upon. Want of time and want of space must be our excuse. Some of the omissions this month we shall note, to show our Correspondents that we have not overlooked their communications.

We intended

To commend and extract from a Pamphlet by Dr. Epps, entitled, "The Church of England's Apostacy; the Fallacies put forth by her exposed; and the Duty of Dissenters declared."

To recommend to the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty in Scotland, that able champion of their cause, "The Christian Advocate," London Weekly Newspaper, which every Reading-Room, frequented by Dissenters, ought to take in.

To congratulate the friends of liberal politics in Bradford, on the establishment, in that town, of a newspaper of excellent principles,—"The Bradford Observer,"—which we trust is succeeding nobly, as it deserves.

To remark on some of the articles on the Repeal of the Union, which have appeared in that very able newspaper, the *Newry Examiner*; particularly, the communications of its two distinguished Correspondents, William Sharman Crawford, Esq. and George Ensor, Esq.; men whose writings deserve greater publicity than even a first-rate provincial newspaper can give them, which must needs be almost entirely local. The "Newry Examiner" deserves to be read everywhere. As the Irish newspapers are too little seen in Scotland, we recommend, besides the "Newry Examiner," the "Belfast Northern Whig," the "Dublin Morning Register, and the "Dublin Freeman's Journal," to our Scottish Reading-Rooms. These are all papers of great ability, and general merit. Three of them are Repealers. The "Northern Whig" is equally liberal in its principles as the others, equally able and consistent; but opposed to Repeal.

To notice and extract from Mr. Combe's excellent Lectures on Popular Education; the Birmingham Pioneer, or Trades' Union Magazine; Colonel Torrens's new work on Wages and Combinations; Observations on the expediency of establishing a General Register for all Deeds affecting Real Property in England,—by a Scottish Solicitor; a very able and well-intentioned volume, 12mo, published by *Tait*, on the Moral Constitution of Man; a clever Letter to Lord Althorp, on the Corn Laws, the Malt Tax, and the Assessed Taxes, —by our trusty and well-beloved David Bell of Glasgow; Dr. Jack's Plan of a Fund for the Aged, as an

antidote to Pauperism, and substitute for Poor-rates; Political Christianity, published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

To recommend to universal perusal, Lord Milton's Address to the Landowners on the Corn Laws; the Catechism on the Corn Laws; and the Corn Law Magazine. The dearest of these is only sixpence. Their perusal will enable any man, whose eyes are not shut against the light, to understand fully that question, on the due settlement of which, above all others, depends the prosperity of the country.

To recommend to all who wish to have a correct, well-printed, and cheap Record of the proceedings in Parliament, in a convenient form for reference,—Northcroft's Parliamentary Chronicle. This work commenced with The Reformed Parliament, and has been regularly published, during the session, in weekly numbers, royal 8vo. It is worthy of a place in every political library. The King, we observe, takes it in, and allows the work to be published under his express patronage.

To recommend to the perusal of all interested in the Church question, that admirable little work by John Milton,—Considerations touching the Likeliest Means to Remove Hirelings from the Church,—which we see is reprinted at Glasgow, and sold for a few pence.

To notice Mr. Finlay Dun's excellent and cheap "Musical Scrap Book," which has now reached between twenty and thirty numbers; M'Farlane's handsome new edition of "Harmonia Sacra," a selection of sacred music; and Mr. Turnbull's "Selection of Original Sacred Music,—both Glasgow publications.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. does indeed "flatter himself," we fear, in supposing "that, by a word of sanction or encouragement" from us, "he would be able to write on most subjects within the range of literary composition." When he begins seriously to doubt whether he has anything to say worth the attention of the public, on a single subject, he may send us a contribution.

There is a good deal of fire in the "Song of the Norsemen," but not exactly the true kind.

The following do not suit us:—"Calphurnia's Dream;" "Serenade," by M.; Lines written in a Lady's Album; Acted Charades.

"The Rover's Tale" is not deficient in poetical merit. But we disapprove of all attempts to make heroes of pirates, robbers, or villains of any kind. Lovers of freedom as we are, it is not the freedom of pillage or oppression.

Thanks to H. M'G. for his shrewd hints. He and his nephew must study the Corn-laws a little more deeply.

X., on Ireland, is under consideration. Its immense length is an obstacle to our printing it. But the subject is so important, and the paper so carefully prepared, that we shall endeavour to give it a place.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Cleone. By Mrs. Leman Grimstone. London: Effingham Wilson.

In the composition of all her novels Mrs. Grimstone consults rather the permanent good of society than immediate approbation. She seeks to advance the cause of humanity, at all hazards of popularity with readers, and is the most notable champion of her own sex that graces the present era. She is equally the friend of infancy, and of the poor. No aims or objects can be more noble, or more worthy of an enlightened woman, than those she proposes to herself, and urges with graceful eloquence and warm sensibility. At the same time, we must acknowledge that we sometimes can only guess at what she would precisely be at. The present work once more exemplifies the miseries of an ill-assorted marriage. A young creature, Cleone, of noble spirit, and with a heart the most tender and generous, is bound, the living to the dead, to a worldly-minded narrow formalist. The narrative is the merest thread, on which to hang dialogues unfolding the ideas of the writer on education, and manners, and the duties of women. Some of the characters, as Leontine, the blind twin-brother of Cleone, are full of sweetness and moral beauty. One sentence from Mrs. Grimstone's preface helps to explain her creed. "I wish all who possess influence, political, social, or domestic, could be convinced that to create happiness is to produce virtue; and that the surest way to make felicity for ourselves, is to endeavour to make it for others."

D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature. London: Moxon.

This is the most recondite of the *Anas*; the most *recherché* of Albums, the most pleasant and poignant of all gossiping scrap-books; and Mr. Moxon is kind enough to deal it out in monthly parcels, to suit the taste of the times for cheap literature. These gleanings of a half century, have, in their ninth edition, undergone a revision by the venerable author.

The nick-nacks of literature collected in Mr. D'Israeli's cabinet, have been selected from sources not generally accessible to ordinary readers. The volumes are admirably adapted to minister to the amusement of the lounger and refined trifler; but they have higher capacities, as curious and authentic pictures of the manners of ruder times, and records of the progress of letters from their rise in the dark middle ages, to the present era of the universal diffusion of the literary wealth which they go to augment. The work, which is to appear in six neat monthly volumes, will form a welcome addition to those select, handy, little libraries, of which the nucleus is already formed in so many parlours and dressing-rooms, where books beyond the reading of the day were formerly considered litter. Books are now becoming as indispensable as a part of the necessary furniture of every sitting apartment of people of education and refinement in the middle class, as they have hitherto been held in the secluded libraries of the aristocratic order. These little libraries are, we suspect, stealing something from the nightly receipts of the theatres; something, it may be, from the wine merchant, and a little, perhaps, from the dealer in gauzes and ribbons. We cannot bring ourselves to regret this partial change in the distribution of private revenue.

Naturalist's Library, Vol. II. The Felinæ. By Sir William Jardine, Bart.

This volume proceeds in the order we formerly described. The Memoir and Portrait are those of Cuvier. Of the Memoir, considering its place, we have at least quite enough. The Natural History of the *Felinæ*, is executed with ability and the ease, which thorough knowledge, and an ardent love of natural science alone could impart. We do not refer to minor graces of literary composition, but to what is all in all in such a work, ample, and accurate knowledge. The plates possess varying degrees of excellence, some are admirable, others of inferior merit. The illustrative anecdotes gleaned from many volumes of travels and other works, form delightful reading. We have already said that this is one of the most engaging and entertaining of those cheap serial works which form so important a feature of the present time.

The Young Seer. By Miss Dagley.

This is a little story intended to warn the young against the dangers of impertinent and sinful curiosity; and the tricks and impostures of gipsies and fortune-tellers. The heroine, amiable, accomplished, and well-disposed, becomes the victim of an infatuated desire of reading her future destiny.

Pictures of Private Life. By Sarah Stickney. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

The first volume of these stories has found great favour with a respectable class of readers. Though the second is less diversified in interest, its claims and merits, which are of the very same nature, are scarcely inferior. Here we have two tales,—*Misanthropy*, and *The Pains of Pleasing*. The Misantrophe, and we do not see why he should not rather be named the *Discontented*, is a kind of Byronic genius, who, placed in the most advantageous worldly circumstances, is consumed by some canker of the mind, which spreads misery and blight over his own life and to all around him. If such a case be really beyond medical treatment, we can suggest nothing better than bread and water and the tread-mill, or bedlam, as is most fit, until the man learn his true condition, and become cheerful, thankful, and contented. Till he is so, one does not care to be troubled with this causeless, perpetual misanthropic vein even in a book. *The Pains of Pleasing*, we like much better. It contains some good scenes, and well drawn characters, and teaches young ladies the danger of giving way to generous impulses, as well as of feeling too anxious to please and oblige others who are not worthy of the sacrifice, at the expense of their own comfort and happiness. Whether many modern young ladies require this kind of warning, is more questionable. As for the heroine, we think she judges herself too severely. She was a good creature, with less of the alloy of an amiable vanity, than falls to the share of half her sex; and, accordingly, she did not deserve to be found, we are not told how, so very desolate and miserable in her old days. She was, indeed, very good,—better, we believe, than nine-tenths of her contemporaries; but, it seems, her motives were not right. She says, "to every creature in the universe, my heart naturally overflowed with benevolence. I was patient, too, by nature, and never hesitated to suffer in the cause of another, when certain that suffering would be known and appreciated. To submit, without resistance, was a part of my creed, and verily I had my reward; for all that I did and endured, was without any reference to a higher object than making myself beloved; and I am the more willing to lay my errors before the world, because the character at which I aimed, is one that too frequently passes under the designation of *amiable*, and as such, is held up to admiration, while concealing, beneath a cloak of lovelinesss, a selfish and ignoble mind." But we do not find, that she imagines her own mind either selfish or ignoble. We trust, that in her old age and solitude, Mrs. or Miss Irvine did not mistake *cant* for cheerful piety Godward, and manward.

The Young Muscovite, or the Poles in Russia. Edited by Captain Chamier. London: Cochrane and M'Crone.

The country, the parentage, and fosterage of this book, make it a curiosity. It was, we are informed, originally intended for a Russian Waverley Novel. It was lately written by Michael Zakosken, a military gentleman, connected with the court; and so great was the sensation excited by the appearance of the work throughout the empire, that the printing-presses of Moscow and St. Petersburgh could not supply copies fast enough to satisfy the craving of all the Russias! The novel has been translated by a Russian lady, now in this country, and her daughters, and is edited and improved in various ways, by Captain Chamier. The period selected for historical illustration, is the beginning of the seventeenth century, a stirring period in Russian annals. Good description is not infrequent in the work. We have costumes, banquets, and wedding ceremonies; and, in the language of painters, *interiors* of various kinds, and an abundant sprinkling of "the wisdom of nations," which is condensed in the Russian verbs; but with all these appliances and means, we should doubt whether the work is likely to excite half the interest in Britain which it has done in its native country. The period chosen is too remote for the rest of Europe. Little is popularly known of Russian history before the era of Peter the Great; and there is neither originality of character, or adventure in the work, to atone for this defect in the choice of the means of creating interest.

The Hamiltons, or the New Era. By the Author of Mother and Daughters.

In the present month we owe all our entertainment, and the greater part of our instruction, to female pens—to Miss Edgeworth, Miss Martineau, Miss Stickney, Mary Howitt, and, lastly, to the rarely-gifted authoress of The Hamiltons—Mrs. Gore. The readers of this magazine have already had different opportunities of knowing how highly we appreciate this lady's varied talents, her lively fancy, brilliant wit, and extensive knowledge of the good and evil of social life. Her new work will be in everybody's hand, before we can hope for an opportunity of expressing our full sense of its merits. What is peculiar in this work is its felicitous adaptation to the crisis Mrs. Gore has already, and, we believe, almost unconsciously, dealt destruction to the World of Fashion. Here her direct and conscious purpose is to expose the venality of regular hereditary Tory place-hunters, and hollow-hearted courtiers. In this new work, by the skill and facility displayed, she has surpassed herself. Some of the characters are, in heartless, passionless profligacy almost revolting, and, we should hope, beyond nature. But even amidst the darkest scenes, beautiful traits, incidental touches of pathos, and strokes of genius, seize us by surprise; as the mingling of melting affection and remorse, in the elder Hamilton, after his downfal, or the yet more felicitous stroke of sympathetic interest taken by the dying King in Susan Hamilton's sick infant. Mrs. Gore may have been indirectly over-complimentary in some instances to the Whigs; but let that pass. As soon as she discovers that place-hunters and courtiers are much the same, whether nominally Whig or Tory, this will be amended. The New Era will, we foresee, require further delineation.

Great Britain for the Last Forty Years. By Thomas Hopkins. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

We have rarely met with so much solid information, and acute argument, within such narrow limits. Mr. Hopkins calls his little volume a *History and Analytical Account of the Finances, Economy, and General Condition of Britain, for the Last Forty Years.* The title is comprehensive and ambitious; but not more so than the author has a right to assume. To much that he has advanced we heartily subscribe; and the more startling of his heresies against the creed of the modern economists, if they do not at once bring conviction, compel the candid reader to pause, and re-consider his opinions. He adopts many of the opinions of the strictest of this sect; questions some, and totally rejects others. He admires free trade as much as the *Westminster Review*, and resists the Malthusian doctrines as sturdily as Mr. Sadler. The work is filled with tables of the most useful kind. To those who would, in small compass, obtain information on the principles of political economy, as they practically affect the people of Great Britain, we would heartily recommend this valuable volume; most valuable were it only for the multiplicity of facts with which it is stored. Of the writer, we know nothing; we are never lavish of indiscriminate praise; and have no space for laying the results of investigation and examination before our readers; but we venture to hope that those who try this volume upon our recommendation, will trust us again.

Rights of the Poor. Leeds: Pickard.

The title of this pamphlet explains that its object is to maintain the *Rights* of the Poor. The author will not admit the term charity. He contends for a rate, and suggests many remedies for the admitted evils in the condition of the people, by improvements of various kinds; by the establishment of parish banks, the prevention of litigation, the abolition of the Corn-laws, a reform of the endowed schools, and the levying an equitable tax on property. The pamphlet is well-intended, sensible, and temperate.

The Moral of Many Fables. By Miss Martineau.

WITH these Fables our readers are already acquainted. This is the summing up of the principles and *utilities* scattered over about twenty stories, forming the nine volumes of Illustrations of Political Economy, now before the world. If not the most amusing, it must, as a recapitulation and condensation of the whole of the doctrines expounded by Miss Martineau, in the previous twenty-four numbers, be the most useful portion of the series, to those who can bring themselves to swallow knowledge without the pill being gilded. With such readers, and those in the direct pursuit of science, it may, in fact, supersede all the others. It contains the sum and substance of them all; and forms as apt an introduction or key to the Illustrative Stories, as it does a general conclusion. Claiming to be the popular expounder of the doctrines of Smith, Malthus, and Macculloch, to the multitude, Miss Martineau has modified none of the opinions originally advanced; though, in details, she has made some necessary corrections in point of fact. One, among others, which we pointed out at the time, was a very mistaken idea of the condition of convicts in the penal colonies probably adopted from Archbishop Whately. As a specimen of the work, we select this passage on that all-important question, *What is best for Ireland*, which is recommended by brevity and completeness:—

"What decision does our test give out in regard to Ireland? That, as a redundancy of population is her universally acknowledged curse, it is unreasonable to expect relief from the introduction of a legal charity,—the most efficacious of all premiums on population. The conclusion is so obvious, that it can be got rid of only by proving either that a redundant population is not the great grievance of Ireland, or that there may be a legal charity which does not act as a premium on population. Where are the materials for either the one proof or the other?

"Whatever affects the security of property, or intercepts the due reward of labour, impairs the subsistence-fund, by discouraging industry and forethought.

"Partnership tenantcies affect the security of property, by rendering one tenant answerable for the obligations of all his partners, while he has no control over the management of their portions.

"A gradation of landlords on one estate has the same effect, by rendering one tenant liable to the claims of more than one landlord.

"The levying of fines on a whole district for an illegal practice going on in one part of it has the same effect, by rendering the honest man liable for the malpractices of the knave.

"The imposition of a church establishment on those who already support another church, intercepts the due reward of labour, by taking from the labourer a portion of his earnings for an object from which he derives no benefit.

"The practice of letting land to the highest bidder, without regard to former service, or to the merits of the applicants, intercepts the due reward of the labourer, by decreeing his gains to expire with his lease.

"All these practices having prevailed in Ireland, her subsistence-fund is proportionably impaired, though the reduction is somewhat more than compensated by the natural growth of capital.

"While capital has been growing much more slowly than it ought, population has been increasing much more rapidly than the circumstances of the country have warranted; the consequences of which are, extensive and appalling indigence, and a wide spread of the moral evils which attend it.

"An immediate palliation of this indigence would be the result of introducing a legal pauper-system into Ireland; but it would be at the expense of an incalculable permanent increase of the evil.

"To levy a poor-rate on the country at large would be impolitic, since it would only increase the primary grievance of an insufficiency of capital, by causing a further unproductive consumption of it.

"To throw the burthen of a pauper-system on absentees would be especially unjust, since they bear precisely the same relation to the wealth of their country as its resident capitalists.

"In the case of Ireland, as in all analogous cases, permanent relief can be effected only by adjusting the proportions of capital and population; and this must be attempted by means suited to her peculiar circumstances.

"The growth of capital should be aided by improvements in agriculture and domestic economy, and by the removal of political grievances; from which would follow a union in place of an opposition of interests.

"Population should be reduced within due limits.

"In the present emergency, by well-conducted schemes of emigration; and

"Permanently, by educating the people till they shall have become qualified for the guardianship of their own interests."

We must not be understood as subscribing to all of these opinions; the *should bes* and *would bes*, which the economists give out with the decision of incontrovertible axioms, great ultimate truths immediately applicable to Ireland; on the contrary, we should be glad to see Miss Martineau re-consider some of the opinions she has adopted from the great oracles, on this point especially.

Miss Martineau announces more stories illustrative of the principles and practice of taxation. From them we anticipate unmingled satisfaction. Her doctrines on Trade and Taxation have been wholly unexceptionable; and the information disseminated such as is calculated to effect much good.

The Royal Mariner, &c. &c. By Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Go burn your Laureate lyre, Dr. Southey! Mr. Doyne Sillery has fairly superseded you as the Court Poet. His launch is a dashing one. At his figure-head is blazoned the ROYAL MARINER, holding, not a sceptre, but, sailor-like, a spy-glass. In the vignette, which is a very pretty one, a chubby cherub soars above the troubled ocean, and the "Meteor flag of England," on whose unfolded scroll we at first read Swing, though closer inspection proves it to be a contraction of *St. Vincents.*" Under the royal arms of Scotland there is one dedication to her Majesty in prose. From another, in verse, we give four lines:—

Most gracious Queen, I dedicate to thee
Those sketches of thine own illustrious Lord,
From which the world, as in a glass may see
VALOUR and VIRTUE bring their own reward.

This poetic dedication concludes with many good wishes for their Majesties' long life and prosperity.

About thirteen close pages of extracts from the laudatory criticism of the Edinburgh newspapers, in which language is exhausted in praise of Mr. Sillery's genius and learning, have helped us to the discovery that he must be the first poet of this or of any other age. Otherwise it were not so easy for plain people to make up their minds. The *Athenæum* accuses Mr. Sillery of numerous plagiarisms; but we really can see nothing in the volume that any poet, living or dead, could honestly reclaim.

The actual stolen goods specified are these lines:—

Ah! that a being so beloved should die,
And life be left to the wild butterfly.

Which are said to be filched from Mrs. Hemans' lines—

Thou art gone from us, bright one! that thou shouldst die,
And life be left to the butterfly.

Did the critic ever read this passionate exclamation,—

No, no, no life,—
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all?

This, and fifty quotations of the kind, should either save Mr. Sillery's poor butterfly from being crushed, or help us to trace the stolen and damaged goods further back.

The ROYAL MARINER is but the leading piece. The volume contains numerous smaller poems, and three or four more dedications, besides the one to the Queen. The Court pages must at present be conning THE PORTRAIT GALLERY OF MY ANCESTORS; the Maids-of-Honour getting the LAST CRUSADER'S SONG by heart. We have no doubt that the work will be a prodigious favourite at Windsor during the summer months.

Thoughts on the Church Establishments. By a Layman. London: Hatchard.

THIS pamphlet is the production of a Church Reformer, but a very moderate one. He laments, as we do, the appropriation of large portions of the property of the Papal Church to favoured laymen, by which the poor lost their fund. He laments that officiating clergy have been so ambitious to signalise themselves as active magistrates and influential politicians. He regrets that the hospitality and charity, which wont to distinguish collegiate establishments, have decayed: he quotes Hooker. He would enforce residence among the officiating clergy, and exhorts the prelates to reside, for at least a considerable portion of the year, in their sees; but we do not suppose he would, like Mr. Cuthbert Ripon, release them from legislative duties altogether. He would equalize their income, by raising all below L.5,000 a-year to that sum, by reducing the higher ones. He would enjoin the apostolic toil of an annual instead of a triennial visitation; and would hope that by living more among their clergy, and less in the world of politics, the Bishop might be brought to consider his see not as a mere resting-place, whence he was to take wing to some higher eminence. With regard to the acting clergy, residence is to be enforced, and pluralities prevented, and all benefices below L.200 to be raised at once to that sum, with a gradual increase till they shall reach L.300 a-year. Fit houses must at once be provided for every minister. To effect all this, funds and power are necessary. The author, with great humility, hints at the Church furnishing the funds. These matters shall not be dealt with by Ministers, or Parliament, we presume, but by an *Ecclesiastical Board*, and a few lay commissioners, members of the Church of England, shall be incorporated for that purpose." This plan of commuting tithes is one which would place tithe on a much surer foundation than it is at present. Altogether, this writer is a very moderate Church Reformer.

The Writings of George Washington. By Jared Sparks. Vol. II. London: Rich.

THIS book is not begun at the beginning. The first volume is to be devoted to the Life of Washington, and is only in course of preparation. Though this work, which will run to ten or twelve octavo volumes, is indispensable to those who would be thoroughly acquainted with his history of America, and must contain much that will greatly interest the general reader, and every admirer of the most truly great men of modern times, it is likely to become too bulky for the kind of success that depends upon a large sale. The letters in the present volume just reach the important epoch of the Revolution, and include Washington's early life and period of service in the King's army. We delay a lengthened notice of this work till more of the volumes are before us. Even in the earliest of these epistles the calm, prudent, and firmly-principled character of the writer is developed.

Progressive Exercises in English Composition. By R. G. Parker, A.M. London: Priestly.

THIS work consists of mechanical helps to thinking and writing. Short sentences are set down with blanks, which the pupil is to supply, so as to make sense and grammar of each sentence. As, for example, "His father was ——— to ——— his request." Thus, filled up, "His father was *induced* to *grant* his request." From these simple exercises the pupil is led on, in this grammar of composition, to the most difficult combinations of which language is susceptible.

The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health. By Andrew Combe, M.D. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

LET not the reader be alarmed by that formidable word, *Physiology*. This is not a *Doctor's book*, though it is the production of an intelligent physician. It more resembles a volume in which Useful and Entertaining Knowledge are agreeably blended; and is an extension of those excellent papers which lately appeared in the *Phrenological Journal* on the SKIN, the BATH, and kindred topics, with an amplification of some of the admirable popular lectures which the author's brother, Mr. George Combe, delivered last year in this city, in the mornings, to an audience of ladies and gentlemen, and, in the evenings, to the mechanics. Dr. Combe has avoided *Ultra*-phrenology, even where the discussion of the *Nervous System* forced him on forbidden or debateable ground. The work consists of nine chapters, all of a popular character. We find no pedantry, no mystery; science is clothed in the garb of plainness, and speaks the language of common life. We shall give an idea of the book in one sentence: It is as like as possible to the pleasant familiar conversation of a well-informed, sensible physician, among a circle of friends; and not without the sprinkling of literary allusion, anecdote, and lively illustration, which make such conversations as delightful as they are instructive.

History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. By the Rev. James Seaton Reid, D.D. Edinburgh: Waugh and Innes.

THE Presbyterian Church in Ireland, yea even the Protestant Church in that land of well-paid Churchmen, has hitherto been without a historian. In writing the History of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Reid attempts to fill a chasm in the ecclesiastical history of the empire. His first volume brings down the annals of the Presbyterian Church to the period of the Solemn League and Covenant. The second, which will relate to events of more recent interest and notoriety, has not yet appeared. To the Catholics the author seems in general very candid and fair; but he has not reached the most ticklish periods. The attention paid to the civil history of the province of Ulster, the seat of Presbyterianism, is a commendable feature of the work; and, with many, will constitute its great value.

The History of the Protestant Church in Ireland has never been written—that lavishly endowed Church! It is painful and mortifying to find Dr. Reid intimating a doubt that the completion of his history depends upon the contingency of this volume being favourably received. A son of the Irish Chancellor is appointed to the Deanery of Down, with an income of L.3,000 a-year, in the face of the recommendation of a Parliamentary Commission, at the head of which was his own father; and here a man of learning and piety, who, by patient industry, accomplishes a labour which others have neglected, doubts whether he may find encouragement to finish his work, though that work is an important portion of Irish ecclesiastical history! These things cannot pass unmarked.

Lays and Legends of Various Nations. By W. J. Thoms.

THIS is a little story-book of national stories, traditions, and legends, to be continued in monthly parts. The first is devoted to those of Germany. France comes next, and Mother Bunch will be rivalled before the collection is closed. The same things have already been seen in a more ambitious form, but not in a better.

A Grammar of Elocution. By the Rev. Samuel Wood.

WE recommend this small manual of the mechanical part of the Art of Persuasion, to all young gentlemen ambitious of making a figure in the forum, the debating-club, the pulpit, and the senate,—they will here find much useful advice in small compass.

Cobbett's Spelling Book.

WE rarely interfere with elementary school-books: but that of the Member for Oldham, in its fourth edition, is irresistible. It is a spelling-book, and a progressive course of lessons all in one, and there is nothing "about *Religion*, *Arithmetic*, Geography, and Astronomy." Though we can conceive of "Hercules with the Distaff," we must believe that some of the stories here about little Jane, and Sally, and Mamma, &c. &c. are not of the same parentage—nor are they worse for this. The Fables are excellent, and they are illustrated by clever prints; and the work, taken altogether, forms a complete manual from the alphabet to the reading of any English work, and to the study of grammar by rule.

NEW POEMS.

Faust, a Tragedy. Translated by David Syme, Esq.

To translate Faust, is becoming as strong a temptation to the ingenious and poetical, as ever was presented to our ancestors, by the discovery of the philosopher's stone, astral science, or the perpetual motion. Mr. Syme is very modest in his avowed ambition. He leaves off, in doubt whether he has succeeded in his first object or not; which was to see the work in the exact point of view its author intended it to appear. But had the author any fixed point of view himself? This translation is more complete than any of its predecessors. It is executed with great care, and abounds with spirited and fine passages; but, as a whole, "the effect," as the translator says, on another subject, "depends much on the disposition of the spectator's mind." It is scarcely fair to name the new translation, when we can afford such scant immediate notice to the fond labour of a scholar and a man of talent, nor should we have done so but in hope.

O'Fluminense, a Poem, suggested by Scenes in the Brazils. By a Utilitarian.

The author of this poem says, "Nature intended me for a tradesman,—circumstances have made me a poet." The thing is impossible. Had he asserted the reverse he might be credited. Nature makes poets, circumstances tradesmen. The commercial Byron has, somehow, acquired considerable descriptive power. On what he rests his claims, as a Utilitarian, we do not exactly see. Is the name really coming at last into vogue?

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE PARLIAMENT.—The proceedings in Parliament during the month have been of considerable interest, and the votes show that Ministers are not so powerful as they were during the last session. On the motion of Mr. Harvey, for an inquiry into the state of the pension list, they escaped defeat solely by the support of the Conservative members; and, after all, the majority in their favour was only 8, in a House of 376 members. The speeches in opposition to the motion were extremely feeble, and it is understood, that the Cabinet were not at liberty, on this occasion, to follow the most correct course. The King, it is asserted, stands boldly up in defence of the pension list; and it is upon the sole condition of maintaining it untouched, that Ministers hold office. It is now, however, obvious, that the country will not tolerate much longer, the burden of unmerited pensions; and, as the question is again to be brought forward this session, we should not be surprised if an inquiry into the pension list would be granted by Parliament, whether Ministers consent to it or not. A few days after Mr. Harvey's motion, Ministers were again all but defeated, on a motion brought forward by the Marquis of Chandos, pledging the House to take into special consideration the burdens of the agricultural interest, in any remission of taxes, which the state of the finances would permit. Notwithstanding the opposition of Lord Althorp, the motion was lost by a majority of four only, the numbers being, 206 and 202. Again, upon the motion of Sir Edward Knatchbull, to discharge the order for the appointment of a committee to inquire into Baron Smith's conduct, Ministers were left in an actual minority; the numbers being, for the motion 161, against it 155. Thus, we have another instance, in addition to the proceeding relative to the malt tax last session, of the House rescinding a vote which it had previously passed,—a kind of conduct which is not likely to raise its estimation in the public opinion.

The navy estimates, as compared with last year, present a reduction of L.181,000. The number of seamen is reduced 500, but 1,000 boys are taken into the service to be brought up as seamen. The total number of seamen and marines now employed, is 27,500. A motion by Mr. Hume to reduce the number to 25,000, was rejected by 196, to 20 votes. The number of men from 1817 to 1822, was only 20,000; and no good reason was given why so great an additional number should now be kept up.—The plan for the commutation of Irish tithes has been brought forward by Mr. Littleton. It is proposed that after the 1st of November next, a land tax, in lieu of tithes, shall be collected by the Commissioners of the Land Revenue, from all persons now liable to pay tithes. The land tax may be redeemed during a period of five years, by any person having a substantial interest in the estate on which it is levied. Whatever portion of it remains unredeemed at the expiration of the five years, is to be converted into rent charges, which may be brought into the market, and bought and sold like any other securities. The money paid in redemption of the land tax, or the rent charges, is to be placed at the disposal of the Commissioners for the National Debt, and is to bear interest, at the rate of about 3½ per cent. The money is to be drawn out from time to time, and invested in land, for the benefit of the tithe owner; for every L.100 of tithe, land worth L.80 being given in exchange. When the land is purchased, and conveyed to the tithe owner, the Government ceases to have anything to do with it.—It does not appear that Ministers have any intention of introducing Poor Laws into Ireland. Lord Althorp remarked, in answer to a question, that his mind was not made up on the subject, and that the information possessed by Government, did not warrant the establishing of Poor Laws in Ireland.

Mr. O'Connell has obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the Law of Libel. In the case of private libels, he proposes to assimilate the law to that of oral slander, and to do away with all *ex officio* informations, and also the trial of libel cases before special juries. He farther proposes, that in all cases, the truth of the libel may be pleaded in defence, and to remedy the great and increasing evil of speculative actions instituted by needy attorneys merely for the costs, he intends to introduce a regulation, that in those cases in which the prosecutor does not recover more than 40s. damages, he should not only not obtain costs, but should, on the contrary, pay the costs of the defendant. Where L.20 damages were obtained, the prosecutor is not to receive costs, nor to pay any, but each party is to pay his own expenses. If L.50 of damages be recovered, then an equal sum of costs is to be allowed; and only in cases where more than L.50 of damages is given, are full costs to be awarded. Such a regulation as the above, will, we have no doubt, be attended with the most beneficial consequences, and it is highly desirable that a similar enactment should be passed for Scotland, where speculative actions of damages are by no means uncommon.

Sir William Ingilby has made another unsuccessful effort to free the landholders of the Malt Tax. Considering the powerful minority on the Marquis of Chandos's motion, relative to relieving the Agriculturists from their burdens, there was much ground for anticipating that the attempt to repeal the Malt Duties in part, would with difficulty be resisted; but the motion was brought forward by Sir William in so ridiculous a manner, and it became so apparent in the course of the debate that the repeal of the Malt Duties must inevitably lead to the imposition of a Property Tax, that Ministers were victorious by a majority of 272 to 170. The question of the Malt Duties may, therefore, be held as set at rest for the Session. Immediately on the result of the division being declared, Lord Althorp gave notice of a Bill for a repeal of the House Duties; and he explained, that he preferred taking off this tax to the Window Tax, because 62,000 persons paid House Duty who did not pay the tax on Windows. The debate and division on Mr. Harvey's motion regarding pensions, were not long in producing some effect; for, a very few days afterwards, a Committee, on the motion of Lord Althorp, was appointed "to examine the papers respecting sinecure offices, and to report their observations thereupon to the House." The Army

Estimates, which have been brought forward, show a reduction of 8,000 men, and of L.299,000 in the expenditure. 88,952 men were voted; Mr. Hume moved to reduce the number by 9,000; but the amendment was negatived by 282 to 46. On the motion of Mr. George Sinclair, a Committee has been appointed to inquire into the state of Church Patronage in Scotland. The Lord Advocate acceded to the motion, remarking, that the excitement on the subject had become so great in Scotland, that the settlement of the question was absolutely necessary. In the course of the debate which ensued, it was stated, that, in the opinion of Dr. M'Crie, and other men of eminence, the increase of dissenting congregations,—now amounting to 553, or a hundred more in number than half the parish churches,—was mainly owing to the system of patronage.

Lord John Russell has obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the relief of Dissenters in regard to the celebration of marriages. The chief provisions of the bill are as follow:—Dissenters must either be married by bans or licence. If they prefer being married by bans, they must give regular notice to the clergyman of the parish in which they reside, or to the clergyman of each parish, if the parties do not reside in the same parish, to publish the bans, and the clergyman, on granting the application, will enter it in a book to be kept as a record. The dissenting minister must then give notice of the day on which he intends to solemnize the marriage, and he is to keep a register of all such marriages. Licenses will be procured by Dissenters in the ordinary way; and notice of the license having been obtained, must be sent to the clergyman. Dissenting meeting-houses are to be licensed upon application of twenty householders, to the magistrates at Quarter Sessions. The Dissenting ministers are to send registries of the marriages which have been performed in their chapels every three months, with a fee to the register of the diocese. These regulations are to apply to Catholic as well as Protestant Dissenters. This measure has entirely failed in giving satisfaction to the Dissenters, and the probability is that it will be withdrawn.

The sugar duties have been continued for another year on their present footing; but from the opinions generally expressed in the House on the impolicy of the present discriminating duties on East and West India sugars, we may anticipate that the time is not far distant when the duties will be equalised. Lord Althorp and Mr. Stanley expressly declared, that the present system was not permanent, but that it would be highly impolitic, by any change at present, to hazard the success of the Emancipation Act. The bill for the disfranchisement of the Liverpool freemen passed its second reading by a majority of 190 to 38. The bribing, during the late election, seems to have been unparalleled; no fewer than 2,661 freemen having received bribes. A transaction was also mentioned in which L.400 had been paid for General Gascoigne's influence in procuring a place in the Custom House for a Mr. Robinson; the L.400 being applied to defray part of the General's electioneering expenses. Why should the General not be punished for so shameful an abuse of his influence? The rotten burghs of Warwick, Stafford, and Carrickfergus are also in a fair way of being punished for the corrupt practices which have prevailed in them at elections.

The question of the Corn Laws was brought forward by Mr. Hume. His motion was for the appointment of a Committee to consider the Corn Laws, and to substitute for the present fluctuating scale a fixed and moderate duty on the import of foreign grain, and to grant a fixed and equivalent bounty on the export of corn. He thought that the duty should be fixed at first at 10s. a quarter, and reduced by one shilling a-year till it came to the point at which the agriculturists had a claim to protection, in consequence of any exclusive taxation beyond what other classes were liable to. The motion was seconded by Colonel Torrens, in an able speech, in which he maintained that it was as much for the interest of the agriculturists themselves, as of the manufacturing classes, that the restrictions on the Corn Trade should be removed. Sir James Graham took the lead in opposing the motion, which, after a debate of two days, was negatived by a majority of 157; the numbers being 312 and 155. The debate was remarkable from nearly every Member of the Government, not in the Cabinet, supporting the measure. Thus Mr. Littleton, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Charles Wood, and Lord Duncannon, voted with Mr. Hume. Lords Morpeth and Howick also voted on the same side. This is highly creditable to them, and will be duly appreciated by their constituents. Lord Althorp voted against the motion, because there was no pressing exigency for altering the Corn Laws, which, however, in principle, he disapproved of. All the Cabinet Ministers, he intimated, would vote against the motion. His Lordship concluded, by remarking, that he could not answer those with whom he agreed on the subject of the Corn Laws; and of course he could not answer those with whom he was to vote. This seems a singular predicament for a Cabinet Minister to be placed in.

The subject of the Impressment of Seamen was brought forward, in a very effective speech, by Mr. Buckingham. Sir James Graham, of course, opposed any attempt at the abolition of the practice, on the ground that it was absolutely necessary that the power of impressment should sometimes be exercised, and that its legality could not be questioned. In order, however, to regulate the exercise of impressment, Sir James Graham is to bring in a Bill for registering merchant seamen; and that a certain number should be taken for the Royal navy by the ballot. The prize-money of the common sailors is to be increased, at the expense of the Admirals and Captains, from L.5 to L.15, in the L.10,000. The King's ships are no longer to be converted into prisons; and facilities are to be afforded to parochial authorities to apprentice boys in the service. After a lengthened discussion the House divided,—for the motion, 130; against it, 218—Ministerial majority, 88.

The presenting of the Devonshire petition for the Commutation of Tithes, by Lord Ebrington, excited considerable interest. There was a much larger attendance of members than usual during the morning sittings, and several of the Cabinet Ministers were in their places. In the discussion, Mr. Harvey maintained that tithes belonged to the State. Sir Robert Peel held that they belonged to the Church; but both agreed that the landlord had no right to them. Mr. Parrot, in supporting the petition, explained a matter which has been misunderstood. What the petitioners' wish is, that the land should be valued as tithe free in the first instance, and also as being free of rates and taxes; and that the value being thus ascertained, one-tenth part of it was to go to the tithe owners, subject to the same rates and taxes as the other nine parts. This was a different thing from the tenth of the rent, which might be very low, as being merely a portion of the net produce for the use and occupation of the land. This appears to be a very fair proposition, and we cannot see what good objection the tithe owner can have to it. Were matters put on such a footing the pretence that tithes are a tax on the landowner could no longer be resorted to, nor could a claim for a duty on foreign corn, on that ground, be any longer maintained.

The question of excluding the Bishops from the House of Lords, or, as it was expressed, the relieving them of their judicial and legislative duties, as Lords Spritual, has been brought before the House by Mr. Cuthbert Rippon. The motion was seconded by Mr. Gillon, and supported by Sir William Ingilby, Mr. James, Mr. Buckingham, Mr. E. Ruthven, Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Hume, Mr. Shiel, and Mr. Ewart. Mr. Tennyson opposed the motion, on the ground that it was part and parcel of the great question of Church Reform, and that it was not quite fair to the Established Church, to deprive it as a preliminary step of its representatives in the House of Peers. He thought, however, there were too many Bishops in the House of Lords, and recommended they should sit there on a principle of rotation. Lord Althorp, who had risen immediately after Mr. Gillon sat down, was interrupted by cries of "Question," and the majority seemed to wish that the motion should be negatived without discussion. The minority would not, however, suffer it to be disposed of so summarily,

and several speeches were made, all on one side; not a single member of the Government or Conservative opposition offering a word in reply. On the division there appeared for the motion, 58; against it, 125; majority for the Bishops, 67.

On the report of the Mutiny Bill being brought up, Major Fancourt moved the insertion of a clause to abolish the practice of military flogging. Mr. R. Grant, the Judge Advocate, made an elaborate reply, and attempted to show that the general order, which had been issued from the Horse Guards, was in compliance with the wishes of the House of Commons, and that that order had been obeyed by the officers, as was proved by the diminution of the number of corporal punishments. Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Buckingham, Sir Edward Codrington, and Mr. Hume supported the motion, and on a division it was rejected by 227 to 94. The Members of the Cabinet took no part in the debate. The reformation of the Exchequer has been commenced, agreeably to the report of the Commissioners. The present absurd mode of keeping the accounts is to be abolished, and a much simpler form substituted. The saving by the proposed changes is very considerable. At present there are sixty-five individuals employed, and the expense is L.41,900 a-year, and the cost is to be reduced to L.11,000, and the number of persons employed to twenty-nine.

Among the miscellaneous business of the month, we may notice that Mr. J. A. Murray has again introduced a bill for the repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Bill. He has also introduced a bill to vest the appointment of Procurators Fiscal in Scotland in the Crown. A bill introduced by the same honourable Member to relieve the Catholic Clergy in Scotland from penalties for celebrating marriages has been read a second time. The Earl of Rosebery has announced his intention of laying on the table a bill for amending the law of entail in Scotland. The best amendment which can be proposed is the abolition of entails altogether. The Earl of Fitzwilliam is on an early day to bring before the House of Peers the question of the Corn Laws. The fate of a motion for the repeal of these laws in that House may easily be anticipated. In reply to a question from Mr. Robinson, Lord Althorp intimated that there was no intention on the part of Ministers to propose any alteration in the timber duties this session. For the sake, therefore, of the shipowners and Canada, we are to continue to be forced to purchase at a high price bad timber, when we might have timber of a much better quality at an inferior price. But this is the system of protection which our Government seems disposed to uphold as long as the people will permit them. The motion for the repeal of the Union has been postponed to the 22d of April, when the House, on the motion of Mr. Spring Rice, is to be called over. The question of the duration of Parliaments is to be brought forward by Mr. Tennyson on the 15th of May. The shortening of their duration is one of the most important measures which ever came before Parliament; and until triennial Parliaments are obtained, little benefit can be expected from the working of the Reform Bill. The Great Western Railroad Bill has been read a second time, after considerable opposition. The numbers were 182 to 92. Sir Andrew Agnew seems determined to make the people pious by Act of Parliament. He has obtained leave to bring in two bills, one for England and one for Scotland, for the better observance of the Sabbath. In moving for leave to bring in the bill, he carefully abstained from noticing any of its provisions. He afterwards moved for leave to bring in a bill to prevent fairs on Saturday and Monday; but this was too much, and his motion was rejected by 181 to 137 votes. The House of Lords has been doing so little during the month, that we hardly find any thing in their proceedings worthy of notice.

ENGLAND.

LEEDS ELECTION.—This election, after a severe struggle, terminated in favour of Mr. Baines. At the close of the poll the numbers were—Mr. Baines, 1951; Sir John Beckett, 1917; for Mr. Bower, the Radical candidate, only 24. Mr. Baines' principles may be estimated from his answers to the questions put to him." He promised to vote for the Repeal of the Newspaper Stamp Duty, the Malt Duty, and the House and Window Duties; but only under the safe condition, if Lord Althorp could spare the money. He is ready to vote for an immediate alteration in the Corn Laws, the Abolition of Impressment and Military Flogging, an inquiry into the state of Sinecures, with a view to their abolition, and for the Vote by Ballot. He will not vote for a Property Tax including the funds, nor for Triennial Parliaments, nor Household Suffrage, nor for the Expulsion of the Bishops from Parliament. The loss of popularity of the Whigs was clearly shown at this election. The Conservatives polled about 320 votes more than at the preceding election, the Whigs 61 fewer; and had it not been for an accession of Radicals, towards the close of the poll, a Tory would actually have been returned for Leeds,—a result which, during the discussion of the Reform Bill, no one could have imagined within the bounds of possibility.

SHEFFIELD.—A public dinner has been given at Sheffield to Mr. Samuel Bailey, one of the unsuccessful candidates for that town at the last election. Upwards of ninety gentlemen were present. His address to the company proved how worthy a representative he would have made,—and it is little to the credit of Sheffield that so accomplished a man should have been rejected.

DEVIZES.—Admiral Durham has been returned member for Devizes, in the room of Mr. Montague Gore. The latter resigned his seat, as he honestly states in his farewell address, because he could not conscientiously support many of these Reforms in Church and State, which, from his former sentiments, the electors might reasonably expect him to advocate. Admiral Durham was Mr. Gore's Tory opponent at the last election; and it is not obvious how the constituency of Devizes have improved their situation, by accepting the resignation of the latter and appointing the former in his stead.

BERKSHIRE.—The landowners and farmers of this county have had a meeting at Reading, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for the repeal of the malt and hop duties, and for the removal of the other burdens affecting the proprietors of the soil. We should imagine that these duties came out of the pockets of the consumers of malt liquors, and were not paid by the land proprietors. It might as well be pretended that these duties were a burden on the brewer, and were ultimately paid by him. The meeting did not pay much attention to a remark, that, if the malt duties were taken off, they must be prepared for a property tax; yet such would be the inevitable result. Were a property tax substituted for the malt duty, the land proprietors would speedily obtain a more clear notion than they have at present, on the point by whom the malt duty is paid.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.—We are glad to observe, from a report lately read to a meeting of the proprietors, that a considerable improvement has taken place in the affairs of this institution. The amount of money expended since its foundation is L.162,997, the amount received in various ways, L.165,557. There is a mortgage debt of L.4000, however, over the property. The number of students has been increased during the year from 667 to 753, and the amount received from the students for fees has been raised from L.6158 to L.7343. Considerable progress has been made in building a new hospital connected with the University, which is estimated to cost L.7,556, of which L.5,158 have been received.

DUDLEY.—Sir John Campbell has lost his election. The Radicals, who were exasperated by his prosecution of the *True Sun*, coalesced with the Tories to support Mr. Thomas Hawkes, who carried his election by 322 to 242. This is another significant hint to the Whigs.

SHEFFIELD BANK.—The joint stock banks established in England have every prospect of succeeding. A dividend of 10 per cent. for the past year was declared on the stock of the Sheffield Banking Company, besides an addition being made to the surplus fund. The London and Westminster Bank has begun business. Some jealousy of it has been shown by the private bankers in London, but we have little doubt it will soon be removed.

LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.—The whole of the line has been staked out and levelled, and the plans and specifications of the works for the first seventy miles from London have been completed. The second instalment of L.5 per share has been promptly paid, and a balance of L.120,306 is now at the disposal of the Company.

DISSENTERS.—A numerous and respectable meeting of the Dissenters has been held at Manchester, for the purpose of discussing the grievances under which they labour, and petitioning Parliament for their removal. The discussion lasted two days, and the resolutions passed were of a bold and uncompromising nature. The petition to Parliament concludes with praying for a repeal of the Act of Parliament, which authorizes the prelates of the established Church to sit in the upper House; that all laws compelling support of any religious denomination may be repealed,—that a universal civil registration of births, marriages, and burials may be established,—that the marriage contract may be legalized, and the burial service performed in parish burial places, apart from all obligatory compliance with the forms of the Established Church, and that Dissenters may have access to the English Universities without any religious test. At a meeting of "Dissenters' Deputies," held in Birmingham, it was unanimously resolved to memorialize Earl Grey and Lord John Russell, in the following words, "That this meeting are no less astonished than mortified, that a reforming administration should hazard their political honour, by the introduction of such "a Bill of Relief" as the one that has been announced in the House of Commons, and rather than accept it with its present unmeaning, unnecessary, cumbersome, and humiliating provisions, they would prefer remaining in their present degraded condition." The Dissenters at Bristol have also met, and expressed strong disapprobation of Lord John Russell's Marriage Bill, and recommended its withdrawal.

THE REV. MR. GLEIG.—Great offence has been given by the appointment of this gentleman, by Lord John Russell, to the Chaplaincy of Chelsea Hospital. Mr. Gleig has been long known as a keen partisan of the Tories, and a writer in their periodicals. He took an active part in opposing the Reform Bill, and was the real, though not the nominal editor, of a violent conservative newspaper set on foot in Kent. These are the qualifications and conduct which Lord John Russell esteems in a clergyman, and to reward them, he does not hesitate to promote a political antagonist. Other clergymen will, no doubt, now know the road to preferment at the hands of the Whigs.

IRELAND.

Mr. Barrett, the proprietor of the *Pilot* newspaper, now in Kilmainham jail, has received a notice from the Irish Stamp Office, that the Commissioners of Stamps have ordered, in pursuance of the provisions of an act passed in 1815, that he will not in future be supplied with stamped paper for printing any newspaper upon; and, farther, that he is no longer entitled to print or publish the *Pilot* newspaper. The act of Parliament is quite peremptory, and prohibits the distributors of stamps from furnishing stamps to any newspaper proprietor convicted of a seditious libel. Its existence appears to have been hitherto overlooked. The proprietors of the *Morning Register*, in order to counteract this attempt to suppress the *Pilot*, immediately undertook to print a second edition of their paper, on the days the *Pilot* usually appears; and they deserve the thanks of every enemy to tyranny for this disinterested conduct. This despotic proceeding was brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Shiel and Mr. Wilks; the consequence of which was, that a bill has been introduced by Lord Althorp, for the purpose of repealing so much of the act in question as relates to the refusal of stamps. It appears, from what was elicited in the House on the subject of Mr. Barrett's trial, that the system of packing juries is in full force in Ireland. It was admitted that the original panel consisted of 714 names, the majority of whom were Catholics. The Crown's solicitor and the defendant's solicitor went through 207 of these names, and selected 48 persons. From this list, the Crown solicitor struck out the names of the only four Catholics among them, and so there was nothing but Protestants left to serve on the jury. The foreman, as well as several of the other jurymen, were noted Orangemen, and personal opponents of Mr. O'Connell, while those struck off were among the most wealthy and respectable men in Dublin. It is surely contrary to the first principles of justice that an agent of the Crown should have any power, directly or indirectly, to pack a jury for the trial of an offence against the State. Why are the jurors not chosen by ballot, as in Scotland? The prosecution of Mr. Barrett has cost the country L.702, 9s. 4d.

DUNGARVAN ELECTION.—Mr. Ebenezer Jacob, a repealer, has been returned in opposition to Mr. Barrow, a Whig. The voters in the interest of the Tory Marquis of Waterford, voted for the former. The numbers at the close of the poll were, for Jacob 307—Barrow, 200.

THE O'CONNELL TRIBUTE.—The accounts of the parishes that have already paid their rent, have been made up, and the proceeds amount to L.12,800, which is L.300 above last year's amount. It is expected that L.2000 will be received from the other parishes. This is a proof of the popularity of Mr. O'Connell, which it is impossible to overlook.

OUTRAGES.—Numerous outrages have lately taken place in different parts of Ireland. The *Dublin Gazatte* contained, in a single number, nine proclamations offering rewards for the discovery of the perpetrators of as many distinct outrages.

THE PLUNKETTS.—Another instance of the rapacity of this family has been brought to light. Lord Plunkett, the Irish Chancellor, was at the head of a commission which recommended the abolition of the Deanery of Down as superfluous, but he afterwards procured the appointment to his own son, with the view to its continuance. To make a sinecure of L.3,000 a-year to the Dean, who was an absentee, six parishes were thrown together, while the duty was done by curates for L.76 each. Mr. Stanley, who was Secretary at the time, declares the appointment was made before he knew of it, but he seems not to have taken any steps to annul the appointment. The case is now under investigation.

SCOTLAND.

PAISLEY.—Sir John Maxwell, in consequence, as he states, of being unable to give satisfaction to his constituents, has resigned his seat for the town. Mr. John Douglas of Glasgow, Sir D. K. Sandford, and Mr. Crawford of London, are canvassing on the liberal interest, and Captain Gordon on the conservative.

CORN LAWS.—Numerously attended meetings have been held in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Greenock, for the repeal of the Corn-Laws. The Lord Provosts of the respective cities presided. The petition to Parliament from Glasgow, was signed by nearly 60,000 individuals, in the course of a few days.

The following members for Scotland voted in the majority on Mr. Hume's motion for a committee to inquire into the present state of the corn-laws, with a view to establishing a fixed duty in lieu of the present graduated scale:—Admiral Adam; Sir A. Agnew; General Arbuthnot; C. Bruce; J. Callender; J. C. Colquhoun; Hon. Captain Elliot; Captain Fergusson; R. C. Fergusson; Hon. Captain Gordon; Right Hon. C. Grant; D. G. Halliburton; Colonel L. Hay; Right Hon. F. Jeffrey; J. Johnstone; R. Macleod; Sir W. Rae; H. Ross; Sir M. Stewart; G. Traill; Captain J. Wemyss.

The following members voted in the minority:—J. Abercromby; A. Bannerman; Lord Dalmeny; Captain Dunlop; James Ewing; W. Gillon; J. Loch; J. A. Murray; Earl of Ormelie; R. A. Oswald; J. Oswald; Right Hon. Sir H. Parnell; General Sharpe; R. Steuart; R. Wallace.

The following members were absent:—J. Balfour; Sir H. Campbell; Sir J. H. Dalrymple; R. Fergusson; Hon. C. Fleming; Hon. Col. F. W. Grant; Hon. Sir A. Hope; Sir J. Hay; A. Johnstone; J. A. S. Mackenzie; J. Maxwell; L. Oliphant; R. Pringle; G. Sinclair; E. Stewart.

Scots members who voted in the minority for withdrawing pay from the Yeomanry and Volunteer corps,

W. D. Gillon, A. Johnston, L. Oliphant, R. A. Oswald, R. Wallace, Capt. J. Wemyss.

AYR BURGHS.—Lord James Stuart has been elected for these burghs. He had a majority over his opponent Mr. Taylor, of 92 votes.

ABERDEEN.—Since 1827, thirty persons engaged in business in this town have absconded, carrying with them much valuable property, and leaving debts unpaid to the extent of more than L.100,000. The inhabitants propose to petition Parliament, to pass some measure to stop this species of fraud.

THE CLERGY alarmed by the boldness and activity of the Dissenters, are bestirring themselves. They have published a declaration, expressing that "they are deeply sensible of the great importance of a Church Establishment in preaching the temporal and spiritual interests of mankind, deprecating the diminution of the Edinburgh clergy from eighteen to thirteen, as proposed by the Town Council, and at the same time expressing their desire for the reform of all ecclesiastical abuses. This address is taken by the elders and old ladies from door to door, for the purpose of soliciting signatures, the object, no doubt, being to obtain, if possible, a greater number than that appended to the petitions for the separation of Church and State, which have been most numerously signed. Much interest has been created by the appointment of the Committee of the House of Commons, to inquire into the law of patronage, and some of the most eminent of the clergy have been summoned to give evidence before it.

A very numerous meeting was held in Dr. Wardlaw's Chapel, Glasgow, on the 6th March, to pass a series of resolutions, and agree to petitions to Parliament for the separation of the connexion between Church and State. Numbers were obliged to go away unable to obtain admittance. Seven Glasgow clergymen were on the platform. Mr. James Johnston was in the chair, and several able and energetic speeches were delivered. The petition to the Lords, it was resolved, should be intrusted to Lord Brougham, and that to the Commons to Mr. Gillon.

THE BISHOPS.—The following Scotch members voted for the expulsion of the Bishops from the House of Peers, W. D. Gillon, Col. L. Hay, L. Oliphant, James Oswald, R. A. Oswald, A. Pringle, R. Steuart.

COMBINATIONS.—The new hands introduced into the printfields still continue to be molested by the old workers; and it has been necessary to make an example of one or two of the assailants. To show how little reason there was for a strike for an increase of wages, we may mention, that an expert printer can earn from 30s. to 40s. a-week; and even the apprentices make from 15s. to 20s. The strike cannot fail to be attended with the most injurious consequences to the workmen, for the introduction of so many new hands must cause an oversupply, from which must result a permanent competition for employment, and a great reduction of wages.

BREAD TAX COMBINATION.—A meeting of about a hundred Perthshire lairds and their tenantry was lately held at Perth, for the purpose of considering and adopting the rules for the management of what is called the Agricultural Association, lately formed there. The Earl of Kinnoul was in the chair. The harmony of the conspirators for keeping up the price of bread was considerably disturbed by Mr. Kinloch of Kinloch, who moved an amendment to the first resolution, which excited the rage of some of the lairds. The resolution was, "That the agriculture of a nation forms the chief source of its permanent power, prosperity and independence;" and Mr. Kinloch proposed to insert after agriculture the words, "trade and commerce." Mr. Graham, Easthaugh, seconded the amendment, and truly remarked, that an association like this, formed of landlords and farmers, could not stand, for their interests were often entirely opposed. Mr. Graham was proceeding to mention, as an instance, the treatment the farmers' petition for the abolition of the Game Laws had received; but at the mere mention of the word Game, a general shout proceeded from the lairds, and the noble chairman, starting to his feet, declared that Mr. Graham was wandering from the question before the Meeting. The amendment was, as might be expected, rejected by a large majority. It is pleasing to observe, that the farmers throughout Scotland are beginning to see their true interests; and that nothing can be more pernicious to them than making common cause with the lairds to starve the community, by preventing the importation of food.

THE CONTINENT.

There seems strong reason to believe that the reign of Louis Philippe is drawing rapidly to a close, but whether a Republic will be formed, or a third restoration, in the first instance, attempted, is not so obvious. The Republican party is rapidly gaining ground, and the despotic acts of the Government, the political prosecutions, the seizures of the neswpapers, are daily adding to its strength. The editor of the Carlist journal, the *Quotidienne*, has been tried before the Court of Assizes at Paris, for the insertion of two articles attacking the right of the King. One of them was a letter in which the writer, the Count de Kergorlay, avowed his fidelity to Henry V., and refused to give his vote as an elector, because he should be forced to take an oath to Louis Philippe, "contrary to the fundamental law of the land, and the will of the nation." Count de Kergorlay was tried, along with the editor of the newspaper; but although every effort was made to obtain a conviction, and the facts were clearly proved, the jury acquitted both the defendants. In consequence of the attempts of the Government to prevent the sale of unlicensed newspapers, a serious riot took place in Paris, which was not put down without bloodshed. The serious aspect of affairs has been admitted by the French Cabinet, who have demanded from the Chamber of Deputies an additional law for the suppression of associations. A public meeting of agriculturists and vine-growers has been held at Bourdeaux, for the purpose of petitioning against the protective system, which is carried to so absurd a length in France. The land interest in France is sacrificed to the commercial and trading interests, by restrictions on the importation of foreign manufactures. The tone of the petitioners shows them to be in earnest. They say distinctly, that if the restrictions cannot be released, there is no other alternative than to give up the attempts to make two distinct portions of country live under the same system of social regulations, if one of them must necessarily be sacrificed, in order that the other may profit by it; that a line of custom house must be drawn through the middle of France, the north may then go on prohibiting; and the south must export and import, because it has no other way of keeping itself alive. This petition has created a great sensation in Paris. It is looked on as a very serious demonstration of the state of feeling in the south of France, and has annoyed the Ministry exceedingly. The disturbances at Lyons have been, for the present, suppressed.

The accounts from Spain are very unfavourable. The rebels seem to be increasing in strength. On the 2d March, the Carlists attacked some of the partisans of the Queen, in Madrid, and were not overcome without difficulty. The Ministry is disunited; Martinez de la Rosa and Garelli, the Minister of Justice, have tendered their resignations, but they were not accepted by the Queen. It is strongly suspected that Zea Bermudez is intriguing against the Ministry. There are numerous reports of the scandalous private conduct of the Queen, who, it is said, has been intriguing with some underling of the Court. There is every appearance that in Spain, as elsewhere, the *Juste Milieu* system will bring destruction on its supporters.

Portugal still continues the scene of the warfare—if it deserves such a name—of the two Dons. It is now indisputable that the people of Portugal are indifferent which of them is successful; and it would be no easy matter for any people to decide which to choose for a ruler. It was rumoured that the Duke of Terceira had been removed from the command of the Pedroite army before Santarem, and replaced by Sir Thomas Stubbs; but it rather appears that the Duke is still in command. The Miguelite garrison of Santarem made a desperate attack on the Pedroites, on the 18th February, but they were driven back after some hard fighting. Donna Maria, it is whispered at Paris, is about to give an unexpected

addition to the Royal House of Braganza. The favoured lover is said to be Eugene Beauharnois, the protegé of her mother. There has not yet been time to get up a story of a secret marriage.

A Belgian commissioner, M. Hanno, residing at Luxemburg, was seized on the night of the 15th February, by a detachment from the Prussian fortress of Bettenborough, and thrown into prison. The Prussians broke into his house by force. The object of this outrage is not explained. In deference to the strong remonstrances of the English and French Ministers, the German diet at Frankfort shortly afterwards ordered M. Hanno's release.

A new treaty has been concluded between Russia and Turkey, by which Russia is to evacuate part of Wallachia and Moldavia immediately, and the remainder soon. The amount of debt due to Russia is also diminished, and the frontier of Turkey towards Persia is extended. All this is very well, if we knew what equivalent Russia is to receive for all these concessions. Meanwhile we learn that the Russian engineers are busily employed at the Dardanelles; and that after having repaired and materially improved the existing fortifications, they are erecting new batteries at the Gulf of Saros. Much alarm had been excited at Constantinople by the renewed remonstrances of the English Ambassador, for the retraction of the treaty between Russia and Turkey of the 8th July; but the remonstrances do not appear to have occasioned any other effect.

Accounts from the United States, to the 16th February, have been received. The commercial alarm was beginning to subside, and the pressure on the money market had been relieved by loans from the banks holding the Government Deposits. The Finance Committee of the Senate of the United States have reported strongly against the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank, which they characterize as unnecessarily sudden and unnecessarily early. The President continues firm.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

Cloth Trade.—In consequence of the price of wool continuing high, and the merchants being unwilling to give the advanced prices asked for cloths, trade has rather been dull in the markets of the west of England. The manufacturers, in consequence, have desisted from buying the raw material, and it is now a trial among the woolstaplers, merchants, and manufacturers, who can hold out the longest. An expectation was generally entertained, a few weeks ago, that the price of wool must come down; but this expectation has not been realised. On the contrary, at the great annual wool fair at Bristol, prices were fully maintained. The recent reduction on the duty on English wool, imported into France, from 20 to 10 per cent., has also caused a demand for wool for exportation to that country, so that it is not likely that prices will recede. The blanket trade is suffering from the general dulness, and it has been seriously affected by the deranged state of the American market, caused by the dispute with the United States Bank. Great demand, however, exists for machinery for mills for the stuff manufacture, and some difficulty exists in getting orders for such machinery executed.

Tea Trade.—A serious misunderstanding has taken place between the East India Company and the tea brokers. At the December quarterly sale, the quantity of tea offered to the trade was 8,500,000lbs., and the brokers understood that the Directors had pledged themselves not to expose a larger quantity at the March sale. The Directors, however, exposed nine millions of pounds; and the brokers, taking umbrage at this alleged breach of agreement, at first refused to bid at all for the tea. They, however, fell upon a different plan, and combined together to purchase the tea at the upset price, instead of bidding against each other, as they had been accustomed to do; and the consequence was, that tea, which was sold at the December sale at 1s. 9d. and 1s. 10d. per lb., was bought at the March sale for 1s. 4¼d. The Company, it is supposed, will have in their possession, at the conclusion of their monopoly, on 22d April, a stock of about sixty millions of pounds; and as it deteriorates greatly in value by keeping, it must be sold as quickly as possible, the more especially as it will come into competition with fresh tea from Canton in August. From all these causes, a great depression may be expected in the price of tea.

Skin Market.—It is not generally known that Dumfries is the great mart where the hare, rabbit, and foumart skins of the middle and south of Scotland are disposed of. The price for these skins has, probably owing to the high price of wool, risen a shilling per dozen this year. The general price for hare skins has been about 13s a dozen; for rabbit skins, 5s.; for foumart, 12s.; and otter skins brought 8s. each.

Agriculture.—In the south-east of Scotland, the weather has been uncommonly favourable for agricultural operations, and farm labour is consequently well advanced. In East Lothian, a great quantity of spring wheat has been sown, the farmers being no doubt influenced by the excellence of the last wheat crop, the low price of barley, and the favourable season for sowing. A considerable breadth of ground has also been sown with beans. Wheats retain the fine appearance they have had throughout the winter, and if the weather continues mild, the danger is, that they may be too far advanced. In consequence of the luxuriance of the pastures, more early lambs than usual have been dropped. Turnips are fast disappearing, and such as remain are rapidly running to seed. From the Carse of Gowrie, the report is not so favourable. On account of the wetness of the ground, field labour, of most kinds, and particularly the sowing of beans, was in a great measure precluded, until the beginning of March. From the want of frost during the winter, clay soils are found to be very difficult to pulverise, and young wheat and clover suffered from superabundant moisture, but they are now recovering their verdant appearance. Cattle and sheep have been doing well, and stock is in good demand. The rent of land continues falling. In East Lothian, a good turnip and grass farm which was set in 1813 at £2150, and which was afterwards converted into 1100 bolls wheat, payable by the fiars, has been recently let at 800 bolls; and a clay land farm, let in 1829 at a grain rent, has been re-let at a reduction of nearly 20 per cent. The fiar prices, as now struck, show that grain continues to fall in price year after year, notwithstanding the absurd and iniquitous Corn Laws. The following are some of the fiar prices for grain, per imperial bushel, in the county of Edinburgh. Best wheat, 6s.; best barley, 3s. 4½d.; best oats, 2s. 3d.; pease and beans, 3s. 3d.; oatmeal for each 112 lbs., 10s. 4d.

Some estates in the Highland districts, and also in Dumfries-shire, have been sold at fair prices; but, in general, land can hardly be disposed of. The same stagnation will continue until the Corn Laws be placed on a permanent footing. No one can estimate the value of land, in a satisfactory manner, in the present state of matters; for although the landowners have successfully resisted any change in the late discussion, every one feels that the subject will again and again be brought forward, by the manufacturing and trading classes, until it is carried. From all that we can learn, it does not appear to us that any great quantity of foreign grain could, as the agriculturists apprehend, be poured into this country, without a very great rise of price on the continent. The increase of population, and of manufactures, to which the most enlightened continental nations have now directed much attention, must tend steadily to raise the price of grain. But even though rents underwent a considerable reduction, by removing the restrictions on importation, it does not follow that the landholder would suffer. His land would become more valuable, by selling for a greater number of years' purchase, were the Corn Law question finally set at rest; for with the present difficulty of investing capital, and the low return which can be received from it, there is little doubt that much money would be expended on land, were data once obtained on which its value might, with any certainty, be calculated.

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